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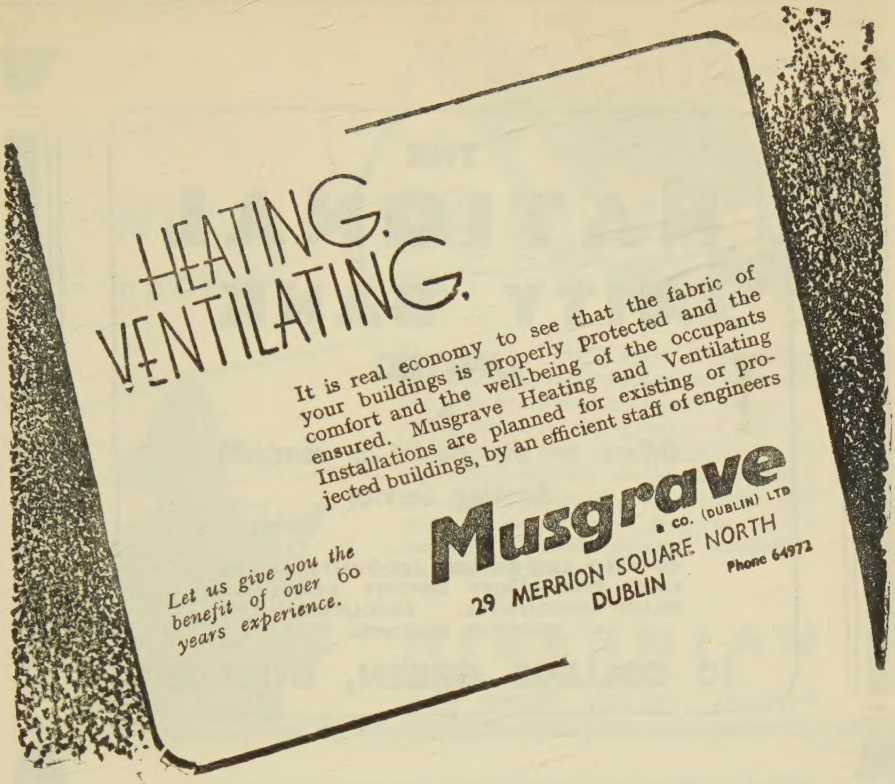
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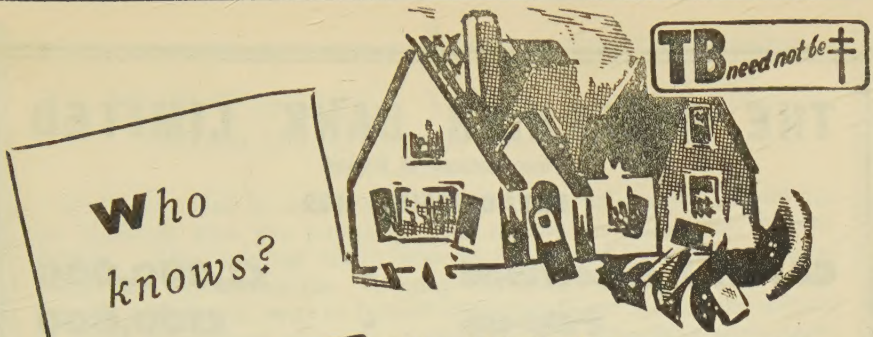

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OFFICIAL HISTORY: ITS PITFALLS AND ITS CRITERIA*

BY HERBERT BUTTERFIELD

Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge

I

AFTER all that has been said about contemporary history from what I might call the expert's point of view, a word will perhaps be allowed to the student of historiography who tries to see the experts themselves in their due relationship with everything else. In any case I must speak only as a general historian who exercises the prerogatives of a critic in respect of a field or a period not his own. I do indeed have one qualification for speaking on contemporary history which, without betraying any secrets, I can say that all people do not possess. I am not an official historian employed by the British or any other Foreign Office; I am not limited by special obligations under the Official Secrets Act in the communication of what I do happen to know; and if I feel that I have anything to write or say, I do not belong to that new class of so-called " independent historians " who have first to submit their scripts to the check or censorship of a Foreign Office official.

Of all the principles which touch the life of states and peoples it seems to me that the most important in the secular sphere is the one which insists upon freedom of thought, by which I mean of course freedom in the expression of thought—freedom (supposing I am in a minority of one) to attempt the task of converting the majority. Under the shelter of this general principle, there will exist (when the body politic is healthy) an independent science of history, not hostile to the government but standing over against it—a science which will seek to present the cause of historical truth as distinct from the things which might be promulgated from motives of *raison d'état* or for the sake of a public advantage or in order to cover the imprudences of politicians and government servants. Our predecessors recognised perhaps better than we do, however, that such an independent science of history would always tend to find the dice loaded against it for the time being; for it is difficult for men to place truth above public advantage when public advantage might mean the winning of a war, the circumvention of a diplomatic crisis, the covering of a reputation, or even an improvement in general welfare. Against those who demanded that the historian should more directly serve his time and age, the German historian Meinecke, even in 1916, asserted in a moving manner the long-term advantages of academic history. In a

* Paper contributed to a discussion on " Contemporary History " at a meeting of the Historical Society of University College, Dublin, 14 December 1948.

case where a change in the relationship of the State to historical study is in question, causes may be lost by the selling of very little passes—even by unconscious compliances and complicities. It is necessary for the outside student, therefore, always to be on his guard.

The relationship of technical historians to "official history" in our days is no doubt good for official history which can only benefit from the connection. It is even calculated to bring out some revelations earlier than might otherwise have been the case, though we must never forget that it enables other things to be kept concealed with the greater impunity. The good which is produced for the time being turns to serious evil, however, if the new situation has the effect of blurring old distinctions (and there are some occasions where an attempt has been made to blur them). It is necessary not to allow the new state of affairs to conceal the fact that what we have to deal with is still official history. If such were to happen too good a bargain would have been made for the state, and it would need a very precise code of guarantees to assure one that the cause of independent historical science has been guarded in a water-tight manner, considering the pitfalls that exist. Official historians are serving the public it is true ; but they get the reward that is certainly due to them. If they are true to the ideal of academic history they will agree that all forms of official history should be regarded with the greatest caution, the greatest critical alertness. It may be necessary that official history should be produced. It is equally necessary that it should be subjected to unremitting scrutiny.

II

If I may be allowed to give what at least is not an unconsidered opinion, I must say that I do not personally believe that there is a government in Europe which wants the public to know all the truth. If there is one which does have the desire, it has an easy way of proving its good intentions, for it has only to open its archives to the free play of scholarship—to friends, enemies, neutrals, devil's advocates and independent observers, so that everything may be put into the crucible and we may know the worst that the eagle eye of a hostile critic may pounce upon, the clash of controversy ultimately producing a more highly-tested form of truth. There are two maxims for historians which so harmonise with what I know of history that I would like to claim them as my own, though they really belong to nineteenth-century historiography : first, that governments try to press upon the historian the key to all the drawers but one, and are very anxious to spread the belief that this single one contains no secret of importance ; secondly, that if the historian can only find out the thing which government does not want him to know, he will lay his hand upon something that is likely to be significant.

My own teacher and predecessor, Professor Temperley, stood at what

I should call an intermediate stage in the development of modern " official history " ; for, along with Dr. Gooch, he held what now seems to me a peculiarly independent position as editor of the *British Documents on the Origins of the War of 1914*—negotiating with the Foreign Office not from the inside, so to speak, but from a more arbitral position outside. And we know that serious tension existed at times in the course of that publication, for after some volumes had appeared the editors found it necessary to announce their threat that they would resign if their decisions were not followed ; though I believe it is true to say that the tension was due to the difficulties raised by other powers, and not to any anxiety that our Foreign Office then had on its own account. Since it seems to me that the editors of the *British Documents* knew as much about the relations between historians and governments as any Englishman of their generation, there are three of Professor Temperley's utterances on this subject which have a peculiar significance and which invite us to serious reflection. First of all, in his Inaugural Lecture in Cambridge in 1930 he expressed grave misgivings concerning the harm that might come to history from both the patronage of government and the growing popular interest in the subject. Secondly, in almost the last article—if not the very last —that he wrote (an article published in 1938 in the *Cambridge Historical Journal*) he depicted the decline of frankness—the growing significance of secret diplomacy—in the policy of English Foreign Secretaries during the hundred years that ended with Sir Edward Grey. He closed that article with words which throw a curious light on the inferences that he was inclined to make upon the whole of his experience, for he said : " It is indeed evident that no statesman in our own generation will approach the standards of candour in diplomacy upheld by Palmerston or by Canning." Thirdly, in a manuscript which appeared in the *Cambridge Historical Journal* in December 1948, he set down some views concerning the origin of the war of 1914—views somewhat different from those commonly accepted as a kind of semi-official orthodoxy to-day ; but even in the unusually independent position that he occupied as an editor of the *British Documents* I am interested to note that he felt himself under some constriction ; for, though he wrote down these views in 1927, he particularly specified that his name should not be attached to any publication of them until the last of these volumes of documents had appeared—which in fact proved to be a decade later.

After the First World War a special situation was created by the existence of revolutionary governments not unwilling to discredit the dynasties or the regimes which they had displaced, and therefore not unready to make a generous publication of diplomatic documents which would expose their own secrets (and spring, in not the most favourable manner, the secrets of other countries) during the years that led up to 1914. Within a single decade after the conclusion of peace in 1919 an

extraordinary development had taken place in the whole historiography of the origins of the war of 1914; and this was particularly remarkable in the minute researches, the intricate collation of documents, and the detailed detective-work in certain major writings of the late 1920s. The rise of Hitler and the consequent political strain or fever had a serious effect on that whole type of scientific enquiry in England; and not only was the great task discontinued but there was one of those remarkable throw-backs which occasionally occur in the history of historical science—we had a general return into currency of the primitive, garbled, war-time versions of the origins of the war of 1914. The view that this was a retrogression can be supported by tests of a somewhat external kind which ought to be regarded as affording general criteria for a judgment of quality on contemporary history. Firstly, in the return to the old version of the origins of the 1914 war I see not a fraction of that scholarship, which had been so impressive in the late 1920s and to which I have never come across any authentic or scholarly answer. Neither is there the same texture in the narrative—a texture which results when history is written with a due respect for the complexity of events. In the 1920s, furthermore, I recognise a spirit of scientific enquiry (a desire to learn the truth, whatever the consequences), while more recently it is hardly possible to avoid seeing how often history has been written in order to support a policy which the author desires to see pursued in the present. In other words, I constantly find somebody trying to bluff me into forgetting the palpable distinction between historical enquiry and political propaganda. Finally, if the situation is such that in the more recent period, as distinct from the earlier one, an hysterical cry goes up that a person is a pro-German or is a "Nazi" when he questions the popular or prevailing views on the origins of the war of 1914—if a Nazi-like howl is raised when the views of some of the writers in the late 1920s are recalled by anybody—then this is itself the sign and proof that the times are not fitted for sober enquiry or judicious decision. Indeed one must have grave misgivings about any contemporary history that is produced in such an atmosphere.

III

A second World-War, on the top of what I have described, has produced in the field of contemporary history a situation not without its disquieting features. Even before the end of the war a mere outsider could hardly escape the impression that governments were preparing to race one another in the endeavour to state their case, whether by official histories or by the publication of selected documents. This we must regard as an object legitimate in itself, and academic students would be over-arrogant if they were to think that governments exist only in order that historians should be able to write about them afterwards. But we must never lose sight of the separate interests of officialdom on the one hand and academic

history on the other, never allow the distinction to be blurred or the tension and conflict between the two to be quietened. A book was published during the second World-War and it happened that some time later I mentioned in print a curious howler that it contained. It was not very long before I was told that I ought not to be severe on the author on the ground that the book had been written for the Ministry of Information, in the Ministry's office, and in time spent as the servant of the Ministry. I had not realised this fact, but I am clear that work produced in this way should always bear distinct signs of its origin, and never be published in a form that would make the ordinary reader think it a normal example of disinterested and independent scholarship. In various other forms there is appearing a sort of history not avowedly official—pseudo-official perhaps, or semi-official, or sub-official—and I can well believe that in a certain sense of the words it would deny that it had any official character. Similarly there are " independent " academic historians yet, half-entangled in officialdom, controlled by the Official Secrets Act, even amenable to instructions, and not authorised to tell all the truth they know. It is not always quite clear that our leaders made the best possible bargain for the cause of independent history, a cause for which (in any case of default) it may happen that brother will have to fight brother.

We are now following the practice of the Germans in their days of victory and securing that we—not they—shall control that most subtle of all historical tasks, the selection of such of the diplomatic documents of the defeated power as we shall allow to be published to the world. The Americans have produced on their own account a volume of these German documents relating to Nazi-Soviet Relations in 1939, and the book in two prefaces which are worded with extreme care and delicacy makes its bid to appear as the work of " independent " historians, a point concerning which there is a tendency sometimes to protest too much. The elements of policy in the commanding of this special series of documents at the time at which it was produced, make it necessary to suggest (as one of those delicate matters which seem small but are really pivotal) that the term " independent historian " is in danger of undergoing a subtle change of meaning in our time.

We easily recognise fallacy and foolishness in the foreigner, and a useful way in which we can test either our own integrity or the wisdom of a technical measure is to remember what our reactions are when the parallel thing is done in a foreign country, especially a country that we happen to be observing with a certain jealousy. One of the gravest signs of what seems to me to be a decline from the principles explicitly instilled into me when I was young is an inability to step out of one's own shoes—and even a deprecation of any attempt to step into the shoes of others—and this is a sin which involves the overthrow of the essential discipline of history. In communications concerning our presumptuous view that

we can " re-educate " the Germans in history, I have seen humour so far lost that, while German historiography has been regarded as national, whether it was Nazi or not, there has been a sublime and awful assumption that our own current version of the course of ages was the uncoloured " scientific " history—a thing appropriate to be imposed by direct transmission upon a defeated power. When I was an undergraduate we were taught to mock the simplicity of German historiography in the Bismarckian era, which went so far as to produce " contemporary history " under Bismarck's wing, using the documents the great man himself chose to have revealed, and even allowing him to influence and interpret the historical accounts of his own activity. The future historian will certainly find it useful if all the Bismarcks are allowed to say as much as possible for themselves ; but I seem to have noticed a tendency to believe that what was naïveté when it was done by the contemporaries of Bismarck, is virtue now, and one is made to feel as though one were hitting below the belt if one suggests (what is certainly true) that there are many booby-traps for the historian in such a policy.

When I ask myself whether Professor Temperley was justified in some of his apprehensions, I remember the protest registered in 1946 in the journal *History* on the subject of the dispatches which it was proposed to publish from military commanders in places like Greece and Singapore. On being questioned in the House of Commons Mr. Attlee had not only made it clear that those dispatches were to be altered in retrospect by the men who had written them in the first place, but had confessed that few if any of these dispatches would be reproduced in the exact form in which they had actually been written at the time. I have personally seen no reference to any effect which the protest in *History* had, and I do not know of any developments that have since taken place in the situation. The policy—if it has been persisted in—is different from one which might have allowed the commanders to write say in 1946 a totally new account of their experiences in a dispatch which would have held no pitfalls for the student if frankly dated 1946. There is no need for me to say that such a policy would be very serious indeed if it were to be extended to political documents of any kind without a plain key to the alterations made. The American editors of *Nazi-Soviet Relations, 1939* guaranteed that no single document which they published had been in any way interfered with or had suffered even the slightest deletion. A precise and totally unqualified certificate to this effect provides safeguards against a subtle set of dangers, some of which (paradoxically enough) would not in the least be disposed of by a mere guarantee that nothing " relevant " or " important " had been omitted.

Indeed where politics and diplomacy are concerned we require a more explicit and detailed statement by official historians and their critics of the appropriate maxims, criteria, and conditions of work—a point

about which I believe there has long been at least a sort of implicit understanding so far as official military history is concerned, so that in this case we know where we are. Some criteria *e.g.* in regard to the editing of selected diplomatic documents can easily be drawn from a reflection on the nature of the study of these matters. A first elementary law should never be forgotten : the instructions sent from a Foreign Office are of such special importance for the understanding of the policy of that Office that where only proportionately few of these are reproduced one's impression of the result is bound to be disquieting. At the opposite end of the stick I must say that one of the earliest things I learned as a research-student in diplomatic history was that amongst the despatches from ambassadors abroad the summaries of newspapers and such-like gossip were almost the least valuable ; for such despatches are no confirmation of the reports which they relay, and are even one stage more remote from being first-hand than the newspapers, etc., which they are quoting ; though they can be used to make a case which might impress the general reader.[1]

Between Russia, the United States and Britain many things will come out in the course of time ; and for the technical historian who covers international scholarship there will be some interesting interplay, since it looks as though (to a certain degree) these countries will be tempted to let out one another's secrets. The Americans have long been more generous than other people in the opening of their archives and the publication of their documents, partly because till 1939 they were outside the

[1] Since the above was written, Volume I of the 3rd Series of *Documents on British Foreign Policy* seems to me to satisfy this criterion, (one recognised by the editor in his original preface), more happily than some of the preceding volumes, as well as providing the specific assurance mentioned at the end of my preceding paragraph. To an historian not competent to exercise all the various forms of detective-work that would be open to an expert, this volume represents a more satisfactory type of selection ; though some of the criticism to which the earlier volumes were subjected was unjust, (perhaps because the editors had omitted to provide a number of specific assurances and guarantees which must now be considered necessary), while it is possible that some further criticisms ought to have been formulated differently. I personally would still ask for a statement of some particularity on the point mentioned in the second sentence of Section IV below. My penultimate paragraph in the same section relates to the question of publishing Minutes, a question which was bound to be the critical one, as might have been inferred from the controversies raised by the publication of the Minutes in the Gooch and Temperley series. Regarded as revelations of British foreign policy the volumes are not invalidated by the absence of the Minutes ; they are (as Professor Woodward frankly states) only rendered less adequate for the history of the way in which British foreign policy came to be arrived at and formulated. In a country where those who conduct the official correspondence must always be aware of the possibility of publication, however, (and can hardly help writing with this in mind) it is clear that the dark secrets and some of the really lively issues (entailing certain real questions of responsibility, though not parliamentary responsibility) will be found at a slightly lower level. The sub-governmental, sub-ministerial actors in the drama are a genuine objective for the historical enquirer. (In a corresponding way, though possibly we shall never know it now, we should like to know who it was on p. 252 of this volume who might have thought to sabotage a policy by communicating a Foreign Office secret to the press.) With some things it may be difficult to secure publication at a date relatively nearer to the events themselves than Gooch and Temperley were. But history may lose a great advantage (possibly for a very long time indeed) because governments are so anxious to have these publications speeded up a little this time.

main European quarrels and have less that they might fear to expose; while their anti-Russian mood today no doubt makes them less tempted to worry if the publication of certain documents seems to make things look too favourable to Germany. The British Foreign Office archives were open to students generally until the 1880s, up to the other day, and now they are only open up to 1902. It would be highly unfortunate if the publication of any selections were ever made a pretext for any delay in a fuller release.

IV

One may be uneasy at the apparent results of the present situation, but the external student is hampered if he tries to put his finger on the subterranean causes—he can only feel around and cast about him, having in mind the kind of pitfalls to which history is often liable. Where the publication of select documents is concerned there is one matter which the outsider cannot very well know about (but must wish to know) and that is the question of the machinery or the series of processes through which, say, diplomatic documents pass at their various stages of selection and elimination, particularly if people other than historians (representatives of government departments for example) have either a supervisory role or any participation at all in the work or the discussions. When all are " pals " there is no need for censorship, no point where we can say that one man is over-ruled by another, and in any case it is possible to conceive of a state in which members of different organisations could control or prevent a revelation with nothing more than a hint or a wink as they casually passed one another amidst the crowd at some tea-party. I do not think that I am merely day-dreaming when I feel that in certain circles near to government a kind of contagious unanimity seems to exist at a certain level, even amongst men who, if we took them at a more superficial level, would say that they were only conscious of being in perpetual controversy with one another. It is like the case of Emerson who, fighting perpetually against the New England Puritans, never suspected that he would be remembered in history only as another New England Puritan. Such being the situation I think it was true even long ago that nothing could be more subtle than the influence upon historians of admission to the charmed circle; and in many fields besides the history of historiography we are able to confirm the fact that certain contacts (even if they are between Churchmen and the state) produce unconscious complicities and acquiescences—a well-run state needs no heavy-handed censorship, for it binds the historian with soft charms and with subtle, comfortable chains.

Indeed, it must be said that, even when such factors are absent, the historian is often a prisoner without knowing it; and the history of historiography has shown that the most independent enquirer, studying a chapter of diplomacy from the British Foreign Office records, may be

locking himself in the British Foreign Office view of the story, without having the least idea that anything was constricting him at all. States must have their secrets, but (especially as it so often happens that secrets are kept to cover private reputations) there must be real tension between governments and historians, and the latter need to act from strong strategic positions ; they can give us certain kinds of guarantees only when they operate from an independent ground. Professor Temperley was careful to caution the world against even the imposing *British Documents* because they were only a selection, though so considerable in size ; but some of that desire to keep us on our guard is in danger of departing from a contemporary historiography that has now drawn nearer in certain respects to the government. In any case what would have to be regarded as most perturbing of all—since it would mean that our " official historians " were becoming accomplices in an effort to lull us to sleep—would be any suggestion that the secrets which must be withheld for the time being are things which do not matter for purposes of historical reconstruction. Here is a point where a cause might easily be betrayed almost in absence of mind. It is a point that goes to the very basis of historical science.

Those who are not trained in the construction of historical narrative are very seldom aware of the radical way in which a story that has been built up on a given framework—shaped to a certain assumed structure—may be re-cast, so that it is replaced by an edifice based so to speak upon an entirely different ground-plan. The only appropriate analogy to the authentic work of historical " reconstruction " is the conventional crime-story, where the stupid inspector from Scotland Yard sees all the obvious clues, makes all the common-sense inferences from them, falls into all the traps, and produces a solution that seems to give an initial satisfaction. After that, however, Sherlock Holmes comes along, and envisages the same set of clues at a higher level of thought, or discovers a tiny piece of evidence so pivotal in character that it governs the interpretation of the other clues, and then produces a new map of the whole affair, an utterly unexpected story to narrate, even perhaps a criminal where we least expected to find one. The same kind of thing is liable to occur after an historical episode or a piece of diplomatic story has been reconsidered and reconstructed—all one's bearings taken afresh—after, shall we say, fifty years of learned controversy ; or after some new clue (apparently irrelevant to that structure of story which has hitherto been taken for granted) is followed out to all its consequences.

Some people imagine that if a man conducts research on a particular area of historical happening the effect will be that one fact here and another fact there will be corrected ; or that the same story will be told as before, only it will be told in greater detail ; or that the narrative will merely be amended or supplemented at some marginal points. The result is far more radical than that, because total reconstructions are often necessary

when a certain fact has proved to be pivotal or requires not merely to be added to the other facts but to be followed out in the displacements it produces amongst the rest. Nothing would be more unsatisfactory than the historian who should be unable to get outside his initial assumptions and examine his frame-work, and who merely patched the new evidence into the old structure of story. He would be like the Higher Certificate student who, having learned the shape of Richelieu only too well at school, pushes into that structure everything that he ever afterwards learns about Richelieu. And one of the high tests of an historian is the degree to which he possesses the requisite elasticity of mind, so that he is not a mere compiler adding new facts to old ones, not a mere prisoner of a current framework of story ; but a detective determined not to miss the clue that may lead to a fresh reconstruction of the theme and carry the issue to a higher order of thought.

For this reason, when selections of documents are published on behalf of one government or another, it is not sufficient simply to read them, or to imagine that a précis of the printed correspondence will provide us with the main ribs of the narrative. The compiler—even when he is not conscious of the fact—will have been governed by that framework in his selection of the documents, and though the documents may seem to prove his case the argument is really a concealed argument in a circle. What is needed is detective-work at every inch of the way and close collation with other available documents—for otherwise we might in any case be locked in the views of a single foreign office. All of this may lead one to the discovery that a single document is more important than all the rest—the exclusion of one document out of three hundred is even capable of destroying the clue to the whole series. In the volume of *British Documents* relating to July 1914 are some Minutes, reproduced in particularly small print, which have caused much controversy and have had a significance that is only likely to grow. If they had not been printed (as they might well not have been) they would hardly have been missed ; for in the case of selected documents the mind may have no impression of the things which are being withheld. If an official historian were to have excluded these as unimportant, he might have been sincere in his feeling, but he would have been robbing those who do claim to have found significance in them. Such Minutes are not being reproduced in the documents relating to the Second World War, and though there are understandable difficulties it must be remembered that officialdom always had its reasons for not wanting such things to be published, and we must scrutinise jealously therefore any case that may be presented for not printing those of them which were given at a high level. We shall be alert to discover whether the same principles are adopted in the publication of the captured German documents. These are matters which make us ask to be reassured

that the cause of history is being as strongly or as successfully fought for as it was a quarter of a century ago.

It has even proved possible in the history of historical science for a release of diplomatic documents to carry students further away from the truth than before, if the release has not been a total one. When Frederick the Great opened the Seven Years' War in 1756 he claimed that he had been provoked by the discovery of a dangerous conspiracy against him. The partial opening of archives in the mid-nineteenth century made men more sceptical of his assertions than before—for ambassadors, far from giving any hint of such conspiracy or tension, were even found to have commented on the quietness of the diplomatic situation in the very period in question. When there is a secret conspiracy, however, it stands to reason that this will only show evidence of itself in the more secret diplomatic correspondence of the time ; and though some minute detective-work came near the truth, it was only when the archives for this period were fully opened from the 1860s (revelations completed when in 1912 the Russian Imperial Historical Society published the documents of a secret Russian Council), that it became clear that the conspiracy had been more dangerous than Frederick ever knew. Only when the last drawer was unlocked did we discover that what required to be explained was a certain gullibility that Frederick had shown in the period when the conspiracy was being developed.

V

The fact that the whole framework of a story is capable of transformation as historians work upon it has special importance at the present day ; and it is not at all clear that, in ways which we cannot predict, we, like our predecessors, may not have to meet sooner or later some different reconstruction of our age, which will challenge our inelasticities and shake the validity of things that we never thought to question. Once again, the outsider must not be dogmatic, but certain points may be mentioned which are disturbing to the mind. Much of British diplomatic policy in the nineteenth century was carried out under the shadow of an awful obsession concerning what came to be known as the Russian bogey. Our grandfathers were sometimes inclined even to suspect a Tsar unjustly —they were so apprehensive of what the Russian colossus might come to be like some day. For some thirty years from 1914, however, a remarkable change of attitude came to be apparent in our country. It does not appear to have been the case that we revised our basic calculation of the prospects of Russia—it was rather the case that, because she was now our associate, we came to welcome what we had hitherto feared. In July 1914 Sir Edward Grey at the British Foreign Office was not advised that Russia was weak—he was advised at the critical moment that, since she was going to become so strong, we had better take care not to alienate

her. In fact Sir Edward Grey, who has been criticised for his subservience to expert advice at the Foreign Office, was warned by his experts that he had better stop trying to hold back Russia in that crisis, because that power was determined not to be restrained and would take that particular occasion as a test of our conduct towards her.

Since England came under criticism later for not holding back Russia a little more in 1914 it is interesting to note in this connection that after a few months we reversed all the traditions of our foreign policy by promising Russia Constantinople in a secret treaty ; and Sir Edward Grey tells us in his Memoirs, if you please, that he had to do it as the only way in which Russia could be induced to stay on in the war from which he had previously been advised that it would be unwise any longer to try to restrain her. We know that from the beginning of that war Russia was determined to acquire Constantinople during its course ; and if there was a certain disappointment in England when it turned out that Turkey was to be our enemy it is interesting to see, from the revelations of the Soviet historian Pokrovsky, how anxious the Russians were from the start lest Turkey, by becoming our ally, should cheat them of the opportunity of such a reward. But for the Russian Revolution, which was not in our calculations at that time, Russia in 1919 would have held something like her present territory in Europe, which would have brought her to her present sphere of influence ; and she would have had Constantinople to boot.

Since Professor Seton-Watson told the Royal Historical Society in London not very long ago that even the Second World War was also essentially a conflict between German and Slav—the greatest Slav war in all history, he called it—since also it was at various times a matter of current speech that Germany and Russia were competing for the domination of Europe—since, finally, even the blindest among us can hardly fail to see now that Communism and Fascism are not authentic antitheses but are twin forms of the same totalitarian menace—one of the greatest questions that now faces the contemporary historian is the question whether for thirty years we have not construed our contemporary history within too narrow a framework—dominated too completely by short-period considerations and by a too constricted survey of the map of European forces. We may have been as virtuous as we assert, or at least we may have been well-intentioned, but both our historiography and our diplomacy may still be open to the charge of unimaginativeness, if while Germany and Russia have been alternate menaces for over a hundred years, we have failed to widen our vision—failed ever to think of more than one of these possible menaces at the same time, failed to envisage two possible enemies and dangers at once, or even to see how they might be used as a mutual check—used even to cancel one another out.

It was a tradition of British foreign policy that we should always fight

any single power that threatened to dominate the continent ; but by that same argument we could always keep our heads above water, always find a game to play, if there were two giants competing with one another. What seems to me to be new in the more recent foreign policy of Britain is that more than once we have made it our avowed political object so to destroy one of the giants that half a continent was left at the mercy of the good or bad intentions of the other. And though at one moment the one danger might be more immediate than the other, so that a careless indifference might have given that power the mastery of Europe before its rival could so to speak catch up, still it is not clear that our views need have been so constricted, our diplomacy so confined to the immediate prospect. And if we had remembered that it is just one of the real functions of diplomacy to tide a country over such a time-lag and keep the world on its feet till it gets round the dangerous corner, the character of our foreign policy might itself have been different ; and, if war had been unavoidable after all (as might well have been possible) even such a war would have been fought to a different purpose and a different tune.

There was an ancient diplomatic science, which I wish I could be sure was not forgotten now, and it was while he was operating under one of its maxims that Bismarck achieved the greatest diplomatic victory that he ever gained in time of peace—a victory that enabled him to postpone an apparently inevitable war for thirty years, though the predicament was extraordinarily parallel to that of Europe in the twentieth century. According to this maxim, in a conflict for domination between Kaiser and Tsar, between Germany and Russia, between Nazism and Communism, one would have said, (as Bismarck was prepared to say at worst in a parallel situation) : " Let the rascals fight it out together ; but intervene to prevent whichever one it might be from destroying the other, because it is necessary for the safety of civilisation that both should exist and operate as a check on one another."

All this may be open to discussion. We cannot really predict where the point of effective controversy is going to lie when all the terms of the problem are laid out, and in any case there are many ways in which contemporary history is capable of serious reconstruction when viewed on a wider canvas or in a long-term manner. It is even possible that the quarrel of pro-Chamberlain and anti-Chamberlain is being allowed to mask other and greater issues, and supposing officialdom in the 1940s has decided on anti-Chamberlainism as its framework of reference the result must not be regarded as any the less " official history " for that. Further than this, even moral issues may be used for the purpose of distracting the mind from a genuine analysis of a problem. If there is a crime-wave we may allow Scotland Yard a time for weeping and a further time for moral indignation, but while there is a chance that the police-system has made mistakes or wrong assumptions we cannot be satisfied

for Scotland Yard (or a Foreign Office) just to go on saying : " All might have been well, but it isn't fair that criminals should be so wicked " (whether the criminals are Germans or Russians.) It may even transpire that our greatest errors were things which were held in common by both pro-Chamberlain and anti-Chamberlain factions. In any case the influence of official history tends to discourage any attempt to re-examine the whole framework of our history.

VI

Up to the early 1900s when historical scholarship in England came to its peak in men like Acton and Maitland words can hardly describe the admiration for Germany—and the confessed discipleship—which existed amongst English historians. Up to that time all English freedom was imputed to the Teutonic element in our history—Parliament itself was regarded as having come from the Teutonic side of our inheritance—while Germany itself was remembered as a country with traditions of local autonomy—a region of loose confederations and free cities. It was the Latin peoples who were condemned as authoritarian—the French with their Bonapartes, the Spaniards with their Inquisition and the Italians with their Pope. Soon the prejudices turned, with equal exaggeration, to the opposite side of the compass ; and it is difficult to see how any person with a sense of humour can help being struck by the fact that the great change in the English attitude to German historiography coincided so closely with the change of British foreign policy towards Germany.

I have tried to examine the nature of the objections which the more recent British historiography has had not merely against Nazi perversions but against German historical scholarship in general ; and if there is a formula for the complaints that have been made I often feel that these go back to a factor which characterised the general framework upon which the Germans ranged or mounted their European history. We certainly seem to have disliked one of their main structural ideas—namely, the general claim which seemed to be made that Germany had stood as the guardian and bulwark of a thing which they called Western Civilisation. Perhaps because of the nature of our alliances and sympathies we were repelled by the suggestion that the Germans were defending the culture of the West against the less civilised East. English historians seem sometimes to have regarded this division between West and East as a German racket or ramp, for such a view of European history lent itself to the purpose of providing modern German diplomacy with some of its rationale. I have always personally felt, however, that there was very much to be said in favour of holding this particular idea as so to speak one of the ribs in the framework of our general European history, and it seems to me that for over a period of fifteen hundred years the threat from the East was almost the only menace to our civilisation that came near to being a mortal

one. It has long been my feeling that we should have to come back to that structural idea ourselves, and if I am not mistaken Mr. Churchill has already given expression to the view that there is a Western Civilisation that must be defended against a less civilised East. An off-print that I have recently received from America suggests that the same basic idea has begun to affect the framework of European history in some quarters there. The minds of men are prone to deadly inelasticities and we are perpetually repeating the kind of error we made in 1814-15, when we thought of France as the perpetual aggressor—thought that no other power would ever be a menace to Europe. As a result of this, we, the British, insisted on placing a strong Prussia in the Rhineland, so preparing for a new age of history by actually strengthening Germany against France.

One of the aims of the study of history is to secure that we shall be less the prisoners of such inelasticities ; and that, by taking long-term views and broader surveys, we shall transcend the outlook of a given Foreign Office that is bound to be engrossed by immediate problems and is liable to be too intent upon short-term objects. The whole interpretation of history which has been more or less consciously adopted for the purpose of fighting Germany actually prevents us from adjusting our minds to the situation and to the possible conflicts of this new era that has now arisen. If nothing else were true it would still be true that, just as Francis Bacon urged the re-examination of obvious things like gravity, density, heat and rotation (in the heavenly bodies), so we need a more scientific analysis of the reasons why the twentieth century became an age of terrible conflict, why the peculiar forms of modern barbarism could emerge, and why (human nature being what it is) a power at a certain period takes to dangerous aggression—points, which, if we ever understand them more deeply, are calculated themselves to alter the form and framework of all our contemporary history. If the present strained relations with Russia continue, then the popular and more or less official interpretation of history current in England for thirty years and more—the whole " Foreign Office view of history "—is doomed by the very laws which brought it to birth, doomed though every other suggestion in this paper prove to be fallacious. It is doomed to crumble and fall even if nobody in the world troubled to strike a blow against it. It cannot survive the new intellectual framework which policy, propaganda and historiography will put into currency if for any long period the present situation continues in Europe.

H. Butterfield

P.S.—A Foreign Secretary once complained that, though he tried only to be helpful, Professor Temperley persisted in treating him as though he were a hostile power. It is possible to be unnecessarily militant, but one thing is fundamental : the historian who is collecting evidence must pursue that work as a remorseless detective. History is impossible if you withhold criticism because John Smith is in your circle or is a

nice man, so that it seems ungracious to press a point too far. The charity of the historian comes into operation at a later stage in the proceedings, when it is a case of reconstructing and interpreting. All the perversion possible can be achieved by a mere inversion of the order here—by easily accepting the excuses, selections or suppressions on the side of one's own government, and then merely withholding historical imagination from a foreigner when the story is actually put together.

We need to be assured that the detectives are hotly pursuing. It is essential in all the cases of all published documents that editors should insist on seeing the whole range of original papers, known or inferred or suspected—seeing the originals themselves and not mere photostats provided for them : never saying that they have seen documents if they have only seen photostats, and not being satisfied that they have seen, say, a German collection of photostats, when they have seen only copies, possibly reduced in number after re-photographing in some allied government department. It is essential that editors, if they suspect the existence of further documents, should pursue them remorselessly and, if they fail to find them, should give an account of this, guarding the historical student rather than officialdom. And supposing there are gaps anywhere in the documentation—particularly in those sinister cases where a gap may exist at what for the government concerned happens to be a strategic point in the story—then there should be no limit to the detective-work employed and the accounting to the historical student. For at some time or other the world will take notice of this.

In the case of the British Foreign Office documents it is clear that the editors have started a chase if a telegram has happened to be missing from the formal series ; but it is not within this formal diplomatic correspondence that real detective-work is required—and the decision not to publish the Minutes and Memo. means that the enquiry is cut off (so far as the public is concerned) at the critical points. Students may pursue the official historians with their own detective-work—for example, by following up certain interesting things (which cannot be regarded as forgeries) in the volume of extracts from the Prague diplomatic papers published by the Germans during the war. We shall also learn from our own publications of the German documents how far the real secrets of foreign offices are to be found in the formal diplomatic correspondence and how far it is true that the really revealing documents are the ones which, in the case of the British Foreign Office, are being withheld.

H. Butterfield

JOHN E. PIGOT AND THOMAS DAVIS

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IN a letter[1] written from London to William Smith O'Brien, in April 1847, John Edward Pigot, as a young barrister aged twenty-five, made this remarkable assertion : " Before Duffy, Mitchel or Meagher—before yourself—before even Thomas Davis—had come over to the opinions now called young Ireland, I had begun to work in my own way to gain others to that side. This matter of nationality has been to me since childhood a sacred religion ; and I mean the word in its highest sense. I never had a feeling—nay, never even a personal feeling—that even could divert my mind or my affections from it for a moment." That letter was written some eighteen months after the sudden death of Davis, and its context must be briefly explained. Pigot had been in some respects the closest personal associate of Davis ; and while still an undergraduate, he was one of the first members of the small group who attended the weekly conference of the *Nation* newspaper after it had been founded in October 1842. He had gone to London to complete his legal training, in the spring of 1844, a year before Davis got ill and died. He had nearly finished his course there in the spring of 1847 when he wrote to Smith O'Brien to say that he would be soon returning to Dublin and that they could rely upon his being able to give more active assistance to the Young Ireland Movement. In explaining this, he had taken the opportunity to make a serious suggestion for the better management of the Irish Confederation. He was convinced that the Confederation suffered from having too many young and inexperienced men in positions of authority on its Council. He had been elected a member of the Council himself, at its formation in January that year, and in London he had been able to help them very considerably. But it seemed to him that the movement ought to aim at enlisting leaders who were better known from their public services and experience, and he had hoped greatly that the recent discussions with men like Isaac Butt and Samuel Ferguson would bring them definitely into the national movement, especially in view of their devoted work for famine relief. But he believed that men of their public position and influence, and with their more conservative training, would never agree to work in close co-operation with men who were " much too young and inexperienced for their position".

At this stage, and indeed throughout the whole period of the Young Ireland Movement, Smith O'Brien, as M.P. for County Limerick, was the only Young Irelander who represented a parliamentary constituency. For nearly twenty years he had been actively engaged in public life ; and undoubtedly he was regarded by men like Butt and Ferguson

[1] Smith O'Brien papers. No. 1886.

as a more responsible person than his younger associates in the Confederation. But Smith O'Brien's reply to Pigot's suggestion was very different to what might have been expected. He, too, had been very closely associated with Thomas Davis, though their friendship had never been so intimate as Pigot's. But when Pigot wrote to propose that he himself and a number of the younger members of the Council should be excluded because of their relative inexperience of public life, Smith O'Brien replied with a letter which hurt Pigot's feelings keenly. Pigot had explained that, of the younger men, he would only leave Meagher on the Council, since he felt that Meagher " has *earned* a position which is a *reality in the country*". He desired that the other young men, including himself, should be given active and special responsibilities on committees but should not appear as leaders of the movement. O'Brien replied with surprising hostility to this suggestion, saying that the young men had not shown any lack of discretion and that Pigot ought not to be frightened by their " zeal and boldness". Pigot realised that O'Brien's rebuke was not intended to be offensive, and he replied by claiming that, " before even Thomas Davis " or any of the others, he had been a Young Irelander. He repeated his former arguments for a more experienced leadership, and mentioned particularly himself and P. J. Smyth and Devin Reilly and D'Arcy McGee (the last two had barely come of age) as men who could not be regarded as being qualified yet for national leadership. Pigot had in fact discussed the problem with both Bindon and Meagher, and they entirely agreed with him.

This second letter reassured Smith O'Brien ; but the truth was that he had a slight suspicion that Pigot, in returning from London to practise at the Irish Bar, desired some good pretext for not being prominently involved in the unpopular policies of Young Ireland. The suspicion was natural, because Pigot's father had for years been a close friend of Daniel O'Connell and, through O'Connell's direct influence with the Whigs, had quite recently been appointed Lord Chief Baron. The Chief Baron had been a member of the Munster Circuit when O'Connell had his enormous practice as a barrister ; and he was one of the ablest Catholic lawyers who benefited, as O'Connell himself never did, by the admission of Catholics to the Inner bar after the Emancipation Act. His son John Edward Pigot was born at Kilworth, County Cork, on February 28th, 1822. The young man's affection for his native county and birthplace was shown in his adoption of " Fermoy " as the pseudonym under which he wrote for the *Nation*.

From Fermoy John Edward Pigot went to Trinity College, Dublin, in 1839 and he graduated there in 1843, the year after the *Nation* had first appeared. He was eight years younger than Davis and John Blake Dillon, and six years younger than Gavan Duffy. But he met Davis while he was still an undergraduate in Trinity, and Davis quickly recognised his great

abilities and enthusiasm. He had a friend of his own age as an undergraduate named John O'Hagan; and they both began to contribute to the *Nation* while they were still at Trinity. O'Hagan wrote humorous and patriotic verses, besides critical essays and reviews; and his first verses in the *Nation*, entitled " Ourselves Alone ", were published within a few months of its appearance. Young Pigot also began to contribute both prose and verse to its earliest issues, and his well-known song of the United Irishmen, " Up for the Green ", appeared in the *Nation* in December 1842. He had taken part in other national activities even earlier, for he became a member of the Irish Archaeological Society which was founded in 1840. Davis had got to know him before even the prospectus of the *Nation* had been issued. The date of its first issue is commemorated in the doggerel lines which James Clarence Mangan wrote in his verses for its first number:

'Tis a great day and glorious, O Public, for you,
This October Fifteenth, Eighteen-forty and Two.

A letter from Davis to Pigot survives among the collection which Father Matthew Russell, S.J., published in the *Irish Monthly* during May and June 1888, which is dated August 29, 1842. By the following year Davis always addressed him by his Christian name John; but at this stage he wrote to the young undergraduate as " Dear Pigot ". He wrote from Derryaghy, Lisburn, where he was presumably occupied with preparations for the distribution of the forthcoming *Nation* in Ulster. It was a brief note, promising that he would do all he could for the Dublin *Monthly Magazine* and that he was " quite as anxious about its success as anyone". He would be happy to send some contribution to it himself, and he looked forward to discussing it when they were to meet on September 20th in Dublin.

A year elapses before the long series of letters from Davis to Pigot opens in September 1843. By that time the *Nation* had taken the country by storm; and young Pigot, while still an undergraduate, was already in constant attendance at its weekly conferences. So also was his undergraduate friend John O'Hagan; and by then the editorial committee had been widened to include four lively young barristers—Denny Lane, M. J. Barry, and Denis Florence McCarthy (who all came from Cork), and the brilliant sarcastic young lawyer Thomas MacNevin. Gavan Duffy wrote[1] long afterwards his recollections of the two young men:—

> At the beginning, Davis, Dillon, John Pigot, John O'Hagan and the editor (Gavan Duffy) composed the weekly meeting. John Pigot was a singularly handsome boy at that time. Dark hair, dark eyes, lightened with enthusiasm, an olive complexion, a certain sweet sternness, and the bearing of a cavalier, constituted him a woman's ideal of a patriot. When a satirical novelist made " Young Ireland " his theme, Pigot was the hero he chose. He had notable diligence in gathering recruits among the socially better class and in promoting literary and artistic projects, and he loved

[1] Young Ireland. I. p.133.

Davis with a devotion which made labour easy to him ; but his gifts were graceful and attractive rather than original or solid.

John O'Hagan, his fast friend and fellow student—they were both in training for the Bar—was about the same age, but there was no other point of resemblance. A boyish face, a frank smile and a readiness to engage in *badinage*, seemed at first view to promise no extraordinary endowments. But behind these lay a judgment and sagacity notable at any age, and marvellous in one so young. He was the safest in council, the most moderate in opinion, the most considerate in temper, of the younger men ; and after a time any of them would have had recourse to him, next after Davis, in a personal difficulty needing sympathy and discretion.

Pigot and O'Hagan were a remarkable pair, and they held their place as equals in the cheerful weekly conferences which discussed and decided the gradual evolution of the *Nation's* policy. In the summer of 1843, Davis left Dublin for the South to attend the conference of the British Association, which was held in Cork that year, and to make a rapid tour of the surrounding country. He had begun to write frequently to Pigot, as he wrote to various other colleagues, consulting them about the special interests with which they could assist him in the extraordinary range of his activities. Pigot was his principal available expert on all questions concerning Irish music and the arts. So in September that year he wrote to Pigot from Bantry, sending him the words which he had taken down from a ballad singer, " a carrier, a great fellow who sings and would do more". It was a version, half in English and half in Irish, of " Shule Aroon " ; and Davis had written out the Irish lines phonetically in a form which makes every word recognisable. He had even misspelt some English words to indicate the singer's pronunciation, as

> " I'll dye my petticoats, I'll die them red,
> And round the world I'll beg my bread,
> Until my parients shall wish me dead "

Davis and Duffy had persuaded almost all their young friends to write verses for the *Nation*, whether they considered themselves poets or not. Besides Denny Lane and Barry and McCarthy, who each had a definite gift for verse, both Pigot and O'Hagan had been already writing verses for the *Nation*. Lane had been showing Davis everything of interest while he was on his visit to Cork, and Davis informed Pigot that Lane was now " writing out a ballad on Ceim an Feigh battle". Miss Prendergast was a young lady in Dublin whom they both knew well, and she became Pigot's wife some years later. Davis told Pigot that he must get her to sing Lane's ballad " in remembrance of me". He relied particularly on Pigot to get him information about Irish artists and their work. In Cork he had a long talk with old Bishop Murphy, who had accumulated an immense library, employing agents to buy for him at sales on the Continent and anywhere. The Bishop had been one of the earliest patrons of the young Cork sculptor John Hogan, who had by this time established a

European reputation. He had done some magnificent Irish monuments, especially the statue of Bishop Doyle. This had made Davis want to know much more about him and his work—which was soon afterwards to include his famous statue of O'Connell addressing one of the " monster meetings". Davis urged Pigot to find out more about him ; and he concluded with a typically urgent demand for greater activity : " I wish you were here to take down word and music from every second person I meet. I'm going to dine with a very fine fellow Father Tom Barry, and have no more time to write. Remember me to Wallis[1]. Is his heart so hard, or are his joints so rusty, as to look idly on now ? Do you know anyone in Limerick worth my knowing ? "

A week later Davis was at Derrynane, spending a night there as O'Connell's guest. No record of his impressions apparently survives. But on September 17 Davis sent another few lines to Pigot, saying that he was at Tralee on his way to Limerick. He signed himself usually " ever yours ", but this brief note is signed " Yours in the faith". The next letter, brief again and almost telegraphic in style, was on December 30. It asked Pigot to let Denny Lane have within a few days the Hansard volumes which contained Plunket's speeches, and rebuked him for being late with a note or something else. He was to " write at once to Doheny about the threatened invasion " ; and let Davis know " what kind of man is John Maher, Val's heir" ? The Carolan and other music would be left that day either with him or with Miss Prendergast. The note ended with the warning : " Pray don't forget or *postpone* anything."

Pigot at that time was still only twenty-one. He had passed his next birthday when Davis wrote a longer letter on March 24 1844, which indicates the feverish activity that was in progress. O'Connell and his chief associates, including Gavan Duffy, were deeply involved in their defence against prosecutions for seditious conspiracy since the suppression of the Clontarf " monster meeting " in the previous autumn. Smith O'Brien had suddenly joined the Repeal Association then, in protest against their arrest, and his accession had provided the Repeal movement with a new leader of national reputation and stature, just when Peel had counted upon depriving the agitation of all effective control. O'Connell had soon afterwards appointed Smith O'Brien as the deputy leader during the protracted State trials ; and the young men had found, to their delight, that O'Brien had a rare gift for organising team work and that he desired to encourage and train them to take responsibility, instead of expecting them to accept orders from an autocratic leader. Davis and Smith O'Brien quickly appreciated each other's qualities and industrious public spirit, and they became close allies. Davis reported on how matters were pro-

[1] An eccentric but extremely gifted and learned friend of Davis in T.C.D., who contributed to Gavan Duffy's life of Davis a very detailed, if egotistical, account of his own influences upon Davis as a student there.

gressing to Pigot, who had gone to Boulogne to continue his legal studies :

I am working away harder than ever. Smith O'Brien is here and, though cold in manner, is true, friendly and laborious. He and I and some others are working up all manner of political information for Association Reports, and so we hope to make every Repeal Warden know the statistics of Government and the structure of all public departments, etc., etc. These are preparations for self-rule. I have analysed the Army and Navy Ordnance and Commissariat Estimates. The rest will be done at once ; so from this you'll apprehend that part of our system. The new Repeal associates' cards are to have a summary of Irish statistics and a map of Ireland of same size. Every interesting Parliamentary paper is reported on. *All* the cards have been changed (without my consent or opposition) upon the policy of "submitting to even the semblance of law " or authority when it has a jailer's key.

Davis was involved in forming the new Irish Reform Club, and was going to make sure that it would not be " used for Whiggery". He had no fear, he said with the self-confidence which gave courage to all his young friends though it often gave offence by appearing to be arrogant, " for I feel I and others who are true have much power, enough to save the cause". The State trials were nearing their end, and he told Pigot that he believed the leaders would be sentenced. He was concerned specially for Duffy, because his wife was very delicate and they both would suffer if he were to be imprisoned. Meanwhile MacNevin, Dillon and Lane, as well as Pigot, were out of town : so no weekly suppers were being held. But politics were only one aspect of Davis's occupations ; and Pigot must be kept in touch with all Irish musical enterprises and urged to contribute more :

Hudson has written music for '98, Fag a Bealac, etc. The Spirit (of the *Nation*) is to be re-issued in six parts, the size of Macaulay's Ballads, with a new and an old air in each number. Of course, 'twill be kept for you. I have got nothing but promises from Dr. H. Your music book is safe.

I am glad you are working at law ; 'twill harden your mind—besides, you are bound in duty to work at it.

I wish you would try music to the " Men of Tipperary". You understand it, and Hudson does not. Make up your French. I wish I could speak it.

O'C. has done himself and the present agitation vast injury ; still you see my spirits are in no ways depressed.

Three weeks later, on April 17th, Davis wrote again to Pigot, recording one of his most memorable personal actions in these crowded years. He enclosed for his friend " a sprig of ivy from over the grave at Bodenstown". He and Dr. Gray, the young editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, had been there that day and had completed the arrangements for erecting " the first Irish monument " to Wolfe Tone. It was to be " a plain black marble slab, very massive " ; and Davis himself had composed the simple inscription :

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE
BORN 20TH JUNE, 1763
DIED 19TH NOVEMBER, 1798
FOR IRELAND

He " liked the inscription, though 'tis mine " ; and he thought " it says enough for this, and perchance enough for all time". The monument was being put up because Mrs. Tone had written to say she wished it. " Her letter is plain and heroic : better than ever a woman of Sparta wrote. She says she had wished and had hoped to have this done this last office, but the infirmities of 76 years prevent her."

By May 1844, when the Repeal leaders had been imprisoned in Richmond penitentiary, both Pigot and O'Hagan had gone to London to spend several years there in chambers, after they had been called to the Irish bar. Davis wrote constantly to Pigot, sending messages to O'Hagan in almost every letter and demanding their help on many practical matters. A letter on May 8th indicates that John Kells Ingram had submitted his " Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight " to the *Nation* through O'Hagan. Davis asked O'Hagan to point out to Ingram that the last line of his first verse was ungrammatical—and also difficult for singing. Davis wished it to be altered thus :

> But you man, a true man,
> Will fill your glass with us.

The letter, as usual, teemed with activity and with suggestions or requests for his correspondent's attention :—

> I have the first proof sheet of 1st part of the new edition (of the " Spirit of the Nation ") on my desk. The music is very well done, and the paper and letter press are superb. Nothing like them has been attempted here before. Have you musicked Tipperary ? Yea or nay.
>
> O'C is in spunk and spirits, and very civil these times. Our Parliamentary Committee is working admirably. I have 100 pages of their reports laid by already. In another week I'll have another 100.
>
> When Parliament rises, we are to publish the " Statistics of Ireland ", with maps, etc., etc. .....
>
> Your translation of Venedy was corrected by Anster. I believe I shall go to London in the summer, but am not sure. I fear you and I would idle each other cruelly there.
>
> My latest project is a ballad poetry history of Ireland—not a continued metrical chronicle, but a rosary of ballads by everyone who could write one. I *calculate* that a fifth of such a work or more has been done. Would it not be the most potent and imperishable of books if well done ? Besides it could be continually improved by the insertion of new or the re-writing of old ballads.
>
> Why don't you write. *Make " force " drive* J. O'H. to write. It is cruel of him not to do so.
>
> I wish he'd write on Aughrim or Clontarf, or anything down to the rent, if he'd but write. Ingram, too, is inexcusable. One poem now is worth twenty to be brought out in five years. Have you heard W. J. Fox, the negative Pantheist of Finsbury ? You will see him cleverly sketched in the next *Nation*. He is well worth hearing.

No human frame could have sustained for long the fever of excitement and energy which possessed Davis during these years. Pigot was only one of his correspondents whom he was urging ceaselessly to activity, just as he was urging so many others. But his own activities, apart from encouraging and stimulating everyone whom he could hope to mobilise,

were incessant and insatiably energetic. Three more letters to Pigot alone that same month are included in the *Irish Monthly* collection. One of them reports that W. E. Hudson had now put music to the " Men of Tipperary ", but demands that Pigot also should supply music for it. He had been revising his own famous ballad of Owen Roe O'Neill, and he explains the changes he had made :—

> I have re-written the two first verses of Owen Roe, or rather a line in verse one and three lines in verse two. The dialogue before was complex and unnatural and the rhythm nil. Now the second verse belongs entirely to the messenger, who states in some detail how Owen died, having before the ballad opens just told that Owen was dead, poisoned by the English. The whole first verse belongs to the lamenter. Tell me what you and John O'Hagan think of the change, and tell me at once.

Davis demands a reply within two days to a question about changes in another poem, and requires immediately the music with piano accompaniment. A postscript adds the familiar command " Make John O'H. write." Ten days later he is writing again about music and urging that " J. O'H." should write songs "to Irish airs for which no good words are extant". Smith O'Brien, he reported, had been proposing to re-issue the songs and music of the " Citizen ", and Davis wanted to follow with a re-issue of Bunting. Meanwhile he intended himself to " try an air or two, and be d—d to your objections against my metre". The inevitable postscript commanded Pigot to enlist " Father Prout " to write ballads for the *Nation*. Another letter written within the same week is full of news about reports which Davis had been preparing, on public finances and other matters, for the Parliamentary Committee. " I have not been idle ", he admitted, " all things considered, for after all a man must rest sometimes, and I had a relaxed throat and some debility after my illness." O'Brien and he, in fact, were " in particularly good spirits " ; and " if Wyse and his Federalists would work as we're working, all might end quietly in our favour in two or three years ".

The strain of such relentless overwork must have been apparent even then, though Davis was still only twenty-nine. But his letters do not yet show the irritability which became evident, from sheer nervous exhaustion, in the following year. He was concerned for Duffy's health, but believed that he was really stronger for the enforced rest since he had been imprisoned ; for " the prisoners have two large gardens, a sitting room and a bed-room each, constant visitors, good health and good spirits". Prodigal of his own vitality, Davis had learned enough of the danger of overwork to feel anxious about his friends. " I trust you are stronger ", he wrote to Pigot in June. " Believe me, who have tried it, that 'tis flat folly to be reckless about health, as you are prone to be. Do, dear John, take care of yourself. To say nothing of Rathmines, you have much to do for your country, if for nothing else." But the strain on his own constitution increased that autumn, when friction developed between the younger men and O'Connell's son, who replaced Smith O'Brien as

deputy leader when his father retired for a long rest to Derrynane. It had become evident, during the State trials and the subsequent imprisonment, that the old man's health was undermined and that his mental powers, and especially his old capacity for leadership and for taking firm decisions, were gravely impaired. His son had inherited a real aptitude for political life, and he had great industry and powers of application. He was ambitious and had now assumed his father's mantle, with all the glamour of martyrdom through having shared his imprisonment. But he had a small intellectual stature, and he gave the impression of lacking candour and integrity, while he was an adept in party intrigues ; and he had no tolerance towards those who disagreed with him.

The young men, and particularly Davis, found John O'Connell intolerable as a leader, and friction between them increased constantly. Enthusiasm cooled quickly after the fervent excitement of O'Connell's unexpected release, when the appeal to the House of Lords had succeeded against all expectation. Pigot had been in London when the Law Lords quashed the sentence, and Davis had written to him exultantly that the news " literally rang through Dublin, strangers stopping each other to tell of it". They had at once " arranged a procession for Saturday to bring our friends from prison and to carry them by the Four Courts, Castle, Parliament House, with bands and banners, and a *review* of the trades at Richmond [prison]." He and Smith O'Brien had " just parted after grave speculations as to the future". Davis was still bombarding his young friend in London, as the weeks passed, with requests for music to accompany all sorts of patriotic verses or national songs. Pigot came back to Ireland in the vacation, and Davis urged him to accept O'Connell's invitation to stay with him at Derrynane, where he would find Gavan Duffy and other friends. Pigot was an admirer of Gerald Griffin's Irish novels and Davis gave him an introduction to his brother, Dr. William Griffin in Limerick, which he might well be proud to produce : " My dear Sir,—Allow me to introduce to you J. E. Pigot, Esq. son of ex-Attorney-General, but (in my mind) a far better politician than his excellent father. He is an idolator of Gerald's, and one of my nearest and dearest friends. Yours truly, Thomas Davis."

On the last day of 1844 Davis wrote again affectionately to Pigot in London, a letter which gives ominous signs that the physical and nervous strain was telling upon him. " I have been deaf and breathless almost with a heavy cold ", he wrote, "or I should have written to you sooner." He was " in no mood to write about politics ", but was " doing his best to set things to rights and to guard against what is coming. If we get well over '45 all will be safe, for all will be in the power of honest and determined men ; if things go ill now, the Union cannot be repealed for 15 years unless by an accident. I do not trust chances ; so shall do my best now." Many other things pressed on him, he said, " and all together will force me to

get well and fierce". Perhaps he felt in some vague way already that he had not long to live. He was to die suddenly that October ; and by the year's end he was to be only a memory and an inspiration to his friends.

Meanwhile Davis had seen great possibilities in founding the Eighty-Two Club, as a political organisation confined to the élite, which could act as an offset to John O'Connell's vulgar manipulation of the Repeal Association for his own narrow purposes. Its title, with its invocation of Grattan and the Irish Volunteers, gave him added courage and confidence ; and he had delighted in choosing and designing the ornaments for its picturesque, almost military uniforms. In March he was writing to Pigot : " Some of our '82 uniforms are made and are beautiful ! An undress frock coat of dark green, braided, for dejeuners, etc. will be added presently. Ça ira ! " A fortnight later he reported that " our '82 uniforms look admirably, and were we rid of some scamps the club would be all right. As it is, we are in high spirits, though somewhat at a loss for non-indictable songs". He had been working fiercely to ensure the success of the Repeal reading rooms, and things were really going well now ; " so my mind is calmer than it was". He and Smith O'Brien were worn out with reading all the essays on Repeal submitted for the competition. They had awarded the three prizes, and he did not yet know that M. J. Barry was the author of the winning essay. He had been elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy, the only public distinction he was to receive before he died. As usual, he was full of new projects, including £100 prize for a school history of Ireland ; and the land question had become a special pre-occupation.

In April Davis was urging his friend to " cultivate acquaintance with any of the Young England, or of the genuinely literary men you can ; it will be most useful by and by". Through Gavan Duffy, Pigot got an introduction to the Carlyles, and Mrs. Carlyle's diary for April 27 shows that he lost no time in making use of it. She was greatly struck by the handsome, dark young man, with his smouldering eyes and his suggestion of being born for revolutions. She wrote to him :—

> As for young Pigot, I will here, in the spirit of prophecy inherited from my great ancestor John Welsh the Covenanter, make a small prediction. If there be in his time an insurrection in Ireland, as these gentlemen confidently anticipate, Mr. Pigot will rise to be a Robespierre of some sort ; will cause many heads to be removed from the shoulders they belong to, and will eventually have his own head removed from his own shoulders. Nature has written on that handsome but fatal looking countenance, quite legibly to my prophetic eye, " Go and get thyself beheaded, but not before having lent a hand towards the great work of immortal smash."

Pigot himself must have been gratified by their meeting, for Davis answered his next letter with a note of disapproval. " You seem much pleased with Carlyle. Duffy and J. O'H. told me some talk of his which I thought vicious and affected to a serious extent". But Davis was concerned chiefly to keep Pigot active with literary work and with the execution

of private commissions. " We shall have a flood of Irish publications this coming season ", he wrote, and he gave a formidable list. It included several important historical works ; a new Irish novel by Lefanu ; the Repeal prize essay ; various reports by the Parliamentary Committee ; MacNevin's volumes on Sheil and on the Irish Volunteers ; Duffy's collection of ballads ; his own edition of Curran and his Wolfe Tone ; Barry's collection of Irish songs ; the third series of Madden's " United Irishmen ", and various others in preparation. " Our literary progress in 1845 promises to be *real* ", he wrote confidently. He asked Pigot to get him still more books from London ; urged him to visit the United Service Museum and to read Taylor ; Philip van Artevelde, and demanded " the printed list of the British Museum prices for casts". On May 28 he wrote acknowledging more books, but this letter was concerned chiefly with his collision with Daniel O'Connell in the debate on the Colleges Bill in Conciliation Hall on the previous day. " You'll see ", he wrote, " that O'Connell and I came to a blow-up in the Association, but were reconciled, and fancy ourselves better friends than before. I hope so."

The proceedings had shaken Davis badly, though he said cheerfully : " my own health is excellent". John Blake Dillon, however, had burst a blood vessel through sheer indignation during the " scene " between Davis and O'Connell ; and Davis was extremely anxious about his recovery. A few days later he wrote again to Pigot to report that Dr. Corrigan said that the bleeding from his lung was not serious. " He had been subject to coughs all the winter, used to sit in hot rooms, drink quantities of coarse tea, and take little exercise." He was now recovered, but would have to take great care in future. In the same letter he described the dispute with O'Connell in detail, declaring that Conway had " caused the fight designedly " by his provocative speech, because he had been blackballed for the '82 Club. He described how he had himself retorted to O'Connell on the platform : " You are mistaken in supposing us a separate party, or that we ever called ourselves Young Ireland. It was a nickname given and used in jest." Then he burst into tears, " lost my voice and sat down". But he was in no wise despondent about it all. The grand levee at the Rotunda on May 30, which Davis had laboured arduously to prepare, had assembled to take the pledge to insist upon full Repeal, and it made ample amends. He described it jubilantly to Pigot :—

> Friday brought the most imposing scene I ever witnessed . . . . The round room was really a noble sight, and our club curved round the seven oligarchs, and stretching into the passages gave it a military air. The procession was immense, and spectators up to the chimney tops. Among the lookers-on was the Lord Lieutenant. He was in a room in Sackville Street. The day was really great, and the effects will be so.

Through that last summer Davis was still working ceaselessly in Dublin, refusing to take a holiday until his colleagues had theirs. In July

he was writing to Pigot : " As your health is good, you cannot work too evenly and hard." The Library of Ireland was succeeding famously and " promises better than any other undertaking of our party". He believed that John O'Connell's intrigues and party politics had " thrown the agitation two years back". But John Dillon was now doing well and Gavan Duffy " better than ever in his life ", but there could be little hope that his wife would recover from her long illness. On August 5, he reported that Duffy had gone to the country. His volume of Irish ballads was already in its third edition and likely to sell at least 10,000 copies. " I am alone, anxious for various reasons ", he wrote ; " but in work, and that is a shield from most assaults of the mind." He asked, in a sudden burst of intimacy, whether Pigot intended to marry young or not ? Their letters had often exchanged bantering questions about falling in love ; and Davis himself had written a few months before that he wished he could, " but I cannot find anyone glorious enough". Since then, though he did not mention her name, he had fallen in love with Annie Hutton, whose father was one of the leading federalists in Dublin. But he had no confidence in the future as yet, and he wrote now jokingly to Pigot : " If I'm ever married, which is not likely, our wives will, I suppose, be inseparable gossips, and with that interesting prophecy I am as ever yours T.D."

It was almost his last letter to Pigot, though another note followed in a few days asking him to buy for him "the sixth volume of Holinshed's Chronicles, Ireland". But a letter a few weeks earlier, dealing with various business and political matters, should be quoted because it gives a more personal glimpse of his philosophy of life and of the earnest idealism that united them :—

> I am *equally* glad of your health and your hard reading. Vigorous habits, power equal to your need and position, and something over for adornment and benevolence, are the conditions of happiness. I sometimes, when I see fine spirits, like rudderless ships, drifting to ruin, think to be a preacher and to guide individual minds, but end by returning to my public mission. Ever toil at your sober duties. If great opportunities, lightening inspirations come, be the man of the hour and act and create, but never *toil* for these things. Emerson's best critical thought is that Nature does not endure a spy. Again I congratulate you on having got into masculine work, and am as ever yours, T.D.

Within two months of receiving that letter, as one of a long series, Pigot learned the shattering news that Davis had died in Dublin after a short attack of scarlatina, which he had kept a secret from all but a few of his intimates there. More perhaps than any of the group, Pigot continued to cherish the memory of his friend, while he remained in London with O'Hagan completing his legal training during the following year. He kept closely in touch with the *Nation* ; and in the following April, when Smith O'Brien was imprisoned in the House of Commons for refusing to obey the Speaker's command to serve on parliamentray committees unless they were concerned with Irish business, Pigot joined in the deputation

of Young Irelanders who went to visit him in prison. They all wore their green uniforms as they entered the House of Commons ; and they remembered that it was Davis who had proposed the line of conduct which Smith O'Brien alone had the the courage to pursue, though the others had pledged themselves to do likewise.

When Pigot returned from London to Ireland he threw himself ardently into work for the Confederation. In the spring of 1848, when the revolution in Paris raised high hopes that an armed popular insurrection could not fail of success, Pigot became the *Nation's* special correspondent on military preparations. Like all the other close associates of Davis—Duffy, Dillon, Smith O'Brien, Doheny, Denny Lane, Barry—he had sided strongly against Mitchel's reckless policy of challenging the British Government before preparations were ready. But the Government forestalled them, and the rising had to be attempted in July as the only alternative to the arrest of all the leaders when Habeas Corpus was suspended. The attempt seemed so hopeless that at the last minute Pigot allowed his father, the Chief Baron, to prevail upon him to stand aside. Gavan Duffy in his account of those tragic weeks says sadly :

> It must be written that the bright young enthusiast, whom we were accustomed to liken to Robert Emmet and to describe as a better St. Just, failed us in this extremity. Not through pusillanimity or egotism, but because he was not able to resist the tears and despair of his family. His father was a just and considerate man, but he was blinded by the responsibilities of an official position to the true interest of his son. He judged ill when he overbore him on a subject where the deepest passions and emotions of his nature were engaged ; the decision forced on the young man cast a shadow over the remainder of his life.

Whether it be true or not that Pigot could never forgive himself for having failed to join with his colleagues in that desperate attempt to start an insurrection, his career as a young lawyer of great promise was never fulfilled. Success would have come to him at once, if he had not refused to undertake any Crown business at the Bar. Little other practice came his way in Dublin during the following years, in which he continued to devote much energy to the cultural activities which Davis had always encouraged. He became treasurer of the Celtic Society, a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and of the society for preserving the Melodies of Ireland, and of the committee for publishing an Irish Dictionary. He was one of the founders of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and he went on collecting Irish airs and eventually left his collection of Irish music to the Royal Irish Academy. But his professional success was so small that in 1865 he decided to emigrate to India. He was then forty-three, and at the bar in Bombay he quickly obtained a large and very profitable practice. Within five years he had amassed a fortune, sufficient to retire and come back to Ireland. But the Indian climate had wrecked his health and he died in Dublin, aged forty-nine, in 1871.

DENIS GWYNN

THE TIDE OF VICTORY AND DEFEAT

I. THE BATTLE OF CLONTIBRET, 1595

BY G. A. HAYES-McCOY, M.A., PH.D.

ON September 9th, 1883 General Hicks, better known as Hicks Pasha, Commander-in-Chief for the Khedive in the Sudan, marched out of Omdurman with a force of 10,000 Egyptian troops. He marched by the Nile for twelve days and then struck westward towards Kordofan; his mission was to seek out and destroy the rebel forces of the Mahdi. On October 3rd he sent back his last despatch and pushed on towards El Obeid, the Arabs closing in on the rear of his column. Thereafter the desert, and the Mahdi, swallowed him.

About November 19th news of a disaster began to come through. Time went past, but Hicks and his army of 10,000 never came back. So far as is known, this is what happened: Hicks, having already fought several skirmishes with the Mahdi's forces, was surprised while marching through a forest on November 2nd and was heavily engaged all day. On the 3rd he was again surrounded on the march, but by nightfall he had beaten off his attackers with heavy loss on both sides. His men were now suffering severely from thirst. On the 4th, pushing on again for the wells ahead, his column came suddenly under heavy fire, and again the fight lasted until evening. On the 5th, which was the last day, the weary, thirsty troops walked into a major ambush when only half an hour's march from the precious water in the wells. Poor material from the start, utterly exhausted from their days on end of marching and fighting, and the victims of an ordeal perhaps the worst that can be suffered by any troops, Hicks's men were rushed by overwhelming forces about midday and massacred almost to the last man.

The human form has not changed, nor the limits of human endurance. Whether he carried the rifle of the nineteenth century or the caliver of the sixteenth, a soldier could stand a certain amount from an enemy who attacked him on the march—an enemy who hit him and drew off, who lured him onward and then hit him again, who disappeared only to spring up in his face, who closed only to retire before the soldier could hit back, and who retired only to close at the weariest moment, when the ammunition or the water had been used up—a soldier, even a good soldier, could stand a certain amount of that treatment, but no more. The breaking point came for the Elizabethan conscript as it came for the Egyptian fellah. In the sixteenth century attack on the march, where the terrain was favourable to the aggressor and unfavourable to the foot slogger in the column, was as deadly a tactic as at any period in the history of war. It was the tactic of all others that enabled Hugh O'Neill and his allies at the end of

the century to build up the most notable series of victories ever gained by the Irish against the English invader. Attack on the march was the tactic pursued by O'Neill against Marshal Bagenal at Clontibret on May 27th, 1595, the first large scale engagement fought by the Earl against the Queen.

It is a far cry from Co. Monaghan to Kordofan and from 1595 to 1883 ; nor, one supposes, has O'Neill ever before been compared with the Mahdi. Just as Clontibret stands at the head of O'Neill's battles, however, so was the Sudan massacre the beginning of fifteen years of independent rule for the Mahdi and his successor. Similarly, the unexpectedness of Hicks's disaster and the air of mystery hanging over a rout in the wilderness whence no survivor came to give a picture of the last mad moments are in considerable degree paralleled by the circumstances of our Irish battle. Each was held in its own time to be a mystery ; yet the most important point of similarity between them is that the issue, in either case, was the almost inevitable result of the neglect by one party of the principles governing the science of war and the exploitation by the other of the advantages presented by that neglect. It is an epitome of the principles of war that he who would defeat his enemy must not walk into a trap that his enemy has set.

Clontibret was not a massacre. It was not even an open defeat for the Queen's army, for Bagenal carried through the operation that he had undertaken ; he brought his force—or part of it—through from Monaghan to Newry. But O'Neill won a great moral victory. He had discovered at the very beginning of his active participation in the war the way to handle his opponents. He gained prestige. His men gained confidence. The administration, amazed at the result of the day's fighting, was frightened of what might happen the next time.

Hicks was massacred ; given a wider terrain, there was nothing to save Bagenal from as complete a rout. As it was, he escaped with a bad mauling.

The mystery of what happened at Clontibret is the result, in the first place, of efforts made by Elizabeth's administration to forget the story of a reverse as galling to their pride as it was unexpected and, in the second, of a series of errors on the part of Irish historians of the last century.

Within a few days of Clontibret an English soldier who was there said of his comrades who were then cooped up in Newry : " If they had had all the munition in Ireland they would not have undertaken to come to Drogheda." He meant that they could not be brought to face O'Neill again. But the scare was soon over ; and both Fenton, the Irish Secretary, and Norris, the General of the forces—neither of whom was present at the battle—said later that those who were had greatly exaggerated the number of their opponents' forces. A disregard of the lesson of the battle accompanied the return of confidence, and it took quite a few

maulings similar to Clontibret, culminating in the disaster to the Queen's forces at the Yellow Ford, to teach the Queen's generals that, if a method of attack has failed once, the odds against its succeeding increase rapidly each time it is again practised.

II

Of the contemporary accounts of Clontibret the best are the brief ones of Sir Henry Bagenal and of a Lieutenant Perkins. There are a few others, and some comments on them by the authorities in Dublin, in the state papers. Two writers of general narratives have somewhat more to say, Philip O'Sullivan on the Irish side and Sir James Perrott on the English. The Four Masters mention the action briefly.

Although O'Sullivan's account of O'Neill's campaigns is haphazard and chronologically inexact, it was his pen alone that for long preserved the record of Clontibret as an Irish success. Unfortunately, O'Sullivan succeeded in conveying the impression that Clontibret was a pitched battle, which, although successive writers have so regarded it, it was not. That is one part of the legend that has been built up about it. Another arises from a confusion of the engagement fought on May 27th, 1595 (that is, Clontibret) and a totally distinct one fought between O'Neill and Norris at Mullaghbrack, north of Newry, on September 5th of the same year. Norris was not present at Clontibret; and it was a mistake of John O'Donovan's, perpetuated by Bagwell, that has led to the belief that he was. Fr. Paul Walsh, by analysing the references to Clontibret that occur in the state papers, has corrected Bagwell's account and has shown with what caution we must treat unsupported statements of O'Sullivan.

The standard modern notice of the battle is that of Curtis, who says of O'Neill: "He defeated at Clontibret an English force under his brother-in-law, Sir Henry Bagenal." In strict fact, this is inaccurate because, as has been said, Bagenal was saved by circumstances from actual defeat.

Let us see if we can piece together what is known of the day's happenings at Clontibret and fit the engagement into its place in the war.

III

Maguire was at war with the Queen since the autumn of 1593 and O'Donnell for almost as long. O'Neill was suspect of intentions prejudicial to the English interest for long before he committed himself to hostilities by destroying the garrisoned post at Blackwater fort on February 16th, 1595. From that date forward, although there were long intervals of uneasy peace between the periods of open hostilities, Ulster and the

Queen were at war or actively preparing for war. The war early assumed what was to be until the time of the Spanish landing its strategic pattern. It has many times been pointed out that it was for the Irish primarily a war of defence; they endeavoured to keep the English out of Ulster, and they strove by raiding southward to weaken the power of the administration to attack them. The English soon began their mistaken policy of placing isolated garrisons at strong points in the wilderness, where they invariably got into difficulties. The Queen's generals had frequently to expose their forces to attack at a disadvantage in efforts to relieve garrisons blockaded by Tyrone. Duke and Herbert were marching to relieve Enniskillen when they were defeated at the Ford of the Biscuits in August 1594. Bagenal was drawn into the death trap of the Yellow Ford in 1598 by the stupidity of men who had not the initiative to withdraw the garrison from the retaken Blackwater fort when it ceased to be useful to them and had become but a bait of the Earl's to lure his enemies to destruction.

Each year brought its problem for the English. In 1594 it was Enniskillen, in 1597 and again in 1598 Blackwater fort. In 1595 it was Monaghan. While the Irish raids were gaining strength, Monaghan was an isolated post cut off from communication with Newry, the next garrison. By May 1595 the necessity of doing something to relieve it arose. To convey supplies into any of these northern posts, in the face of a country at war, the whole marching army of the Queen had usually to be employed. Thus to lure the main force of their enemy on to ground best suited for their attacks, Tyrone and his adherents had merely to blockade a post and to await results. This relief of Monaghan was the occasion of the march in the course of which the battle of Clontibret was fought.

IV

The English increased the numbers of their army in Ireland as the war progressed. An infantry reinforcement of 2,000 men from the Queen's army then operating in Brittany and 1,000 men to be newly raised in England was arranged for 1594. The Brittany force had a parade strength of 1,304 in Dublin in April, and the new men from England doubtless fell short of the designed total in the same way. But both forces arrived and were employed in Ulster. The Brittany men were veterans of the service both in France and in the Netherlands; but the others were largely conscripts of poor quality, levied under order on specified shires and with only a rudimentary training in the use of arms. The newcomers were added as separately organised companies to the army of "old soldiers" already maintained here. These latter, most of whom were seasoned by at least one campaign, were the remains of the English companies levied in earlier years, padded out by Irishmen who were enlisted to bring them up to strength.

The rule in Ireland was, until towards the end of the war, a foot company strength of 100. Larger companies, of 150 or even 250, were employed in the Netherlands and Brittany; and when the Brittany men came to be reformed here and officers were allocated to their new companies, there were not enough company captains to go round. This was to be a matter of some significance at Clontibret.

Bagenal's force—consisting of 14 companies and either four or five troops, in all from 1,500 to 1,750 men—marched from Dundalk towards the end of May, arrived in Newry on the 24th, and marched out again towards Monaghan on the day following. It was a full campaigning column, up to available strength, of the best material that could be mustered from the Queen's army. It was not engaged in an aggressive movement, not even in a reconnaissance in force. Bagenal's mission was simply to escort a convoy of supplies into Monaghan, to relieve the garrison there, and to bring his column back safely to the Pale.

The force laboured at the outset under four disabilities. (1). There were not sufficient senior company officers. It has been mentioned that, when the companies were reformed, there were too few Brittany officers. There were only three of their captains, Sir Thomas Maria Wingfield and Captains Wilmot and Brett, and the remaining Brittany companies were commanded by lieutenants. (2). There were no officers of intermediate rank between the captains and Bagenal's staff, which consisted only of the sergeant-major, the quartermaster and himself. Perrott speaks of two regiments: one made up of the Brittany men, the other of the recruits. Regiment and colonel (the officer who commanded it) were new words even at the time when Perrott wrote. The recruit companies and the Brittany companies marched separately, but there is no contemporary mention of their having been regimented, and no officer present was called a colonel. (3). The recruits were untried and relatively untrained. This, however, was a common defect; for there was a proportion of such men in every Elizabethan army here. (4). There was a certain shortage of ammunition. Perrott reports a conversation which, he says, took place between one of the Brittany captains and Lord Deputy Russell before the march began. The captain, believing that the supply of ammunition allotted to the troops was not sufficient, remonstrated with the Deputy, and the latter answered: "Captain, you are deceived; you are not now in France or the Low Countries, for you shall not be put here to fight as there." "Why then, my Lord," asked the captain cogently, "go we with such forces into the field?" And Russell answered: "To give countenance to the service you have in hand for the victualling of this fort." The march, if this was so, was to be a showing of the flag; and Russell, who had marched into Cavan and back in the previous year without meeting opposition, might well have thought Bagenal strong enough to overawe the Earl by the appearance of his force. Perhaps Hicks thought similarly of the Mahdi in 1883.

So did the Queen's army walk into the trap. They marched from Newry as far as Eight-mile Church, or Ballymoyer, near Newtown Hamilton, Co. Armagh, on the 25th, where they encamped. At this stage Tyrone appeared. He came up with a troop of horse to reconnoitre the camp. The alarm was beaten, and Sir Edward York, one of the cavalry captains, went out with his troop to face the Irish. Tyrone drew off and crossed a river. York came up and they held a parley, the Earl on one side of the water, Sir Edward on the other. According to Perrott, the Earl said that by ten o'clock next morning " it should be seen whether the Queen or they should be masters of the field and owners of Ulster".

On the 26th the march was resumed, apparently without incident until the column came within some four miles of Monaghan. Here Tyrone again appeared on hilly ground that lay beside the line of march. This time he was accompanied by a considerable force ; and he began an attack on the weakest part of the column, the vanguard, where the raw companies were. Bagenal appears to have marched this day, as he did on the day following, in the usual three divisions of vanguard, battle and rear (or rearward). He himself marched with the rear, and he made no appointment of officers to command the other two sections. Consequently, when the attack began, the company captains in the van were undecided as to what steps they should take to meet it. The column was halted, the captains conferred among themselves, and one of them, Captain Cuney, seems to have been chosen to act in command. Cuney drew out a skirmishing force of 150 or so shot and pikes and ordered them forward. The Irish meanwhile closed in in large numbers and pressed on boldly with seven or eight companies of foot detached from their main force. As they came up, they were seen to have 300 shot clad, as the Lord Deputy reported later, in red coats " like English soldiers".

The column does not seem to have remained long halted. Bagenal, who must have closed up before he stopped the rear, did not come forward, and Cuney and the vanguard appear to have been the only ones engaged. The skirmishers were soon driven in ; but the Irish, as usual, did not offer to come to close quarters. While some of them kept up their fire on the van, others were observed pushing forward to occupy a wood that stood beside the pathway, or passage, ahead. Cuney, wishing to keep the way open, sent forward a sergeant and a loose wing of shot to forestall this move, and the English got there first and occupied the place. It was a broken, stony place, a good defensive position ; and the sergeant held on to it, beating Tyrone's men back. Cuney followed him up, but with what force, whether the original skirmishers or a greater part of the vanguard, is uncertain.

The Irish attack was now, as far as we know, altogether concentrated on this advanced party, and Bagenal, who must still have been halted, sent up Captain Wilmot to bid Cuney retire. The latter replied that

" he could better make good that place than come off without more aid." Bagenal changed his mind and ordered the march to be continued, and the whole column moved on and joined Cuney. Tyrone—again this was to be his custom—called off the fight suddenly and drew back his forces. Doubtless the failure to possess the vantage point of the wood before his enemy seized it decided him to leave matters so and to await other chances later.

Bagenal was, from this point, unmolested until he reached Monaghan. He had suffered many casualties; the English admitted 12 killed and 30, including three lieutenants, wounded. As he came up to Monaghan, a force of the garrison marched out to meet him; and the Maguires and MacMahons, who had been blockading the place, retired. He delivered his convoy safely and, the first part of his mission accomplished, encamped in the fields by the fort for the night.

V

On the day following, May 27th, Bagenal, having placed a fresh company in garrison, began his return journey. He marched late, not starting until about 10 o'clock, in three sections forming one column—van, battle and rear. This time he made a better distribution of responsible officers. He moved up to the vanguard himself and placed the sergeant-major, Sir John Chichester, and Brett, a Brittany officer, in the battle. Cuney, who had proved his mettle on the previous day, and Wingfield, another Brittany officer, were in the rear. The English must have marched the better now that they were not incommoded by the convoy, and the column made good progress until they came to the vicinity of the previous day's fighting.

We must remember, in view of what followed, that Tyrone enjoyed every advantage from the terrain. Frequent wooded areas, little hills that limited the view, boggy and broken ground, streams—all made it easy for skirmishers to work up close to a column, provided many points of vantage for sudden attack, and created innumerable obstacles to the kind of orderly advance that was necessary if the marching troops were to remain always ready to fight at the shortest notice and with the best effect. These obstacles find frequent mention in the contemporary literature under the name " passes". A pass may be defined as any stretch of track or road which, by reason of the physical features of the area through which it ran, placed a force traversing it at a disadvantage in respect of an enemy. To deploy a marching force from the ordinary formation of column of fives to a line composed of pike squares suitably flanked by wings of shot necessarily took time, and was made infinitely more difficult when the change had to be effected in a pass.

These matters of terrain and of the restrictions placed on English

forces when opposed to the Irish by the contemporary tactical dispositions to which the former adhered are of the utmost importance in any study of the war.

The moment of change of formation was the moment of danger; and the Irish, increasingly as they came to assess more accurately the strength and weakness of the English, made it also the usual moment of attack. The references to the vastly improved quality of Tyrone's troops are most of them later in date than Clontibret, but even then they were skilful fighters. After it they had earned respect; and if the English sometimes failed to pay it to them and showed by many of their subsequent actions that they did not realise wherein lay the reasons of O'Neill's tactical success, it is clear at least to us that the pattern of Clontibret, wedded to the defensive strategy that he pursued, was for long the Earl's infallible recipe for victory.

For the real fighting on May 27th O'Neill was reinforced, and O'Donnell, Maguire and Mac Mahon were now with him. In a moment of panic Lord Deputy Russell wrote the Irish forces up to a total of 15,000. Bagenal reported them immediately after the fight as less than 6,000. The probability is that they were no more than about 4,000.

VI

We left Bagenal marching about three miles south-east of Monaghan somewhere after eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The Irish were already visible in the distance. Soon the column entered a boggy tract—" an open and level plain, but somewhat heavy with moisture ", as O'Sullivan describes it. The way from Monaghan to Newry lay south-east towards the area of the little lakes, and then east towards the present Newtown Hamilton; and the point then gained by the column was in the vicinity of Clontibret, close to the border of the present counties Monaghan and Armagh. Here Tyrone, " having for his advantage a bog on every side ", began his attacks. He sent in his shot as loose skirmishers, who opened fire from both flanks along the whole length of the column. This attack was soon concentrated on the rear. Cuney was unlucky. He had been in the van when it was attacked on the day before; now he was once more in the thick of the battle.

Once engaged—say it was about noon then—Tyrone never altogether relaxed his attacks for about seven hours. During that time Bagenal's column must have covered upwards of fourteen miles. It was a running fight for most of the time.

We are not told when the column first halted, but it must have been quite early. The skirmishers' fusilade on the flanks soon gave place to closer work. Perrott says that the Irish charged " them in flank as they marched ". No matter how anxious Bagenal was to push on, he must

have halted and deployed for that. When the attacks came to be made mostly on the rear, the whole column must necessarily have been held up until they were beaten back; for the rear must have stood, and battle and van would have to stand with it.

It was seemingly in the early part of the engagement that the most picturesque incident of the day occurred. This was the personal encounter between Tyrone and one Seagrave, a Palesman who was serving with the English horse. Both O'Sullivan and Perrott describe this incident. O'Neill contested the passage of a stream which flowed through the boggy ground. Bagenal sent on some shot to win the ford, and a fire fight was carried on across the water. Some of the English cavalry came up to support the shot, and they were engaged by the Irish horse. The former were better armed; but the latter, led by Maguire, were more nimble, and their meeting was indecisive. The Irish shot were better marksmen than their opponents, and, says O'Sullivan, the English were twice worsted and were recalled by Bagenal (Norris, as he says, for he confuses the two). At this stage Seagrave offered to lead a charge on the Earl, who was visible on the other side of the stream seated on horseback at the head of his troop, "surveying the battle thence and giving his orders". Seagrave charged across the water and made for Tyrone. Some of the horse who were with him fell in the ford from the fire of O'Neill's shot, but Seagrave came on and reached O'Neill. Each had a lance, or horseman's staff, and each splintered his weapon on the corselet of the other. Seagrave then seems to have seized O'Neill and to have thrown him to the ground. Both fell together, struggling, and O'Neill stabbed and killed Seagrave. Perrott says that only one man charged home with Seagrave, and that he was captured. O'Sullivan says that 18 of the troop were killed or wounded and that their guidon was taken.

Philip O'Sullivan continues to relate that after this the English retreated. What really happened was that they managed to force the opposition aside and to push on. As Perkins reports, the Irish had stopped "all straights and passages", and much time elapsed "before we could wind ourselves through one of them, being driven to exceeding many stands". Whether there were long intervals in which they had freedom from attack we do not know. Certainly the attacks were not continuous, or they could not have covered anything like the distance they did. Bagenal says that Tyrone approached him "with horse and foot as he found occasions, being ever strengthened with battalions for his better retreat, placed in the skirts of their fastness". This means that the Irish attacked according as the nature of the ground suited their operations and as the state of the alternately advancing and halting column favoured them. Their "fastness" was the particular vantage point, bog or hilly or broken ground, from which the attacks were launched. In a defensible position on the outskirts of this "fastness" were placed

O'Neill's formed troops, principally his pikemen, their function to drive back such counter attacks as the column mounted to clear itself of the skirmishers.

So the fight went as the day wore on. The temper of the English must have worsened steadily as the Irish hung always on their flanks, watching every opportunity to inflict damage. Casualties mounted. Duke, who had suffered defeat already at the Ford of the Biscuits, was hit. Cuney, struggling along in the rear, was wounded, as was his ensign. So were Lieutenants Sandys and Lloyd; and many of the rank and file fell. And then, with the constant firing that was necessary to keep the column from being rushed and because, if the story that has been already related is true, they had marched with an insufficient supply, the ammunition began to fail. Captain Merriman, an officer of one of the old companies, had to resort to the last expedient of all of sending out " a sleeve of pikes for lack of munition to charge upon Tyrone's shot".

By late afternoon the situation had grown desperate. The men, encumbered with the wounded and constantly on the alert, were tired out. The Brittany companies and the old companies behaved well; but the recruits—and who can blame them?—showed that they were " new come to the wars ". Still, as hours before, dogged by a resourceful enemy who knew the country intimately, whose captains and soldiers displayed a newly acquired skill, whose shot behaved with "readiness and perfection", who ranged at will up and down the column seeking a weak place, the troops pushed on and on, hoping for what relief they knew not. " For still, as the forces marched on, the rebels with loose wings of shot played on them and came on often with a countenance of much resolution, but were most commonly beaten back, and many times would retire themselves when they had discharged their vollies of shot."

The onset of dusk found the column still moving forward. They must have been near the Eight-mile Church when they halted and, picking the best position that offered " on the side of a morish ground ", sat down in order of battle. That was to be their encampment for the night, if they could hold it. They shared their powder and found that they had a third of a pound left for each piece, sufficient for three or four rounds for a musket and perhaps ten for a caliver. Bagenal's and Chichester's pewter dishes were melted to make bullets, and a frantic message was sent on to Newry by Felim O'Hanlon, an old servitor of the Bagenals, for ammunition.

But their trials were over. The Irish encamped near them, probably as tired as they were, but in far different spirits. They did not offer to attack, and the English had, as Bagenal says, " some ease ". Perkins says that Tyrone, also, had used all his ammunition, having burnt 14 barrels of powder to Bagenal's 10, and that he had sent off that evening to Dungannon for more.

Early on the following morning relief in the shape of 200 men and some ammunition came from Newry. Both forces, Bagenal's and the Earl's, marched ; but the attacks of the previous days were not renewed, the Irish drawing off southward towards the Moyrie pass. That evening Bagenal's men entered Newry, " wearied and hungry". Their loss on the previous day was, according to Bagenal, 31 men killed and 109 officers and men wounded. The Irish figure for the English casualties is 700. The Muster-master, Lane, declared later that there were " more hurt men in the late service than was convenient to declare".

When the English encamped for the night they were at the end of their tether, and it is quite clear that they would have been utterly routed had they to face on the morrow another day's march such as they had experienced. Their proximity to Newry alone saved them. Otherwise, it was Hicks's fate for them—or, if we abate the slaughter, at least it was the fate of Bagenal's later army at the Yellow Ford.

Such was the battle of Clontibret. Its immediate effect was to reduce not alone the survivors, who had " had their hands full and were glad to be rid of the match," but the Dublin administration to a state of near panic. Bagenal informed Russell from Newry that he was short of food and powder, but that he dared not march to Dundalk for fear of Tyrone, who lay midway in the Moyrie pass.

Powder was sent promptly by sea to Newry and, with it, orders that the foot should return to Dublin in the ships and that the horse should remain in Newry. It was the final humiliation, a confession that the Queen's fighting army dared not show their faces in the field. Elizabeth, who mourned " the loss and death of so many good soldiers in relieving Monaghan," winced at the thought of the dishonour that was entailed.

But Bagenal had, at least on that occasion, reached the lowest depth of his misfortune, and the Queen was spared the dishonour. At the beginning of June the Irish broke camp in the pass and moved off westward. By June 6th Bagenal, having received the ammunition and sent off his wounded by sea, was in Drogheda, and the affair was over.

It was said that public processions were held in Spain to celebrate Clontibret as a victory for the Catholic cause. It could not have been realised then—it certainly was not realised by the English for fully five years—that at Clontibret Tyrone had hit upon the formula of victory and that every time the Monaghan expedition was repeated the Queen's troops courted disaster.*

G. A. Hayes-McCoy

* The authorities principally relied upon for this account of the battle are :—Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1592–96, pp. 320–28, 333, 345–47, 349, 357. Carew Calendar, III, pp. 109 f. Sir J. Perrott, *The Chronicle of Ireland*, pp. 93–97. Four Masters, VI, p. 1987 (and O'Donovan's note, p. 1970, which is incorrectly placed). O'Sullivan (in Byrne, *Ireland Under Elizabeth*), p. 87. Paul Walsh, in " Irish Book Lover ", XXI, pp. 103–06. Bagwell, *Ireland Under the Tudors*, III, p. 257.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON ATOMIC ENERGY

BY REV. DR. P. J. MCLAUGHLIN
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IN reflections on atomic energy one may begin by recalling the blinding flash which occurred at 8.17 a.m. on August 5, 1945, as a piece of the sun was by men's magic reconstituted over a town in Japan. Every house within two miles was destroyed ; at five miles roofs flew off ; twelve miles away windows were broken. Ninety-five thousand people were killed: one hundred and forty thousand were injured. And now we can make bombs more powerful.

I

A force of such magnitude raises questions of importance and urgency. There are persons who believe they know the answers. Among them is Professor Patrick M. S. Blackett, Nobel prize-man in science. In a recent book[1], Professor Blackett deserts the domain of science to give his views on the military and political consequences of atomic power. We regret that we fail to find here the calm competent lecturer who has more than once charmed Dublin audiences with talks on nuclear forces. He looks at the problems of atomic energy through red glasses, and his judgments are all coloured by the medium he looks through.

Professor Blackett challenges current views about the effect of the atomic bomb on warfare. It is generally considered that the atomic bomb must be regarded as a decisive weapon : a nation armed with it is rapidly irresistible. In view of what it can do to large cities—three or four atomic bombs would leave Dublin a blob of molten masonry—it alters the character of warfare. As a weapon it is unique, and it cannot be equated to a certain number of tanks or planes. So, control of the atomic bomb is on a different footing from general disarmament.

Professor Blackett does not accept such opinions. He thinks that everybody has a wrong idea of the destructive powers of the atomic weapon. They have been misled by the effects of Atom Bomb the Second and Atom Bomb the Third on Nagasaki and Hiroshima. It is overlooked that these cities were unarmed, quite defenceless and consisted mostly of wooden houses. The bomb has been too much considered from the standpoint of the victim. To assess it correctly, we must regard it from the point of view of the soldier. To arrive at what he considers to be the military angle, Blackett studies statistics of bombing in Hitler's war. He then states forcibly his conclusion that town-bombing is militarily unsound.

[1] *Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy.* London : Turnstile Press. 1949. 12/6.

It is hard to see how he reaches such an opinion from the figures he so unattractively presents to the reader. One suspects that his judgment has been formed independently of these statistics.

Blackett tries to prop up his thesis by considering how atom bombs will be delivered to the target area in the coming war between Russia and the United States. (His opinion appears to be that such a war will not begin formally for another fifteen years.) The bombs would have to be transported either by long range rocket or by plane. He rules out carriage by long range rocket—the rapid development of the V2 weapon seems to have taught him little—and he concludes once more that bombing planes are militarily unsound, and therefore atomic energy can yield only tactical but not strategic advantage. If that is so, if atomic energy can give merely a powerful weapon but not a war-winner, then the question arises : why so much fuss about the atomic bomb, why all the talk about controlling its manufacture? Blackett asserts that activity in favour of atom bomb control is just part of the astute cold war against Russia : America is seemingly generous in promoting a scheme which would enable her to spy upon Russia and find out what that country is doing for her own defence against the United States.

In contrast with his views about the restricted value of atomic energy in warfare, Blackett grants vast powers to atomic energy in the peace-time industrial field. He foresees that atom power will change the face of technology ; but, curiously enough, he thinks the effects will be of inestimable value to the U.S.S.R. while the U.S. will derive little benefit.

In the concluding part of his book, Blackett appears to be a true Briton after all. In the event of war between Russia and America, he proposes for Britain a policy similar to that pursued by Ireland in the last war. He points out that its dense population and geographical position make England very vulnerable to the atomic bomb. Accordingly England should go in for " armed neutrality and deny both the United States and Russia bases on British soil". In that case we might see a strange sight, American troops based in Éire while English soldiers in Northern Ireland hold themselves in readiness to repel an Irish-American incursion across the Border.

II

Blackett's book is important not in itself but as a symptom. Some see in Blackett a prophet of the new age ; others see in him the fulfilment of Newman's prophecies about the products of godless universities and of science divorced from the rest of knowledge. Blackett represents one class of scientists, in whom reaction to the consequences of atomic energy has produced vertical and horizontal fissures. Mature and elderly men of science regret the discovery of atomic power when they see the misuse that has been made of it ; and some, like Professor Urey, Nobel prize-

winner who is remembered in Dublin for an inspiring address on the dangers of atomic energy in barbaric hands, have embarked on a crusade for peace. The young, with characteristic buoyancy take it as a jumping-off ground for further advances in the conquest of matter. This horizontal stratification of the scientists is but natural. The vertical division is political. In all countries are to be found a small number of scientists who are ready to make use of science on behalf of communism. What they lack in numbers they make up in intent purposefulness. The most vigorous reaction to them is strangely enough in France, which, alas, can no longer be called a Catholic or even a Christian country. In French universities, Catholic scientists are in the vanguard of atomic research and they are also the spearhead against communist colleagues.

The bomb continues to provoke strong reactions outside scientific circles. The layman now considers science the greatest single force moulding the world. He sees its influence in the mathematical forms of modern art. It stares at him from posters in the street. He hears the screech of its mechanism in modern music. He sees science enter into literature as realism or Joycean experiment. From morning to night he is surrounded by comforting or irritating gadgets which have been designed, shaped and coloured by science. He asks himself : has his very thinking been influenced by the universal climate of science ? has science affected his notions of right and wrong, his sense of values, his attitude to the perennial questions of life ? On reflection he perceives that science has led men to reject all traditional values except the regard for truth. But even here science has wrought a change : it has imposed its standard, the criteria of the physical sciences, measures. Since the spiritual is incommensurable, the new standard has led to a growth in naturalism : there is no place for a personal loving God in a world which can be fully or only explained in physical terms. The tendency to ignore the unseen now infects more of the people more of the time. A modern type of scepticism has arisen out of a demand for evidence of the scientific kind and out of the failure to find it in domains where it has no place and only the half-educated would dream of seeking it. The attitude to pain and suffering has altered : pain and suffering are seen, not as part of the pattern of life imposed by God, but as due to bad men who must be destroyed. Thus class hatreds and international hates are inspired, and wars readily follow.

Laymen begin to suspect that, dazed by its marvellous achievements, they had expected too much from science. They had attributed to it powers that did not belong to it. Some now perceive that the great questions of life are concerned with matters beyond the ken of experimental science and cannot be decided by employing scales, rule or clock, the ultimate tests of science. The growth of social science in recent years has helped to bring home to people the limitations of the powerful scientific method in dealing with the great problems of every man's life. It is seen that the

scientific method, being pragmatic, is useless for discerning values—you do not check the paths of the planets by the course of a ship. The feeling grows that science has out-run our moral development. Atomic energy has brought a vast extension of our powers over nature, but in our first use of this force we have illustrated anew Acton's saying that power corrupts. In this way atomic energy disillusions rather than exhilarates the layman.

Of great consequence for all of us is the reaction to the bomb and to atomic energy in the United States. As soon as the bomb had been used in Japan, America resounded with a thunder of boasting. Gloating descriptions of its frightful powers were broadcast. All of a sudden, newspapers and radio commentators received instructions to play down the horror, and vapid arguments were published to justify the abuse that had been made of atomic power. There has been no boasting about the effects of Atom Bomb the Fourth and Atom Bomb the Fifth at Bikini atoll. The attempt to justify the bomb and the eagerness to talk about the peace-time possibilities of atomic energy were clear testimony to a sense of guilt. But there was no public confession of guilt. There were only endeavours to keep alive the hatreds that had been deliberately fostered during the war by official propaganda agencies. Has America still the greatness to say : *Mea Culpa?* or is the atom bomb the writing on her wall of *Mane*— " God has measured your empire and finished it " : *Thecel,* " you are weighed in the scales and are found wanting " : *Phares,* " Your empire is divided and given to the invader " ?

American priests, who watch and love their flock, have remarked with sorrow how the conscience of the people deteriorated during the war. The public indifference to truth and morality was appalling. The ill effects persist. American priests ask : how are we to arouse the national conscience? how can we get statesmen to take their stand on the rock of justice and principle instead of on the sands of expediency ? how persuade politicians to stop flattering the people to achieve office ? how persuade the people to cease expecting and looking for heaven on earth ? The priests know that the Church is the answer, but they are still faced with the question of means. How can they shout loud enough so that the proposal of Christianity is not drowned by the lusty liberalism of press and radio—and by the unbelievable force of communistic propaganda ? In the old days a man sold all he had and gave to the poor and founded a mission. To-day, the founder of a religious society has first to send round the hat, and a very big hat at that. Should we not try a return to the old way ? The Church in America has a tremendous task to perform, and only an immense outpouring of grace can make the priests and people equal to the challenge. There is one way in which Irish people can help. Let us be as usual generous. This time with our prayers. A spiritual campaign is evidently needed in the disillusioned bewildered world of 1949.

III

That the atom bomb emphasises the importance of the moral factor in history is the conclusion of the modern historian[1]. The historian has reacted vigorously to the bomb, and he has some severe things to say about scientists. The men of science have succumbed to what the Greeks called *hubris*, the intellectual arrogance which works in all departments of knowledge and makes each transgress its bounds and seek an usurped authority. Having invented the bomb, scientists got beside themselves and talked too much, daring even to encroach on the realm of the historian and say the exact place the invention was to have in the whole march of time. Here the historian generalises too easily and attributes the faults of a few intoxicated men of science to the entire tribe. The historian's further observations are of the first importance for our age. In the view of the recorder of the story of mankind the misuse of atomic energy is the death blow to the theory of progress ; it upsets for our generation the comforting assumption of moral evolution : it destroys the belief that men inevitably become more and more perfect with the mere passage of the centuries. The bomb has given historians the courage to state their conviction, based on technical study of the facts, that the Christian teaching about man being a fallen God-image is not only sound, but that it is the torch which best illuminates all the corridors of history. The human being is the source and the end of history : the significance of history is here and now in you and me, not in some collectivity such as the state, nor in an abstraction like future man or superman. Men do not exist for the the sake of the race, though they may sacrifice themselves for the good of the race, heroically.

Here we have the key difference between Christianity and Communism. The Christian assigns first place on this earth to the individual human soul, subject only to the glory of God. The communist awards primacy to a collectivity such as the race or the state : the individual exists for the sake of the group, and is to be destroyed ruthlessly if the good of the species requires. In this view you and I are just incidents in history, of statistical value but of no importance as ends. The historian finds it hard to make sense of history, if he adopts this theory. On the other hand, the facts of history, as the technical historian sees them, are in close harmony with the christian interpretation of man's nature and destiny. Over long periods a moral factor is seen to operate in history. If men put their faith in man-made systems, if they trust in the strength of their own right arm, if they think themselves gods, there appears to be something in the very nature of things which brings judgment. Terrible examples have occurred in our time, such as the tragedy of Germany who put her faith in militarism and was destroyed by it, and the annihilation of the pre-1917 Russian

[1] Cp. H. Butterfield's articles in *The Listener*, April and May 1949, under the title " Christianity and History ".

order. Is the most terrible of all yet to come? Are the men of the West by their own invention about to execute judgment on themselves?

The atom bomb has made general a feeling of uneasiness experienced by sensitive people before the coming of the bomb, people who felt that the war in 1914 put an end to the most brilliant panorama of material and intellectual progress in human history. With the discovery of how to unleash atomic energy, a few men possess an unholy power. The illusion of security is lost. We seem to have entered on an age of cataclysm of the kind known to the Hebrew prophets of old. Some had been led by Marxian propaganda and Wellsian dreams to believe in an age of plenty just waiting round the corner. They now feel cheated of their expectations. With no experience of fire or famine or plague or violence they had led sheltered lives, ignorant of how the other half of the world lived. Recent happenings have changed all that. They have had experience of want. They see threats mightier than ever Malthus dreamed of. The danger of atomic destruction sharpens their fear that there is a doom on our civilisation. They see political and social crises of world size. They wonder what is at the root of it all. They ask: is it the conflict between expediency and morality?

Whatever line we follow, whether we consider the reaction of the scientist or the layman, of the historian or the artist, or if we listen to our cousins across the Atlantic, we find a remarkable convergence of thought: begin with the atom bomb, and we are led by various paths to moral issues. Before the bomb, a great part of Western civilisation had lost the sense of sin. Is it the function of the bomb to convince the world of sin? The bomb may well be salutary, if it puts us in mind of the Last Things and restores to us a sense of eternal values.

From the purely human point of view, there are disquieting tendencies in our own country. If the present rate of growth goes on, the time is not far off when Ireland will be just a suburb of Dublin. This is but an instance on a small scale of a phenomenon which is world-wide, the phenomenon of agglutination. The atom bomb is, politically speaking, a coagulating element; and its role in world politics is clear enough: it serves to hasten the movement towards a world state. Still, humanly speaking, it seems madness to let Dublin continue to grow; it seems folly to concentrate industries and population in one place, to put all our eggs in one basket—what an omelette a few atom bombs could make of it all. On the other hand, there is a Power above atom bombs and the humans who wield them, and the Arm is not shortened that protected Ireland in the late war. To a Christian people the atom bomb is less a problem or menace than is death on the road. The Christian can face the worst prospects with calm. The young Christian buoyantly thinks it will be great to be alive fifty years from now when some of the unlimited effects of atomic energy may be applied to the details of daily life and constitute another of God's blessings.

P. J. McLaughlin

IS FRANCE STILL CHRISTIAN?

BY STEPHEN J. BROWN, S.J.

IS France still Christian? One would hardly venture to ask this question were it not that French Catholics themselves have of recent years been asking it with ever deepening anxiety and if, moreover, they had not already provided certain elements of an answer.

In preceding articles in these pages and elsewhere[1] I have endeavoured to show that there is in France to-day a Catholicism fully alive, active and apostolic, though it be far from pervading the whole of the Church in France. The conclusions there tentatively put forward have been strengthened by the publications that have appeared since those articles were written[2]. In particular there has come to hand the *Guide de la France Chrétienne et Missionaire*[3] a closely printed quarto volume of 1,850 pages. Of this enormous mass of information it is impossible to convey an adequate notion in such an article as this: I shall not attempt the task. But I shall utilise this information in attempting an answer to the question of my title.

A Professor of Law in the University of Paris and of religious sciences in the Sorbonne, M. Gabriel Le Bras has for some years past been engaged in research into the practice of religion in France. He has contributed to the *Guide* two detailed studies—"La Pratique Religieuse en France" and "Géographie Electorale et Géographie Religieuse." Even more recently he has contributed to the Belgian review *Lumen Vitae* (Vol. III. No. 4. December, 1948), a similar study with synopsis in English and accompanied this time by a chart. The chart is a map of France showing the extent of religious observance in country districts. These are roughly divided into three classes: (a) those in which the parishes may be described as Christian; (b) those in which a certain Christian tradition survives but which must be described as indifferent; (c) veritable missionary districts. In his articles in the *Guide* M. Le Bras characterises the Catholicism of (b) as "simple conformisme saisonnier"—i.e., the church is frequented for most marriages and funerals, children are baptized and generally make their first communion, adults go to Mass on All Saints and sometimes at Christmas and Easter. He describes the inhabitants of (c) as dissidents or as *déliés*—completely detached from religious observance. The Abbé Michonneau and the authors of *France Pays de Mission* describe them frankly as pagans, and this description is gradually coming to be generally

[1] *Studies*, March and June, 1948. The *Irish Rosary* Sept., Oct., 1948.

[2] Notably *France Pagan?* By Maisie Ward (Sheed & Ward, 10s. 6d.); *Revolution in a City Parish* by Abbé G. Michonneau (Blackfriars, 7s. 6d.)

[3] Published by the Centre Catholique International de Documentation et Statistiques (16 ter Avenue Bosquet, Paris VII). There is a copy in the Central Catholic Library, 74 Merrion Square, Dublin.

accepted. It does not mean that they worship false gods, but that " their mentality is pagan and completely foreign to the Christian spirit, indifferent to the Christian creed and careless of the demands of the moral code " (Op. cit. 1.). God forbid that these poor people should be looked upon with contempt: they must be the objects of our charity and pity. But facts must be faced.

The religious chart of France, just mentioned, makes a sort of jig-saw puzzle in which it is hard at first sight to discern any coherent picture. On closer inspection, however, certain features of the picture become clearer. Take first the Christian districts where observance reigns. Starting from the French-Spanish frontier below Biarritz, they are the Basque Country, the Vendée, Brittany, the Western half of Normandy, French Flanders, Lorraine and Alsace, Savoy, and then a group of departments in and around the Massif Central—the dioceses of Cahors, Rodez, Mende, Le Puy, most of Albi and Montauban. Besides these comparatively large regions there are scattered, in many others, small islets of observance. As for the *Contrées de Mission* they do not appear very extensive on the map—just patches in such dioceses as Evreux, Sens, Beauvais, Troyes. One patch east of Limoges measures 55 kilometres from north to south. The regions classed as religiously indifferent are left blank on the chart, and a glance at it shows how large a proportion of the land of France must be so classed. The list of Dioceses where observance is at a low ebb makes sad reading, for it is full of famous and familiar names—Chartres, Rheims, Amiens, Orleans, Poitiers, Verdun, Bayeux, Bordeaux, Avignon, Nice, Aix-en-Provence, Grenoble, etc., etc. Paris is the centre of a vast region of indifference and even downright paganism. Other cities—Marseilles, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Lille, (not so much Lyons)—have similar surroundings. On the other hand the regions of vigorous Catholic life are for the most part shut away from the great centres of population and industry, more or less isolated by mountains or *bocage* (bush country) or distance—e.g. Alsace, Savoy, Franche-Comté, Brittany, the Massif Central. In several of them a non-French language is current—the Basque country, Brittany, Flanders, Alsace.[1]

But in order to gain some more precise notion of how far religious observance has been maintained and to what extent it has lapsed it will be well to enter into some detail. In his article contributed to the *Guide* M. Le Bras conducts a sort of religious tour throughout France. Here only samples, as it were, of it can be given. He begins with the twenty *arrondissements* (districts) of Paris. Observance varies very greatly according to the districts. Auteuil, Chaillot, and a part of Batignolles are quarters where religious practice is good. In one parish of 35,000, 10,000 adults

[1] It is to be noted, however, that in certain parishes of Brittany many Breton speakers are " dissidents " and even actively hostile to religion. In Alsace there is a large proportion of Protestants.

regularly attend Mass and a further 2,000 on big feast-days. In the Faubourg Saint-Germain and the Quartier Saint Sulpice the Church is ' present ' everywhere, devotion is visible, but also the indifference of the ' popular ' fringes. From the Marais, where non-Christians abound, to the southern slopes of Mount St. Genevieve observance is at a low ebb and the priest is often ousted.

Then there are the country districts of the *Bassin parisien*. These are areas of paganism : rare are the parishes in which a fifth of the population make their Easter duties. The plains of the Eure incline to " Free Thought"; Perche is unobservant and superstitious. Between the Huisne and the Loire paganism is obvious on the surface and is gaining ground in Maine : in certain districts a considerable number of infants are not baptized. There is apathy between Bourges and Chateauroux ; cooling off (*refroidissement*) in Sologne ; torpor in Brenne. Irreligion becomes more aggressive in La Marche ; certain cantons have given up even the principal acts of Christian life and the sanctuary lamps have gone out. There is a sort of corridor of infidelity running from La Marche to the Nivernais, taking in eastern Limousin, northern Périgord, and the Charentes—a whole territory covered with beautiful churches in which the people pray no longer. M. Le Bras then describes as *d'une froideur extrème* Brie, the country round Amiens and round Chatillon. Those who make their Easter duty are only a tenth of the population. The plains and plateaux running south-west almost to the Mediterranean are without regular practice—usually neutral, but some of them hostile like the north of the Gâtinais, the forest of Othe, and the vine country of Macon which are refractory to all sacraments.

As you go westward from Paris the level of observance gradually rises. There is first an intermediate zone gradually merging into zones of full practice. The following figures show the difference between (a) eleven cantons of the Parisian zone and (b) eleven of the neighbouring intermediate zone :—

In (a) 92,000 inhabitants ; 6,500 Easter duties ; Annual average of unbaptized children 514 ; Civil funerals 183.

In (b) 86,000 inhabitants ; 27,000 Easter duties ; Annual average of unbaptized children 80 ; Civil funerals 34.

Further west matters are still better, till in the Vendée and Brittany we reach regions where in many parishes observance reaches a very high level. Yet even here there is a falling off in the Loire valley, on the coasts, and in the neighbourhood of the big towns. In " Bretagne bretonnante ", M. Le Bras says, " Au Bas Léon sacerdotal, dévot s'opposent la montagne d'Arrée, les Cornouailles de l'Est, le Trégor où les dissidents sont nombreux, souvent majorité." Still all this country is on the whole *terre d'Eglise*.

In 1933 the diocese of Vannes had 1,492 priests, 430 Brothers, 3,292 Nuns.[1]

The frontiers eastward from Dunquerque right round to Nice border a wide fringe of rural Christian communities which are in general faithful to religious practice, working class districts in which only a weak minority practise, and a few big towns in which only a third or a quarter of the adults can be counted among the faithful. In the little parishes of Lorraine and Alsace practice reaches practical unanimity. In Franche-Comté the level is nearly as high as in the Vendée. Savoy is entirely *conformiste* and fifty per cent. fully practising. As you go south from Savoy to the Mediterranean there are merely islets of religious practice. Elsewhere few Easter communions; Sunday Mass neglected; *Le recrutement du clergé quasiment désespéré.* In Grenoble those who make Easter duty are an insignificant minority and the unbaptized are numerous. On the other hand there is the Massif Central which M. Le Bras describes (along with the Basque country) as a bastion of the Faith.

We need not follow our guide any further on his itinerary. Enough has been said to give a rough idea of the great diversity in religious practice —as in other respects—that exists between different regions of France. As M. Le Bras puts it, France is a juxtaposition of regions and of classes whose religious attitudes are discordant or contradictory. This discordance has its origin far back in the history of France. Never, he says elsewhere, did the hatred of the priest and of the sacraments show itself more strongly than in the Middle Ages while the cathedrals were being built and monks and penitents abounded everywhere. Never was the popular and intellectual distrust of Catholic practice and of the clergy keener than at the beginning of the present century. We shall postpone till later a consideration of the causes which have led up to the present situation of religion in France.

Meanwhile let us return to the consideration of the actual facts. Hitherto we have considered mainly the countryside. Before passing on to the great urban centres and to the industrial regions, let us set down some further conclusions of M. Le Bras's investigation. The distribution, he tells us, of religious practice has been greatly altered under the Third Republic. The regions of religious practice have shrunk considerably in the north-east, and south-east, the south, and in the Massif Central. They have become as it were perforated with dissident cantons and groups and this dissidence has ended in the abandonment of Christianity by certain regions and by a part of the working classes. The breaking away seems to have been hastened by the trend towards civil marriages and funerals after 1884; a little later the abstention from baptism became general in the same places. In the old regions of religious fidelity the number

[1] In the Diocese of Arras there are 1,095 *diocesan* priests, in Lille 1,534, in Quimper 1,037, in Rennes 1,201, in Strasbourg 1,169. There are in Rennes 3,412 Nuns, in Angers 2,653, in Metz 2,477, in Nantes 4,188, in Rodez 3,000, in Saint-Brieuc 2,880.

of those making their Easter duty has greatly decreased, but it is still much greater than the number of those who go to Mass. However, if the Third Republic has been responsible for a great regression of Catholicism, it has also been the occasion of a great reawakening.

Turning now to the urban life, we find M. Le Bras stating definitely that none of the important French cities is in majority faithful to Catholic practice. All are centres of laicism on the one hand and of devotion on the other. I am not sure that Paris can be taken as typical; but it is far the most important centre of population, of industry, and of influence. Moreover a recent statistical study by the Abbé J. Rupp throws considerable light on its religious condition. The precise scope of his study is the proportion of baptized persons in the diocese of Paris. He finds that during the period 1930-1943 there were 863,073 registered births and 549,444 baptisms—in other words 63.20% of the children born were baptized. However, certain considerations, which need not be gone into here, have led him to modify this calculation and to conclude that the real proportion is between 70 and 75 per cent. This proportion, he says, is certainly lower than that of the period preceding the French Revolution. It may even be lower than that of say 1845. But he has ascertained that in 1885 the proportion was much the same as at present. There has even been a slight improvement in recent years. This and certain other considerations induce the Abbé to conclude in these words: "La situation de la chrétienté à Paris est loin d'etre désespérée"—which is what we might be inclined to call a rather poor consolation!

More significant than such general statistics as those quoted are statements by priests working in this or that parish in Paris or its environs. Speaking of his own district, the Abbé Michonneau says:—

"We have to deal with a parish which is a mission parish in a mission land. Almost all its inhabitants are working class, and that should tell you that almost everybody here is a pagan. In this population there are individuals who keep up the religious practices they learned in the provinces; but these are the older women, a few men, and any children whom we may have gathered into some parish organisation. Here are a few figures. There are about 23,000 inhabitants, and five years ago we used to see one thousand at Sunday Mass .... During our district mission we found in one district only forty families, out of between eight hundred and a thousand, in which we priests knew even one member as practising. In another district out of the number of families that we visited 117 were represented at the mission on the first evening. Of these 117 no less than 82 families were completely unknown to us and had not even one practising member. All of this means that the proportion of practising Catholics among us is about five per cent ...."[1]

[1] *Revolution in a City Parish*, pp. 2–3.

The dechristianisation of the working classes is not a new phenomenon. It seems to have come about principally between 1830 and 1880. Pope Leo XIII called it the great scandal of the Church in the nineteenth century. Nor is it peculiar to France: Similar causes produced similar results in Spain, Italy, England, Belgium, Germany. Though extremely widespread, it is not universal in France. Two movements in particular have tended to keep it within bounds and even to lessen the evil—the Christian Trades Unions and the J.O.C. (Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne). But Catholic thinkers and workers are agreed[1] that, though individual conversions can be and have been made, the pagan milieu of the workers' world remains untouched. How to penetrate into that world and transform it is the Church's greatest problem in France to-day.

The problem, as I have said, is not new. What *is* new is the present approach to it. For in the first place it is only in recent years that the full gravity of the situation has been realised and acknowledged. Secondly it is only of late that this realisation has resulted in a determination to "do something about it". That would not mend things much had it not resulted in a third frame of mind, namely the conviction that that something must be gone about on entirely new lines. Hence the title of Abbé Michonneau's book already mentioned more than once. Hence the outburst of new experiments in the apostolate. The new approach is typified in the life work of the Abbé Godin as set forth in the first part of Maisie Ward's new book, *France Pagan?*

One result of the sad religious situation in so many parts of France has been the serious decrease in vocations to the priesthood and the religious life. Numbers in the seminaries of a group of fifty adjoining dioceses have dwindled. Why? Because the practice of the Faith has declined in those dioceses. Even apart from that, quite a noteworthy number of priests and of seminarians were killed in the two world wars. M. Le Bras would add that in certain regions the collective psychology of the people (Champenois, Bourguignons, Gascons, etc.) does not constitute a favourable milieu for vocations; in others climatic and various living conditions are unfavourable. So great is the scarcity of priests in some dioceses that a single priest has to take charge of three, four, five, or even six parishes. For a long time past the leaders of the Church in France have been very much alive to the urgency of this problem[2]. There have been congresses of "Recrutement Sacerdotal"; books, pamphlets, reviews have been poured out. But the problem remains. Indeed so keenly has its seriousness been felt that in some dioceses priests from other countries are being invited. More than three hundred Dutch priests are now working in France. Irish priests are still only a handful—less than thirty in all. But those few have done a great deal of excellent work. That work,

[1] In particular the authors of the books and studies mentioned in the present article.
[2] The *Guide* contains a large section pp. 229 sqq. dealing with this problem.

after all, is a renewal of the work of St. Columbanus for Merovingian France. And it is a small return to France for what she did for the Irish priesthood in the dark days of the Penal Laws. Let us hope that this new Irish Mission may grow and flourish.

The Irish Mission is not our only contribution to the progress of the Church in France. There is also the Legion of Mary now established in no less than forty-nine French dioceses. What direction will the Apostolate of the Legion eventually take? Will it concern itself on the one hand (as so nobly in Ireland) with the very poor and the outcast, and on the other with the average Catholics of the parishes? Will it make an inroad into the pagan world of the *masses ouvrières* and the spiritually desolate country side? Only the future can answer these questions.

It may seem idle to enquire into the causes of the present religious situation in France; for what matters after all is the problem as it exists to-day, not its history. Yet, apart from the fact that some of these causes still subsist, it may be instructive to take note of the causes that produced the present problem, seeing that similar causes elsewhere may lead to similar results. Irreligion in France has its roots far back in history. There were the almost incessant wars from the Norman Invasion of England onwards. There was the Renaissance, less pagan it is true in France than in Italy. There was Calvinism leading to a long series of disastrous wars of religion. There was the wealth and worldliness of the *grand siècle*, so Christian in some of its other aspects. There was the unbelief of the intellectuals in the eighteenth century, which gave to the much needed revolution when it came its anti-Christian character. The Revolution created zones of mere conformism which ever since have tended to spread, especially in parishes where the priest took the oath to the anti-Christian laws and where, since he was excommunicated, the parishioners refused his ministrations. Curiously enough M. Le Bras notices that dechristianisation is particularly advanced in regions surrounding the ancient Abbeys of Cluny, Tournus, Ferrières, and others in Burgundy, Touraine, and Champagne. He accounts for this on various grounds.

Throughout the nineteenth century the Catholics of France fought to preserve their schools. They were partially successful up to 1870, but under the third Republic laicism won the day. Not only was higher education made a State monopoly, but all subsidies to Catholic Schools were withdrawn. Twice the teaching orders were expelled, in the early 1880ies and at the turn of the century under the laws against the Congregations. Between the world wars their teaching was connived at, but they were already greatly weakened. There can be little doubt that the *école laique*, from which all religious teaching is excluded and whose teachers are often unbelievers and anti-clericals, is responsible for much of the decay of religion among the people. As for the working class in particular the industrial revolution and the activities of Socialism, usually anti-Christian

on the Continent, have alienated the workers from the Church. For this result the unsocial attitude of many employers of labour, including Catholics not a few, must bear its share of the blame. It has been said, too, that the secluded and studious lives led by many of the clergy has hindered them from mixing with their flock and understanding their needs and their mentality. How much truth there may be in that I am unable to say.

What is certain is this : a conviction is growing among the clergy that, if the working class masses are to be won back to the Faith, present parochial methods must be profoundly modified[1]. That, however, is another story and would demand fuller treatment than is possible at the moment.

What we are now considering is the extent to which the population of France has ceased to be Christian and the extent to which it has remained Christian. Can we reach any estimate of the present number of practising Catholics in France? The estimates seem to vary between six and ten millions out of a total population of 40 millions. I feel sure that the number of those who consider themselves Catholic and to some extent act as such is well over ten millions. One reason for thinking so is furnished by the diocesan statistics in the *Guide de la France Chrétienne* in which the average of the population claimed as Catholic is considerably over 80 per cent. of the total population. Blois claims only 69 per cent., Sainte Claude 70 per cent., Nice 67 per cent., Strasbourg 75 per cent., as there are many Protestants. No figures are given for Paris, Marseilles, Lyons. Quite a number of dioceses claim 100 per cent and a still larger number over 90 per cent.[2] Another reason is the enormous output of Catholic literature, both books and periodicals, and their large circulation. There are sixty-three Catholic publishing firms (as against four or five in Ireland and as many in England) and sixty-five other firms which publish Catholic books as well as general literature. Of Daniel Rops's *Life of Christ* over 350 *éditions* have been sold and an even larger number of his *Histoire Sainte*. There must be a public to buy and read all this literature. The study of election results might furnish further clues. This study has been very fully carried out by M. Le Bras and its results are recorded on the *Guide* (p. 174 sqq.) But conclusions based on elections whether parliamentary or local are dubious, if not misleading ; for Catholics in France as elsewhere are deeply divided in politics. Moreover there is no definitely Catholic political party in France.

I am not sure that any clear picture of religious practice in France emerges from the foregoing pages. One thing, however, is clear : the question of my title cannot be answered by a categorical YES or NO. Consequently epithets such as pagan France, infidel France are to be deprecated and might well be hotly resented by our Catholic brethren in France.

S. J. Brown

[1] This is the theme of Abbé Michonneau's *Revolution in a City Parish*.
[2] I am not interpreting but merely recording these figures.

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MAC KENNA, S.J.

LXXXX

CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR

MUIRCHEARTACH UA COBHTHAIGH .cc.

1. Dlighidh liaigh leigheas a charad ;
clann Ádhaimh mar do fhóir sé
liaigh ler sgaoileadh ceo na cruinne
aoibheal bheo na n-uile hé.

2. Clann Ádhuimh ón uair do leighis
re liaigh ccarad as cóir súil
na sé líne ó chiaigh gur ceannchadh
liaigh fíre gur dearbhadh dúinn.

3. Diultadh a fhleidhe an lá tairgthear
tileadh cláir ní cluiche soirbh ;
mairg nach geabh ó a dhíol do dháileamh
fleadh ríogh 's gan a háireamh oirn.

4. Ní mairg tárraidh teacht an ésga
airdhe an turaidh ag teacht na dhiaigh ;
do shoillsigh sé a mbroinn a bhuime
ré do bhoing don chruinne ciaigh.

5. Síol Ádhaimh ón uair do saoradh
síoth ortha ní hé do bhris ;
as mó doiligh an díon fine
oighidh ríogh gan righe ris.

6. Ó rug na hóigh oighre an Dúilimh
deimhin sgéal do sgaoil ar snaidhm ;
cóir mo ghníomha nír gheall Muire ;
ceann síodha na n-uile a hainm.

7. Téid na sealbhadh ar sén uaire
d'éis a bháis gin gur bheart ghnáth ;
a rí d'oighidh a mbeirn bhaoghail
feidhm doiligh do chaomhain cách.

8. Tar éis oighidh oighre an Dúilimh
nar ndúthaigh féin filltear sinn;
go rug sidhe a huaigh le hoirbheart
fine nach bhfuair oighreacht ind.

9. Beiris mac—fa móide a hóghacht—
nír fhás gort badh gloine síol;
do geineadh clann a gclí Mhuire
crann do-ní dá dhuille díon.

10. Fearthain trom ler tráigheadh mh'fhala
d'fhuil an ochta do fhear sé;
cioth re mbás do fhear dá fhíonfhuil
do bhean fhás do dhíoghuil Dé.

11. Guais a fhine an uair do bhreathnuigh
breith chluiche do chuir a luas;
go ndearna eol tre fhuil ccíogha
do chuir a sheol síodha suas.

12. Nír chuir a ccrích cluiche timchill
san taobh deas go ndearna rian,
do leig fa a chineadh clár croidhe,
nír thileadh lán roimhe riamh.

13. Teacht an mheicsin ní mairg tárraidh
toisg far dearbhadh díoghrais bháidh;
rí caránta ar an óigh d'oighre
baránta slóigh coimhdhe cáigh.

14. Gur chuír a ndlús díon a cinidh
cur na haghaidh nír fhéad sé;
as bean deighfhir do bháidh biodhbhadh
do bháidh theinidh diomdhadh Dé.

15. Fás an fheadha do b'fháth faoilte,
fiodh dan duille díon ar sean,
ceithre croinn do iomchair t'oighre,
coill thiomchail le coimhdhe ar gcean.

16. Gur cheannchais dóibh dúthaigh sheilbhe
ód shuidhe ríogh rugais léim;
nár dod chloinn gan diall re dúthaigh
do bhiadh gan roinn fúthaibh féin.

17. Do aontaigh sé ar son a chinidh
cead a bháis—nír bheag an toil;
dul tar bhás t'oighre nar éidear
do-roighne an grás d'éigean air.

18. Do Mhuire óigh nír fháth fulaing
féchain thromluit an taoibh dheis;
lot far n-éigean do-chí ad chroidhe
gur éigean dí loighe leis.

19. D'fhior mh'fhaladh gér oircheas diultadh
ní dual turbhadh fa theagh n-óil;
móide as náir mh'éimhgheadh dot oighre
éinfhleadh gráidh do-roighne róinn.

20. Go guin an taoibh tarla fúthaibh
fód mearbhaill nar mhothuigh siad;
ceo na faladh ar fhuil n-Ádhaimh
gur glanadh d'fhuil t'álaidh iad.

21. Gur fhágaibh féin flaitheas nimhe
neach eile nír fhuaigh ar sídh;
bás t'oighre dar ndíon gur dheonaigh
do-roighne ar ngníomh deoraidh dín.

22. Na ham féin gur fearadh t'fhuilsi
anfadh tuinne tarla rinn;
fuil t'álaidh fam luing do leathnaigh
ar thuinn mbádhaigh seachnaidh sinn.

23. Feadh ar mbreithe ó bhreathaibh námhad
do-ní feidhm dob inmheic ríogh,
dob fhiu an naoidhin dar ainm t'oighir;
sgaoilidh gach snaidhm doiligh dhíon.

24. Ar fhuil ccroidhe ar ccaomhna a thréada
a ttriall uadha as adhbhar sgís;
cóir a mhaoidheamh gur fhéag oirne
[do] sgaoileadh tréad t'oighre ar-ís.

25. A bhfuilngthear dhí as dearbhadh cumhacht;
cia an t-aoinfhear nar hainceadh lé?
fala an chíoghochta as réidh róine,
ríoghanta an céim óighe hé.

26. Gearr a-rís tar éis ar cceannaigh
cló mh'ainchean gur aithlíon sinn;
a bhas re crann dún gér dhathaigh
clann 's a ccúl re a n-athair inn.

27. Muire ógh an uair do toirrcheadh
téid dar ccaomhna—fa céim mór;
do ghlan nél caille na cruinne
dér aille na n-uile ógh.

28. Cuisle an taoibh an tráth do bheoghon
beag don chluiche nar chaill siad
gur shnoigh dá ghaol comhlaidh ccroidhe;
nír chobhraigh saor oile iad.

29. Gur ghluais dar ndíon do dhruim toile
tar thuinn mh'fhaladh ní fríoth áth;
deacair a rádh nach fear fine
do lean tre lár ccroidhe cách.

30. Do dhruim toile tug dar ccaomhna
cead a bháis nír bhronnadh soirbh;
diongna an ní ler dhearmad díoghail
do dhearlaig rí a fhíonfhuil oirn.

31. Do luach altruim oighre an Dúilimh
díon na n-uile as éidear lé;
dul nar seilbh tar chead na córa
ní beag an feidhm ógha hé.

32. Do ghluais sé fa siobhal oirdhreic
don fhior ghonta as ghoire fearg
d'éis a chneadh d'adhnadh ar heighir
fa theagh bhfaghadh beiridh beadhg.

33. Gur réidhigh rinn do rún croidhe
cosmhail re sluagh sinn gan bhun;
má fríoth síodh na fhuil ót oighre
fa fhuil ríogh ní doiligh dul.

34. Muire ógh—cá hairde cumhacht?—
le caomhna a gaoil do ghabh sin;
iongnadh lé ó a leanabh cíghe
dá mbeanadh sé dhínne a ndligh.

Dl.

Translation

1. A leech should cure his friend ; when the Leech had driven the miasma away from the world and had cured Adam's race, He became the living delight of all men.

2. As that Leech, curer of His friend, went on to cure Adam's race, we may believe that the Six Generations are now saved, and that our true Physician has been revealed to us.

3. When men feel inclined to reject the banquet (of salvation), the supervising of the banquet-board is no pleasant task (for Christ) ; woe to him who gets not, at the hands of a Steward worthy of dispensing it, the royal banquet served without stint.

4. Well for all who find signs of good weather following the coming of the moon ; Christ, the moon, who banished gloom from the world, has shown His light even from the days in His mother's womb.

5. After Adam's race had been saved, God never broke the peace He had made with it ; yet the slaying of the peerless Lord (by men) made it harder (for Him) to undertake the salvation of the race.

6. When Mary the Virgin bore the Creator's Son, she most surely loosed our bonds ; she gave satisfaction for my sin, not merely promised it ; the world's Chief Peace-maker is her title.

7. After His death He came in a blessed hour to the realm He owned—'twas a thing unheard of ; their Lord's death in danger-gap was the terrible deed that saved the world.

8. After the death of the Creator's Son we were restored to our home ; until He valiantly dashed forth from His grave we were a disinherited folk.

9. Mary bore a son, her virginity the more perfect therefor ; never came growth of nobler seed ; in her womb was conceived a child, the Tree that now shelters us beneath its leaves.

10. 'Twas from the blood of His breast that He poured the heavy shower that washed away my sin ; the shower of wine-blood which He shed in death checked God's anger.

11. When He saw the danger threatening His race, He hastened to carry the goal ; He hoisted His sail of pardon and piloted His course through the blood from His breast.

12. Before He had finished the " round game " it had left a mark on His right side ; He arranged His folk over the board of His heart ; a full board had never yet been won.

13. Lucky are those who have experienced the visit of that Son (of God), a visit proving the excess of His love ; that a crowned king became a virgin's son was a guarantee that a host would come to save the world.

14. God could not resist Mary's importunity and so she urged forward the salvation of her race ; the spouse of the hero (Christ) fell in love with His foes and managed to quench the fire of His wrath.

15. The wood whose leaves were to give shelter to our ancestors—there was joy to see its growth ; four trees bore the weight of Thy Son, (He is as) a wood surrounding us and protecting our interests.

16. Thou didst leap from thy throne and secure for thy children a home for thy children ; a shame for them not to be like that home (i.e. angels), for then there would be no division among them.

17. For the sake of His race—what love !—He accepted death ; grace did such violence to thy son that He could not avoid death.

18. The sight of the wound in His right side was more than the Virgin Mary could endure ; seeing the wound that our stress inflicted on thy heart, she sank to the earth in a faint.

19. Though a sinner like me deserves to be cast out, yet such a disturbance should not be permitted in a banquet-hall ; to put me out would be all the greater shame for thy son as he had prepared a marvellous love-feast for me.

20. Till the piercing of Christ's side Adam's race lived in a land of deceit, though they knew not this ; the mist of sin lay on them till it was cleared off them by the blood from thy wound.

21. Till thy son himself came down from Heaven no one could make our peace (with God) ; our sin made exiles of us until thy son consented to die for our salvation.

22. Till in due time thy blood was shed we were in stormy waters ; blood from thy wound spread under my ship and carried us away on a wave of love.

23. In saving us from our foes' designs He showed a princely valour well worthy of him who was called thy son ; He freed us from our sore chains.

24. After saving His flock with His heart-blood Christ was pained to see them leave Him ; I must remember that thy son had mercy again on us, His flock, when we had scattered afar.

25. Mary's sufferings prove how great was her power ; is there any man left unsaved by her ? The wrath of the breast-wound against us is appeased—such was the Virgin's queenly work.

26. Soon after my redemption, though Christ had stained with blood His hand on the Cross for me, the stains of my sins covered me again ; I have behaved as a child turning his back on his father.

27. When the Virgin Mary had conceived Him, Christ came to save me—a noble task ; that maid, impetuous as a rushing cascade, cleared away the death-cloud from over the world.

28. When His body's veins tortured Him and broke open the door of His heart for His folk, they had almost lost the game (of salvation), and no other man came to save them.

29. Till He willed to save me no ford over the waters of my sin could be found ; 'tis hard to refuse the name of kinsman to Him who had His heart pierced in efforts to reach man.

30. To save us He willingly agreed to die, a generosity that cost dear ; the Lord bestowed His wine-blood on us, a wondrous thing that made Him forget to chastise us.

31. As reward for nursing the Creator's son Mary has power to save the world ; to hold us in spite of justice was no slight work for a maiden !

32. He marched forward, a great march for a wounded man goaded to anger ; when His wounds grew inflamed, thy son dashed into the house whence the darts were coming.

33. Till He made peace in earnest with us we were as a host of dispossessed folk ; when it was found that pardon was to mean that thy son would give His blood we found it easy to go for that blood.

34. The Virgin Mary conceived her son to save her race—could greater power be aimed at ? Yet she wonders whether even the child at her breast will get us to do our duty.

TEXTUAL NOTES

MS. : 23 D 14, 65 except for the following : 1*d*. -eall 3*a*. -ghe *b*. -the *d*. fleagh 10*c*. dfhear 11*b*. -the 12*a*. -the *b*. taoph 13*a*. micsin *c*. -corónta *d*. comhdhe 15*c*. -thri 16*d*. -aiph 17*d*. -dhne 19*d*. -eagh ; -dhne 21*b*. sith *d*. -dhne ; dhin 23*a*. mbeite ? *b*. -mhic righ 24*c*. fhéach *d*. da 28*b*. -the *d*. -raidh After 31 the MS has st. 11 repeated. 33*b*. sinn *abest* *c*. sith *d*. righ.

SOME MEMORIES OF HUNGARY

BY PROFESSOR MARY M. MACKEN, M.A.

FOR my present task I invoke no one of the Muses Nine but rather their mother, Mnemosyne. If she had, as I believe, not only the power of holding the past but of shaping and fitting its fragments into a tolerable mosaic, I would call her to aid that this record of mine may not be unworthy of the experiences which are its material.

The year 1934 was a memorable one in Central Europe and heavy with portent—bringing, as it did, violence, death and assassination in its train. Between my first journey to Germany and Bohemia in the Easter Recess and my second to Austria and Hungary in the later half of the Long Vacation befell the June massacres in the Third Reich to be followed in July in Austria by the assassination at National-Socialist hands of Chancellor Dollfuss. The quiet weeks of Lent that I spent at Maria Laach, Trier and Speyer or studying the sculptured Church and Altar work of Tilmann Riemenschneider at Würzburg and Rothenburg or listening at Easter to the " Cathedral Sparrows "—the boy choristers of Regensburg—and planning, with not a little trepidation, a visit to Thérèse Neumann in her village home seemed, later, strangely remote. More in tune with the happenings of June and July were the memories at Eger of the bloody " execution," three centuries before, of Wallenstein and his officers, by Irishmen of the regiment of Butler of Roscrea ; so strangely, and so upsettingly for our modern superiority complex, does history insist on repeating itself somehow or other.

Looking back now across the waste of war on that year 1934, which may well prove to have been my last visit to Central Europe, I am glad that it was given to me to reach Hungary of which I have undertaken to tell more particularly. I thank God, too, that I was privileged to wander up and down in fair Franconia, see once more St. Kilian, Irish missionary and martyr, guard the bridge across the quiet Main at Würzburg and enjoy to the full the beauties of the palace of its Prince Bishops, the most splendid in all Europe, built as it was by Neumann and painted by Tiepolo. For Nora Wydenhuck in the preface to her book on Tilmann Riemenschneider, *Gothic Twilight*, wrote in 1946 : " To-day Würzburg and Rothenburg a.d. Tauber, where the principal works of Riemenschneider could be seen, are little more than heaps of rubble and I have been unable to discover whether any of his statues there have been saved."

I, for my part, am content that the distinguished art historian Dr. Fritz Knapp, under whose expert guidance I saw Würzburg, did not live to witness a destruction, the possibility of which he may well have sensed. He was one—they were perhaps not quite so few as we imagined—of the many " clerks " who was no traitor but rather finely loyal to the traditions

of his calling. He looked sad enough, I thought, on that spring morning as we walked the streets of the *Residenz*, dodging the truculent Party men, and the blood-red streamers of the Swastika that hung, long and low, from every available building. But we said nothing; it was better so. And Knapp had his private compensations! Who could take them from him? For the author of *Die Deutsche Kunst* was the discoverer, then, of much that was unknown before concerning the famous artist of the Isenheimer altar at Colmar, now revealed as another Würzburger, pupil of Riemenschneider and destined, under the pseudonym Mathias Grünewald, to be even better known than his great master.

I could write much of these German memories and much of Prague, interesting synthesis, as I found it, of Holy Roman Empire German and Bohemian history; cradle too of such problematic twentieth-century poets and writers in the German tongue as Rilke, Werfel and Kafka. But I must go on to tell of my late summer gleanings in Hungary, a great Catholic country whose tragic destiny, symbolised in the heroic Cardinal Mindszenty, haunts the imagination of the Christian civilised world.

When, in 1932, I heard that Budapest had been fixed as the meeting-place of the biennial conference of the International Federation of University Women—which I, the Chairman of the International Relations Committee of the Irish Federation, was bound to attend—I was thrilled. I had heard much of Hungary's gaiety, gallantry and beauty from a relative who had spent twenty-five years with the Hungarians and would not leave them to settle anywhere else. I was through her—for she spent her summer holidays with us—familiar with such great names as that of Szechenyi whose stand for the Hungarian language and Hungarian culture in the third decade of the 19th century was to impress Arthur Griffith as much as that of Deak for Hungarian political independence. Through her I seemed to know Budapest, that city which God and man combined to make enchanting. I was to see the great Danube—which I had, more than once, watched trickling from the Black Forest—now flowing majestically past the Buda heights crowned with Royal palace and Coronation Church; its Pest banks lined with splendid public buildings and great hotels and restaurants where the music of the gypsy orchestras throbbed to the rise and fall of the waters washing these lovely shores. I was to be the guest and enjoy the lavish hospitality of these great-hearted men and women the ardour of whose spirit seemed, Pygmalion-like, to breathe life into the stone and marble of their monuments.

In 1933 the "grand old man" of Hungary, Count Albert Apponyi, had died, at the age of 87, at his work in Geneva. He was an outstanding European figure: writer, music lover and statesman who, if misguided in some features of his policy, was so out of his burning love for his country. The late Professor John M. O'Sullivan knew him well at the League of Nations Assembly and was one of his staunch admirers. He was to have

given me an opportunity of calling on the Count at his home in Buda. For Apponyi knew Ireland and its story and, ardent Catholic that he was, he spoke much to John M. of O'Connell and did so with all the enthusiasm of his young days when he had, he said, heard Montalembert stress the great significance of Irish Emancipation for Catholics all the world over. It was at one of those Geneva Assembly meetings, when the Count was passionately protesting against the partitioning of his country by the Treaty-makers at Trianon, that the Chairman invited him, in deference to his age, to make his protest seated. But the spartan Magyar, bearded, tall and spare, replied in French—one of the five languages which he spoke with ease—" Le Magyare se bat debout " (the Magyar fights standing). He had fought many a fight : with the Emperor Francis Joseph at home ; with ' the tiger ' Clemenceau at Versailles ; with Czechs and Slovaks in America, where he lectured more than once on Hungarian rights and wrongs—a fight never for himself or for Party ; always for Hungary. How I should have loved to meet him ! One of my Hungarian hosts had been his Secretary in the Ministry of Education and was frequently a guest at his musical evenings. What impressed him, a non-Catholic, at all times, was Apponyi's simplicity, his ascetic life and the daily practice of his religion. Though the Apponyis were Hungarian magnates, Count Albert was, in his old age, impoverished. He had lost most of his possessions in the war and in the partitioning of his country. But he never spoke of such things, accommodating himself apparently without strain to the change and confining himself to two rooms in his house at Buda.

When making my plans for Budapest, I had been told that the one way for a discriminating stranger to approach the Hungarian capital was by steamer up the Danube from Vienna. That would secure my arrival at evening with the wooded hills etched against the sky, the shore lamps gleaming on the water, and the architecture of the bridges outlined in shifting patterns of light and shade. I did not do that ; I came, less picturesquely but more quickly, by train, having spent the morning renewing an acquaintance of ten years earlier with Vienna. My hotel was in Pest, on the embankment, and my room gave a view of the famous bridges as well as of the striking statue of the missionary martyr Saint Gellert, set high up on the Buda side of the river.

A full week of the ten days of my stay was taken up with the duties devolving on Council members of the I.F.U.W., with generous intervals for relaxation and entertainment. The foreign visitors—and they were numerous—were assigned to different hostesses and it was in that way that I met my Irish Hungarian, a woman whose personality was as remarkable as her family history was interesting. She was Rose de Toperczer, living with her husband and family of three—two daughters and a son—in a commodious flat on the Buda side of the river. Now that I reflect on it in the light of our knowledge of the recent tragic events in

Hungary, she may well have been a contemporary of Cardinal Mindszenty. She, like him, played a heroic part in 1919 during the Communist terror under Bela Kun and she must have heard at least of the young chaplain, Father Jozsef Prehm, later for 26 years a country P.P., who even then stood up to the Bolshevik terror in the County of Zala in West Hungary; preaching and organising against a godless government which, in 1919 as in 1948, included Rakosi among its members. The rôle that Rose de Toperczer played at the same time in the capital was so outstanding that her city made her a Life Member of the Council in which, attached to the Christian Socialist Group, she was active when I met her. When in 1935, the National University sent their Vice-Chancellor, the late Dr. Coffey, to represent them at the Budapest Tercentenary celebrations of the founding of the University by the great Jesuit, Cardinal Primate, Paszmany, Rose de Toperczer was one of those who received and entertained him. The insight that she gave him into the city's Welfare Institutions impressed him no less than did the University with its 10,000 students and 700 staff.

Rose de Toperczer's grandfather, James Egan, had been one of the professors in the University; and James Egan's grandfather was the famous "Bully Egan," duellist friend of Philpot Curran and Chairman of Kilmainham (an office equivalent to that of County Court Judge). "Bully Egan," who had sat in the Parliament at College Green which voted for the Union, astonished the House by meeting the threats that he would lose his office if he voted "No" by shouting: "Ireland for ever, for ever, for ever, and damn Kilmainham." He paid his price for this act of defiance, dying in poverty in Scotland in 1810. His son James went from there into Germany, became page at the little court of Zweibrücken, transferred to Austria-Hungary, marrying one Teresa Price, and founded a family—his eldest son, James, being the great grandfather of Rose de Toperczer.

When I went to the Toperczer home following an invitation delivered to me in person at my hotel by Rose, I was received rather as a long-lost member of their Irish clan than as a stranger. I was, except for a Little Sister of the Poor (who had called one day at the flat and had revealed herself as a native of Macroom, Co. Cork !) the first Irish person they had ever met. The Egan family tree, showing Rose's descent from John (of Kilmainham), had pride of place over the diningroom mantelpiece. On an opposite wall hung the portrait, by a Hungarian artist of note, of Rose de Hagara (*née* Egan), Rose's mother. Mr. de Toperczer produced with pride Murray's Guide to Ireland with a spray of evergreen marking Ballymacegan Castle, Lorrha, and O'Hart's *Irish Pedigrees* giving the genealogy of the Egans—including the German and Austro-Hungarian branches.

I cannot describe the affectionate kindness shown to me during my all-too-short stay in Budapest by this Irish Hungarian family, but particularly by Rose. She told me stories of her mother's romantic affection for the country which had given her an honourable name and which

neither she nor her forbears for many generations had ever seen. All the family were immensely proud of John Egan's stand against the Union—a pride which was every whit as Hungarian as it was Irish—and the young people sang for me: "Ireland for ever, for ever, for ever, and damn Kilmainham." It was a chorus which had, for my ear, something of the repetitive rhythm of the Hungarian protest against the partition of their country after 1918—*Nem, Nem, Soha*—No, No, Never are the words that Budapest municipal gardeners conjured up, in flower-form, out of the very soil of their city. They met the eye in all the colours of the seasons in Liberty Square, the statues of which symbolised North, South, East, West: the lost provinces; and where the Hungarian flag floated, at perpetual halfmast, for a mourning people.

Everywhere I went in Hungary I got the sense of a tradition fed from many streams and of its expression in symbols that give to city, county and country richness of content, form and colour. It was in the wide spaces of the puzsta with the curious outline of their wells, stark against the sky, their grazing flocks and their hierarchies of herdsmen, richly cloaked and gaitered. It was in their gypsy music and "cszardas" dances; in the bewildering beauty of their national costumes when the men are as gorgeous as the women; in their villages with the bright walls and interesting gates, the highly original pottery and embroidery work of individual design. It was in their magnates, and not only in the splendour of their gala but in the strength of their spirit—anchored, as in Apponyi, in Faith and Fatherland. It was in their anthems—one which says: "God bless the Magyar with mirth and abundance. Reach a protecting arm to him in his fights with his foes. Long pursued by misfortune, give him now a joyful year. This people has already atoned for its past and its future"—and another, written in 1920 by a woman, hung in 1934 in every tramcar and repeated every morning in all the schools of Hungary: "I believe in God. I believe in Divine Justice, immutable and eternal. I believe in one country. I believe in the resurrection of Hungary." It was in their care for their national culture, their Universities, Galleries of Art and Sculpture, Academies of Science, National Opera and National Theatre, their Ethnographical, Agricultural and Industrial Museums—great achievements grandly housed.

What has become of them all? How much has escaped the grinding of 1944 and 1945 between the millstones of the National Socialist German troops retreating and destroying as they went and the on-coming Russians, ruthless in the rage of victory? The Editor of the *Month*, writing in STUDIES in 1946, gave a terrible picture of the sufferings of the people. Who or what has survived? It is certain that the ancient Faith is not dead and that the memory of Cardinal Mindszenty's sufferings and his heroic example will keep alive the flame of a spirit which for centuries made Hungary Europe's bulwark against the Turk. Why not against the

Russian? Rose de Toperczer, if she still lives—I have not heard from her since long before the 1939 disaster—must have gone through seas of suffering during the Hitler ascendancy and its consequences for her people. In one of the last letters I had from her she seemed to be facing problems impossible of solution in her public life. But she was a profoundly religious woman—a Catholic with a mystical strain and with an unshakable belief in Providence. She was also a suffragist or, should I rather say, a convinced believer in woman's duty to co-operate *in her person* and *in the open* with all the forces working for Christian Social Order. She would therefore, like Apponyi's good Magyar, fight standing, never yielding ground while life remained to her. I think I hear her Irish-Hungarian trio—Hannah in her Cancer Research Hospital Clinic, Mary in her Pedagogical Institute and Fsíya, her son, in his Faculty of Law—ring out as they refuse to yield to force or bribe: *Nem, Nem, Soha*—No, No, Never.

MARY M. MACKEN

THOMAS CORNELIUS MURRAY

BY PROFESSOR J. J. HOGAN, M.A., B.LITT.

(On the 7 April 1949 the Senate of the National University of Ireland conferred the Honorary Degree of D.Litt. on Professor Michael Tierney, Mr. Constantine P. Curran and Mr. Thomas C. Murray. In introducing Mr. Murray Professor J. J. Hogan read the following appreciation of his literary work).

I HAVE the honour of presenting to you Mr. Thomas Cornelius Murray for the degree of Doctor of Letters. Mr. Murray was born at Macroom, Co. Cork, a part of Ireland very fertile in literary talent. Adopting the profession of teacher, he taught in various places in his native county, until he reached the high distinction of being head-master of the Model Schools at Inchicore. He retired from his professional work seventeen years ago.

Mr. Murray holds, and has held, many distinctions, including the Presidency of the Irish Playwrights Association and Vice-Presidency of the Irish Academy of Letters. He has contributed essays and studies to the *New Ireland Review*, *The Dublin Magazine*, *The Bell*, and other publications; he lectured at the Abbey Theatre Festival shortly before the war; he gave, in a University College Dublin summer course, lectures on the evolution of the Abbey Theatre. He has written lyric poetry and one novel. But it is as a dramatist, the author of a dozen plays, that he is and will be principally known.

Mr. Murray entered St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891—precisely when W. B. Yeats was founding in London the Irish Literary Society. He was teaching in Cork while many things went forward elsewhere: the Irish literary movement came to Dublin; the Literary Theatre was founded; Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory and others wrote their plays; and the Abbey Theatre itself was opened.

The poetical and the legendary dominated in that first phase of our theatre. From the start indeed some effort was made to portray dramatically the life of contemporary Ireland. But there was no great success in this until, with a new set of dramatists, the second phase began: Mr. Padraic Colum and Mr. Lennox Robinson were realists, and they succeeded in giving a true dramatic rendering of our country life. It was now that Mr. Murray saw his way and began to write plays. His are thus not the earliest of the realistic school; but it may well be thought that three of them—*Birthright*, *Maurice Harte*, and *Autumn Fire*—are its masterpieces. The first of these is now almost forty years on the stage; but it and the other two show no trace of time.

Mr. Murray's plays are absolutely faithful to the manners and speech of West Cork; there is never a false note. But his imitation transcends the merely peculiar and local, so that it is a faithful representation of the life not of Cork alone but of the greater part of Ireland. Nor is it just a surface portrait of men and women in their everyday lives and habits. That is easy and pleasant to draw, and many have drawn it, on the stage and in novels. Mr. Murray has, as I have said, this surface verisimilitude, but he has something more profound as well; what his characters do and say under the stress of great emotion and in desperate situations is a true revelation of the deepest instincts, the souls, of our people. And it is something more still, which it could not be if it were not that first of all, it is a revelation of absolute and universal humanity.

Mr. Murray's tragedies bear out Meredith's principle—In tragic life . . . . . no villain need be; — We are betrayed by what is false within. All the people, in *Maurice Harte* or in *Autumn Fire*, mean well; all have our sympathy, none our condemnation; and yet between them the most pitiful and terrible things come to pass. We see error or infatuation, not in themselves of the gravest kind, lay open humanity's defences to an inexorable fate. Mr. Murray knows all the arts of suspense, of omen and symbol, of contrast and false hope, of peripety and discovery. So exactly do these plays keep to the norm of high tragedy that sentences are spoken in their dialogue which are the very maxims of tragedy itself, and yet do not seem in the least out of context:

——'Tis foolish to be too daring, Owen. — 'Tis life, Mrs. Desmond, life.

——But sure the life of a man is his will.

——To live is to suffer, and I'm satisfied.

When critics examine Mr. Murray's tragedies—so intense, so desperate indeed, and yet not ignoble or even pessimistic—they sooner or later begin to talk of ancient Greece ; and they are right. But Mr. Murray is free from any literary self-consciousness on that score, such as has I think done injury to some of the plays of Mr. Eugene O'Neill when—perhaps because critics had noticed a natural resemblance—he forced himself to an *imitation* of Aeschylus. Mr. Murray's strong literary conscience, and freedom from self-consciousness, showed itself too in his handling of rhythm and diction. Tragedy requires a language raised above the merely colloquial and prosaic. It would have been easy to imitate, in order to gain such an enhancement, the poetical prose of Synge ; but Mr. Murray chose the harder and the right way, and won beauty and grandeur from an intense and austere working of common speech.

In any fuller account of Mr. Murray's work than is possible on an occasion like this, one would not speak of his tragedies alone. I can barely allude to the lyrical beauty of one play that is ruled by a spirit of frail and intense delight—*The Pipe in the Fields*.

We have seen this realistic drama, which is realistic in no mean or narrow sense, grow to a rich completeness. If I may allude to my own memories, I have, since I was a first-year student, seen nearly all the first performances of Mr. Murray's plays over three-fourths of his dramatic career ; others present will have followed it from the beginning. Now these plays are in our hands as books ; and we see new actors and actresses do what they can to repeat the memorable performances of their predecessors, throbbing with a vitality which can never perhaps be altogether recaptured. An addition has been made to our permanent literature.

In this body of drama, it seems to me that we have something fully comparable to the earlier Irish effort in objective literature—I mean the " regional " novel and story of the last century. That literature lies at the back of our modern theatre, though it is often ignored by English and American critics, who fancy that Irish writing, as something clearly separate from English literature, began in 1890. On the whole, the novel of the last century was richer, more exuberant—for one thing, it dealt with the Ireland that was before the Famine. But it tended to *exhibit* as much as to *represent* ; it argued ; and it was careless of form. These are the faults which Mr. Murray and his associates conquered ; and in doing so they gave to our literature the qualities of maturity and true classicism.

Mr. Murray has thus gained an assured place in the history of Irish letters ; it is fitting that the University should honour his achievement.

J. J. Hogan

THE DESTINY OF MAN

BY JOSEPH E. CANAVAN, S.J.
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IN the text-books of Theology the final destiny of man and the problems—theological, dogmatic and philosophical—attendant upon it are treated independently of each other and in different courses. Ethics, refraining from making any statement about man's supernatural destiny, examines the question with Reason alone as guide; Theology relies almost exclusively on Revelation and Dogma: wherefore these twain, Faith and Reason, hardly ever meet. Then, among the theologians themselves, the subject is parcelled out among various treatises: the Beatific Vision is allotted to the treatise *De Deo Uno;* the essence and properties of supernatural being to the treatise *De Deo Creante et Elevante;* the resurrection of the body to the treatise on the Last Things; and the explanation of the desire in the human heart for a place of its own where, being itself, it may enter unimpeded into the timeless and placeless harmony of all things, is assigned to the treatise on Charity. Considering the importance of the subject, this fragmentary method is unsatisfactory; for thus we do not see the question steadily nor as a whole. Père de Broglie has removed that reproach by treating in one volume the principal problems concerning man's final destiny, and he does this from the standpoint of theology and dogma[1]. In a subsequent book he will explain the problems systematically.

I

The author, having students and their needs especially in mind, has composed a text-book in Latin and thrown the stages of his inquiry into the form of theses. This method of treatment, though it has many advantages, has some drawbacks. The Scriptures, the Fathers and the Councils are ransacked for quotations which seem to support the thesis without close enquiry into the context or into the meaning which words and phrases carried for those who originally used them. The evidence offered often arouses the suspicion that it has been hand-picked and to some extent distorted, because we attribute to ancient authors concepts, quite legitimate in themselves and lawfully current among us, which were unknown to the earlier writers. Then, too, in books of this kind dogma is usually divorced from history. Père de Broglie is fully aware of these defects and has, within the limits set by his method, endeavoured to correct them, realising at the same time that a freer and ampler method is desirable; for he pleads in his preface for a division of labour between the positive and historical study of dogma and the systematic scholastic explanation of it. Those parts of the work in which the author allows

[1] *De Fine Ultimo Humanæ Vitæ.* By Vitus de Broglie, S.J. Paris: Beauchesne. 1948. pp. 299.

himself more liberty in presenting and investigating a question are especially valuable.

The book opens with an exposition and criticism of pre-Christian theories about the final destiny of mankind—Plato's, Aristotle's, the Stoics', Plotinus's—indicating what is acceptable in them and what is defective. Modern non-Catholic philosophers next come up for examination and sentence—Kant, the Pessimists, the Positivists, Bergson. Admittedly, the examination is cursory and rather off-hand, suggesting that the author does not mean to make an exhaustive inquiry into these theories but only to use them as pointers to what a Catholic may demand from his own dogma and philosophy. If such and such shortcomings are evident in these systems, how will Catholic doctrine answer the questions? In that sense the attempts of others become, in the lay-out of his book, a kind of *praeparatio evangelica* for the Catholic solution which Père de Broglie undertakes to explain and justify.

The Old and New Testaments are opened for light and St. Paul's teaching is carefully investigated, especially in respect of the old problem of how the disinterested love of friendship may contain without contradicting itself the interested desire for and pleasure in the possession of the object loved—how *agape* rightly understood does not exclude *eros*. In this section, too, the author opens his criticism of the Quietist which he develops later, pointing out how far Quietism is dogmatically tolerable, how far it is philosophically wrong and ascetically dangerous. To remain totally passive until God floods the soul with the delights of mystic contemplation leads to the neglect, on our part, of self-denial, of the painful pursuit of virtue, and to a disdain for those ascetic systems which the church has approved of and experience confirmed. Quietists exaggerate in assuming that men and women are normally called to mystic contemplation, even though they make no sustained effort to acquire detachment; and their influence, always strongest among the pious, is dangerous because it misleads its votaries under the guise of a sublime spiritual system. Idealism is a fine thing provided that high ideals are not advanced in extenuation of low practice. Just as, according to St. Augustine, charity is at once a vital movement of the soul towards its own perfection and a free gift of God's, so we should not, again according to St. Augustine, set our comtemplation above the needs of the church. The world in which we live must not be ignored in our quest for union with God.

Against the Jansenists Père de Broglie proves what is, indeed, decisive in the matter, that the *delectatio victrix* of which St. Augustine speaks is not for St. Augustine an antecedent determinant of choice, but the invariable concomitant of all free choice, whether virtuous or not, because St. Augustine, defining liberty of the will differently from the theologians writing before Trent and after it, regarded liberty as the autonomous

affirmation of purpose without inquiring into the mechanism of the affirmation. For St. Augustine, election is not an essential element of all free choices; for theologians of a later date, election is a necessary condition of the exercise of freedom within a restricted field of choice. Much confusion would be avoided if we recognised the distinction between the essential and the accidental, between the intrinsic finality of an act and its mechanism. Thus, too, we shall appreciate the depth of St. Augustine's view of free will, forestall many apparent antinomies regarding the exercise of freedom in the Beatific Vision, and avoid misreading the theologians who dealt with such questions prior to Baius and Jansenius.

II

Père de Broglie adheres to the customary definition of the supernatural as that which exceeds both the powers and exigences of created Nature. He disengages the analogical meanings latent in the term " nature " and concludes that the supernatural must be conceived by way of antithesis to Nature written with a capital N and signifying that complex of laws to which created being is subject in this finite universe.

Using Molina's account of the successive " moments," as we conceive them, prior to and including the divine decree of creation, he has no difficulty in showing that neither the Catholic theologians nor Baius nor Jansenius ever maintained that man in a state of innocence has a right in justice, founded in human nature, to the Beatific Vision unless he forfeits it by sin. The question moves exclusively about the ontological exigences of human beings: whether or not, being such as they are, they may reasonably expect that the Creator, in endowing them with intellect and rational will, should destine them to supernatural beatitude as their final end—to a happiness beyond their natural powers to attain, but not alien to their exigences. Obviously, such an ontological exigence does not accrue from merit; it rests upon a principle of intrinsic finality which exacts that each thing should be enabled to achieve the end proportioned to its nature or else falsify its definition, since " good " is as much an attribute of Being as " true". Thus we may, by reduction, declare an ontological exigence by affirming that it is impossible for things to be otherwise, just as it is impossible for a man to exist without a soul.

Père de Broglie handles this problem primarily as a theologian: he reserves the systematic treatment of it for a subsequent volume. The Scriptures, the Fathers, the theologians with few exceptions, and the dogmatic definitions of the Church leave us, in his judgment, no option—the elevation of mankind to the supernatural order, both in respect of the final end and of the means to attain it, is the effect of divine bounty, entirely free to order things after a different fashion, conceding gifts

over and above what the deepest ontological exigences in man could claim or positively expect.

Once the present supernatural Providence has been established as a contingent historical fact and the cause of it has been agreed upon, it was almost inevitable that questions should be asked about the hypothesis of man being left in the state of " pure nature " *i.e.*, in those conditions in which, without any supernatural aid, he could achieve an end proportioned to his natural powers—happiness outside the Beatific Vision. Here Père de Broglie joins issue with Père de Lubac who, in " Surnaturel," seems to maintain that the Fathers and the theologians before Cajetan taught that no other end but a supernatural one could have been assigned by God for man. Nevertheless, Père de Lubac holds, both the fact of elevation and grace are in God's free gift ; and the definitions of the Church do not force us to assert as a corollary that a state of pure nature is possible. Cajetan, so Père de Lubac's indictment runs, set theologians on wrong courses by departing from the doctrine of his predecessors and distorting the true concept of " nature". That drift, in full force even to-day, should be resisted in the name of tradition, of sound theological reasoning and of piety. Père de Broglie traverses all these statements and, as a result, we may enjoy a dispute between theologians of high repute conducted in the grand manner, a duel with rapiers skilfully used in exact accordance with the rules of combat. We suspect, judging from the precise etiquette he observes even when he is making his most telling hits, that Père de Broglie shares the view prevalent among the Irish duellists of the nineteenth century that to engage in single combat was a mark not only of esteem for your opponent but of affection as well.

In Père de Broglie's opinion his particular question could not have been asked with any precision much before the time of Cajetan. St. Augustine did not busy himself with the question because he invariably discussed " nature " in its contingent historical setting, as his character and predilections prompted him to do and as the needs of his quarrel with the Pelagians demanded. For him the question whether or not a state of pure nature was possible, especially in so far as it excluded the call to a supernatural destiny, simply did not arise ; so he never discussed it *ex professo*. The Scholastic theologians before St. Thomas and St. Thomas himself were engaged in a fight where no quarter was asked or given with the Nominalists who, relying on a distinction between *potestas Dei absoluta* and *potestas Dei ordinata*, maintained that any and every condition decreed by God was natural. In that state of the controversy the question concerning the possibility of a state of pure nature would have been unintelligible.

Furthermore, the anthropomorphic concept of Omnipotence championed by the Occamists and shared, to some extent, by the Master of the Sentences and by St. Thomas in his youth made it impossible to

arrive at a clear, accurate definition of possibility and impossibility in the metaphysical order. For, if possibility depends entirely upon an Omnipotent will antecedent to and divorced from other divine attributes such as Wisdom, Justice, Sanctity, then everything which did not contain an intrinsic contradiction was possible, though God would not wish it to be for extrinsic reasons drawn from His other perfections. One could not discuss whether God could or could not call man to a supernatural destiny until one had decided what God could or could not do *ex potentia absoluta* and what *ex potentia ordinata*. Later, St. Thomas opened the way for an intelligent treatment of the subject by setting down two principles clearly: *viz*, the first, that " nature " implied an intrinsic finality in things which thereby had an exigence to possess the means requisite for achieving the end proportioned to their natures; the second, which runs thus: " In nobis in quibus potentia et essentia aliud est a voluntate et intellectu, et iterum intellectus aliud a sapientia et voluntas aliud a justitia, potest esse aliquid in potentia quod non potest esse in voluntate justa vel in intellectu sapiente. Sed in Deo est idem potentia et essentia et justitia. Unde nihil potest esse in potentia divina quod non potest esse in voluntate justa ipsius et intellectu sapiente ejus."

(I. Q. 25. a 5 ad 1.).

Once these two principles are accepted and assumed universally (and it took time to bring that about), it was understood by all parties to a dispute that *potentia absoluta* should be conceived as omnipotence capable of producing whatever was intelligible and in accord with divine justice and wisdom, prior to any particular divine decree; *potentia ordinata* was omnipotence putting into effect a particular choice among possible choices all equally open. At this stage of development one might ask intelligently whether a natural exigence of human nature resulting from an intrinsic finality in itself and from the harmony of Nature furnished the ground for a reasonable expectation that mankind should be called to supernatural happiness as the term of virtuous effort? From these clarified notions of Omnipotence, Nature and Possibility an answer one way or another could be given to the question whether or not it were possible that men should not be called to a supernatural destiny—whether, in other words, a different economy from the present one was possible. If this alternative economy is called " a state of pure nature," these words may be introduced into the question provided " nature," " possibility " and " omnipotence " are understood in the same sense by all participants in the discussion as accurate and inter-related concepts in an organised system of thought.

St. Thomas did not himself work out all that was implicit in his notions. He had other things to do; and this particular problem was not on the tapis since the Occamists with whom he was engaged in mortal conflict were the last to deny, being voluntarists, that God could have set before

mankind any destiny He pleased. And here Père de Broglie, in accounting for St. Thomas's reticence, has a sly hit at certain " modern young men " who indulge without restraint the itch to renew all theology—what St. Thomas never did and particularly refrained from doing in the closing years of his life.

III

When Thomism had fought off its critics and established itself as respectable (that took a couple of centuries), Cajetan, Sylvester of Ferrara, Vitoria and others began to develop its " virtualities " in a confident spirit. Cajetan, admittedly, was the first to open the debate about " pure nature " and, like most pioneers, made mistakes, which others who came after him corrected. Then, when Baius published his books the problem became an urgent and burning question. He with most theologians of the period assented to the principles which elucidated the relation between Omnipotence, Nature and Possibility. So much being assumed, he argued thus : –

Nothing can be conceived as the object of Omnipotence (or as simply possible) that is not in accord with divine Wisdom and Justice.

But the non-vocation of man, as yet innocent of sin, to the Vision of God would gainsay the Wisdom and Justice of God. (The Syllogism is Père de Broglie's).

Some few theologians—Aegidius Romanus in the Middle Ages and the Augustinian School, Noris, Berti, Belelli, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—denied the major and conceded the minor; but the other schools of theology all conceded the major and denied the minor—usually on the ground that the doctrine of grace as an absolutely free gift would be placed in deadly jeopardy if grace were owed in any sense to human nature upon any title or exigence whatsoever.

Père de Broglie defends the Thomistic standpoint ; Père de Lubac favours the Aegidian approach as the most reasonable one, in closer accord with the teaching of the Schoolmen prior to Cajetan. And he maintains, moreover, that his view can be reconciled with dogma.

Père de Lubac claims that he has the support of St. Thomas for his opinion—offering, in the main, two reasons : the first, that St. Thomas never speaks of two ends open to man, one natural and the other supernatural, superadded to the former, though he does say that grace is a gift superadded to nature ; the second, that the natural appetite for the Beatific Vision which St. Thomas admits must be an absolute, perfect desire in no sense conditional, which postulates that its fulfilment is positively, not merely negatively, possible. Père de Broglie denies that St. Thomas could have so interpreted the natural appetite if he had any regard for consistency with essential elements in his own system. He does not argue to this conclusion from particular texts but from the

general teaching of St. Thomas about Original Sin, the gratuity of grace, the fate of infants dying without baptism, the distinctions to be drawn in respect of " debitum," the nature of the two kinds of charity, natural and supernatural. Père de Broglie's argument against Père de Lubac's views draws on the analogies within the Thomistic system.

The theologians who developed the Thomistic system evolved it correctly because they detected the ambiguities latent in such terms as Nature, Last End, and the natural desire for supernatural felicity. Many of these ambiguities have been noticed before, but Père de Broglie has drawn attention to one of capital importance which had so far remained in the dark. We must distinguish, he warns us, between the problem of pure nature and the question about the possibility of man not being called to the vision of God. The decision about the possibility of a state of pure nature falls within the province of philosophy and systematic theology ; the answer to the other question is to be found in dogma.

Consequently St. Thomas, recognising that historically only one end, a supernatural one, had been determined upon for mankind, admitting that he found in the human heart a rational desire for this end, would not have spoken accurately if he had said that this end was superadded to the natural end. One does not superadd something to what never existed. And Cajetan, Vitoria, Suarez, Bellarmine, Vasquez and the rest who, taking account of St. Thomas's system as a whole, applied its essential principles to new questions clamouring for an answer, did not misinterpret St. Thomas or draw down the science of theology into decadence when they held that the natural desire for beatitude could be nothing more than conditional ; for they knew how to distinguish between desire and hopeful expectation. They developed logically what was implicit in the Thomistic synthesis and defended Catholic tradition in maintaining that man's vocation to a supernatural destiny was the result of divine predilection and election, entirely free, and that, in consequence, man's non-vocation was possible.

IV

Their method of enquiry and the conclusions they reached by applying it contributed greatly to dogmatic progress by enabling the church to formulate her dogmas in clear systematic definitions when occasion demanded. Whereas for Père de Lubac Cajetan is the villain of the piece, the *fons et origo mali*, the evil genius of scientific theology who set the train that well nigh destroyed it as a science, for Père de Broglie he is a daring and enlightened pioneer who opened the way into wide and rich country. If, on the other hand, the Aegidian school had prevailed, the science of theology would have degenerated into fantastic futility. These two eminent authors are, as is apparent, in sharp disagreement.

Similarly, Père de Lubac and Père de Broglie are at variance about

the meaning to be read into the dogmatic censure by Pope Pius V on certain propositions of Baius and Jansenius. Père de Lubac holds that while it is dogmatically indefensible to assert a juridic exigence in human nature to the Beatific Vision, it is still open to argue for an ontological exigence. Père de Broglie, on the other hand, admitting that the condemnation of Baius by Pius V did not touch the philosophic question about the possibility or impossibility of a state of pure nature, since everything here depends on the meaning given to terms, it did bear upon the denial that the non-vocation of mankind to beatitude was possible, or that a state of pure nature was possible if that statement were understood within the system in which both Baius and Jansenius moved and wrote. And he cites in support of this judgment the " Explicatio Doctrinae " drawn up in 1586 by the Faculty of Louvain acting under the orders of Gregory XIII, and the " Opusculum " of Bellarmine. Both these authoritative documents state that the Papal condemnation repudiates the doctrine that there is in human nature an ontological exigence for beatitude. It does not condemn what no theologian, least of all Baius and Jansenius, ever held, that man had a juridic claim on the supernatural.

So, in Père de Broglie's judgment, all's well with the Science of Theology—it is alive and sensitive to the claims of correct and subtle reasoning. And in the course of time it has made notable progress in clarifying theological concepts. It owes much to Cajetan and his successors who, so far from impeding, promoted by their labours the progress of dogma, especially in the definitions which bear upon God's supernatural providence.

The reader of Père de Broglie's book will be fascinated by the clarity and precision with which he discovers the multiple analogies latent in terms much employed by theologians and the skill with which he uses them in argument. Here we see the scholastic method at its best, discriminating and objective, handled by a master of the art—for, to argue convincingly from analogy is the mark of a keen and cultivated mind. There are no loose ends, no ragged margins : the theme and the logic are clear-cut and peremptory. This, together with the vast learning that supports the findings, places the work in the highest order of merit.

Père de Broglie sums up, in five propositions (and, perhaps, the number is significant), the views he defends in opposition to those defended by Père de Lubac in *Surnaturel*.

1. It does not appear to be true that the theologians prior to the sixteenth century admitted, even implicitly, that mankind was called necessarily to supernatural beatitude.
2. Nor is it true that the theologians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whether Catholics or heretics, ever confounded the ontological and the juridical exigences of created natures.

3. The statement that ecclesiastical documents in asserting that the gifts conferred on Adam were " indebita " meant to exclude from human nature only a juridic claim on these gifts, cannot be reasonably sustained, so far as we can see, especially because no theologian ever put forward and defended that proposition.
4. The documents must be understood in the sense in which Catholic theologians have always understood them—*viz.*, as excluding the ontological necessity or exigence of such gifts. We must draw the conclusion that it is part of Catholic doctrine that these gifts could be withheld from mankind even in the state of innocence.
5. Though Catholic dogma clearly affirms that mankind was not raised to the supernatural state and called to a supernatural destiny by the pressure of any necessity, that affirmation, is not equivalent to the statement that an economy of pure nature is possible. Nevertheless, the latter proposition is legitimately deduced from the former provided that the mind, freed from the puerile fancies of Aegidians and Occamists about " nature," " omnipotence " and " possibility," employs concepts that are truly philosophical.

Père de Lubac may feel that he is called upon to answer this grave indictment. We shall be interested to see how he will set about it ; and we fancy that if he wishes to make headway, he will have to approach his problem from a different point and handle it in another way. As it is, his book falls between two stools. It is not just a calm, objective history of theological speculation among the Schoolmen about the supernatural, nor just a warm defence of certain theses commending themselves to the author by their truth and spiritual flavour, but a mixture of both. As a result, the bias in favour of the theses disturbs his historical judgment. Thus much Père de Lubac would be well advised to concede.

V

Neither is it possible for Père de Lubac to sustain either his doctrinal point of view, if he continues to discuss it within the framework of the Scholastic system—that is, if he uses exclusively its concepts and method. Many generations of men with acute and disciplined minds have between them elaborated that system, so that it is now as close-knit and compelling as any system of thought could well be. It is a winnowing fan of delicate precision, dividing the chaff from the grain and rejecting all that is not grist to its mill. Nothing alien to it can breathe its air and live. That is why in the present controversy all the honours seem to rest with Père de Broglie who moves, a master of the craft, in and out through the system with fascinating dexterity. He has a sharp, detective intelligence, a kind of hand-cuff eye, as the best Scholastic theologians all have, for misdemeanours under the laws of their kingdom ; and the

system does not bear gladly with eccentrics either. One cannot join battle with the system on its own ground, use similar weapons and equipment, and win. As a body of ordered thought in its chosen field it is practically invulnerable.

Perhaps its success as a Science is one reason why some people feel something in it that repels them—those, namely, who doubt if the deepest mysteries of God's providence can be so neatly and tightly conceptualised. They suspect that a metaphysical system built by men, though true up to a point, subtle, too, consistent and refined in texture, is nevertheless not deep. It is too clear to mirror exactly the dark mysterious depths of being, particularly of rational being, and of providence. Comprehension is not a charism which God has conferred on man. There is beauty in symmetry, poise, obedience to recognisable law—a Greek temple, elegant and harmonious, is perfect of its kind, as were also the trim gardens with their measured streams which the Greeks loved ; but there is order and beauty also in the wild as well as in the sown—in the restless sea which the Greeks feared and in the mountains which they loathed. So, too, with man, especially with man in dependence upon and in communion with God. The whole mystery of that intercourse cannot be unravelled in a series of abstract propositions as if it were a problem in Euclid. These propositions state what must be true, if we be guided by Revelation and Reason ; but there are stretches of dark into which their light does not pierce.

The human mind gropes for knowledge of infinite truth ; the will yearns for union with a beauty and goodness that will satisfy all its longings. Men know they have the capacity for such fulfilment, else God could not grant it to them without belying their nature ; and they know, too, that the capacity still remains if at best they know substantial truth only by deduction and analogy, and enjoy substantial beauty only vicariously in its finite reflexions. Does that native capacity for more than the theologians concede to it in a possible economy of pure nature, exert an influence on God ? That question still troubles the minds of some people even after they have heard the scholastic theologians triumphantly proving their theses.

Nevertheless, even if theology cannot answer all our questions, it can tell us the answers we must not give to them. And our attempts to solve them must lie within the bounds of dogma. However deep we probe into this particular mystery of divine benevolence, we must acknowledge without reserve that God freely raised mankind to a supernatural destiny and that an alternative of pure nature is possible. We must abide by what the Catholic theologians have agreed upon as Catholic doctrine.

VI

The issue seems to turn on the terms " exigence " and " freedom

of choice". If one adheres to the Scholastic definitions one will find himself, like Laocoon, in the toils and be implicated, if he reaches a conclusion different from theirs, in heresy or its familiars. The Scholastic terms have had a history and they enter into controversy with all their history on their heads. They are the armour of the Catholic faith hammered out in battle with the heretics ; and dogma has canonised them in its definitions against heresy. They have served the cause of revealed truth well, so well that its defence would have been difficult, if not impossible, without their aid. It would be wrong to take liberties with them, for they will stand on their dignity and prevail. Perhaps, therefore, it would be better not to employ them at all if one has recourse to a method of enquiry, not opposed to, but beside the Scholastic method.

The freedom of the will which the Scholastics define and defend against heretical views about the effect of Original Sin or of Grace upon it, is the freedom of the human will ; and even here they are concerned chiefly with the mechanism of choice. In a Being self-sufficient, omniscient and infinitely holy every act or action inaugurating and conserving a relation between other imperfect beings and itself as their fount, must be free. But, we ask, once such beings have been brought into existence, does the antecedent freedom of the Creator find itself under the pressure of a consequent necessity to provide them with such accidental perfections and aids without which their natures would be belied and the universe become a fantastic medley instead of an intelligible work of art. At this point one may introduce the concept of exigence ; in fact one can hardly avoid doing so, if one studies the pressure of this consequent necessity from the side of created Nature.

If, however, one admits that in the case under review, both that another economy is possible and that man has a real desire for happiness without alloy, for the informing of a conscious capacity in the very nature of intellect and will, need we introduce into our guesses at the solution the term " exigence," since exigence has been denied in respect of man and can have no meaning at all in respect of God. If God has in fact provided man with the opportunity of complete fulfilment, the sufficient reason must be in God Himself, a reason so consonant with His infinite perfection that any other relation with it on the part of rational creatures would be so improbable as to be almost unthinkable. Perhaps " exigence," if we consider Being as such and prescind from particular manifestations of it, is an analogate under an analogue.

An aptitude for perfect fulfilment in such a creature as man is, is not necessarily an exigence either in the strict or the broad sense, but it may offer reasonable ground of hope. In satisfying the ardent desire God's gift of the supernatural would be entirely free in the Augustan sense of the term, but not surprising when we consider what man is and what God must be. Such a desire is not absolute ; but, if conditional,

it is conditional with a difference. Though man can lay no claims against the benevolence of God, he may cherish a hope which he feels practically certain will not be frustrated, that benevolence of that particular kind will be shown to him ; especially as God has revealed His extreme solicitude for His creatures' good in the fullest sense. Arguing then, *via regressiva*, from the actual choice on God's part of a supernatural destiny for man, we may perhaps conclude that God would not leave man in a state of pure nature ; for thus good would not diffuse itself in a manner congenial to the divine attributes. This is, in the last resort, the argument *ex decentia* which, we realise, must be very carefully handled as it is open to many abuses.

VII

How explain these paradoxes : hope that is not exactly expectation nor yet entirely conditional ; a certainty not based on a claim but on the infinite generosity of another ; an ardent desire that will feel no grievance if it be denied ? Père de Lubac may find the way to resolve these paradoxes, but we fear that he will have to forgo using Scholastic concepts, because an ordered system of concepts such as Scholasticism is, is not patient of paradox.

Perhaps the Scriptures will give help. Does not Our Lord speak of a mandate which leaves Him free ? That must be a mandate of charity both from the context and from the nature of the case. Perhaps, too, the Mystics may throw light on the problem. Though some of the Scholastic theologians enjoyed mystical experiences, the School does not as a rule make use of evidence drawn from religious experience. To-day men are groping for a mystique more than for strictly conceptualised systems. Is it not laudable that Catholic theologians should endeavour to explain a saving mystique within the confines of dogma ?

Here, too, as elsewhere Père de Lubac will move over dangerous and encumbered ground, strewn with the heresies of Modernists and of many among those who call themselves Existentialists. Strait is the gate through which he must enter and the path to it is, like the bridge of Al-Sirat, narrow as a single hair. We shall eagerly await his reply to Père de Broglie's book. If he succeeds in allaying the fears and suspicions of vigilant theologians he may, like Cajetan, contribute something towards the progress of dogma.

J. E. Canavan

SOME PICTURESQUE PHILOSOPHERS

VII. The Episode of Eriugena

BY ARTHUR LITTLE, S.J.

RELATIVISTS assert that there are some stars too bright, too big, and too close to be visible. It is certain that there are some men too great to be noticed. The thought of John Scotus Eriugena, John the Irishman, was so much too deep and illuminating for his contemporaries that they hardly observed that it was deep and illuminating at all. To be fair to them, genius for speculation had for so long disappeared from Europe that they could not be expected to recognise it. No one else since Augustine had manifested the highest powers of the human reason ; no one else in the two centuries of the Dark Ages preceding Eriugena's birth had shown much power of abstract thought at all. So Eriugena left no disciples. And for nearly two centuries after his death, until the advent of Anselm, he had no worthy successor. Were it not for his translation of Denis the spurious Areopagite, by which he transmitted the less mitigated form of Neoplatonism to the Middle Ages, he would have had no influence on posterity and perhaps no memory. Yet in one or two respects his original work places him beside St. Thomas and above all other philosophers.

Part of the reason for his isolation must be found in the isolation in time of the civilisation in which he lived. Charlemagne (742-814), though he always felt that he knew best what was best for everybody and regarded the Pope as a master who needed to have his mind made up for him, nevertheless devoted his zeal and energy to the restoration of religion and social order in the Europe that he had conquered. And, though his work was almost reduced by his contentious heirs to a repetition of the disorder of the Dark Ages until it was resumed and developed into the Commonwealth of Europe by the great Popes of the Middle Ages three centuries later, Charlemagne yet founded for a while a European society in which security, order, and progress promised to endure.

The Carolingian Renascence

Some account of Charlemagne's educational reforms will show the rudimentary though sound nature of the culture that he introduced and also Eriugena's own towering superiority over his times. During and after the barbarian invasions the intellectual training and equipment especially of the clergy had seriously deteriorated. Some schools existed : the Benedictine probationary schools for boys intended for the noviceship, a few similar non-Benedictine schools found generally in the monasteries of Irish

foundation, and the cathedral schools for boys preparing for the secular priesthood. Alcuin (735-804), though he became a Benedictine, was at York cathedral school in 747. Now Charlemagne in his *Admonitio Generalis* of 789 ordered such schools to be erected everywhere throughout his dominions. Moreover, besides the schools for clergy only, he had extern schools for the public, lay and ecclesiastical. The model for such schools was to be the School of the Palace of the Frankish Kings founded in 782, which was a mobile institution, for it followed the court, which followed the king, who followed his foes. Needless to say a travelling school cannot be a success ; and after a vain effort to settle in Aachen the Palace School at last took up a permanent abode in Paris with momentous consequences.

The course of studies in these schools, however scanty, covered all the knowledge of the time. It began with the *Trivium*, the study of grammar, rhetoric, and dialectics ; the latter was introductory philosophy, comprising logic and discussion of simple philosophical truths used to form examples of syllogisms. The *Trivium* was succeeded by the *Quadrivium* of higher studies consisting of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music (plain chant). Medicine was soon included as a fifth, and a more advanced course in philosophy leading to a course in theology was added to complete the plan. Even this course in philosophy was confined to some scattered theses taken from St. Augustine. Theology seems to have consisted chiefly of exegesis of the Scriptures—which, said Alcuin, when it is conducted with prayer, is the end of education. Nevertheless there is an intelligent theory implicit in this naive scheme, the theory that education aims at understanding the world by correlating the subjects taught to the truths fundamental to all of them, which are the object of philosophy. And it is through philosophy that they are correlated to theology. Aristotle's principle that metaphysics is the key to all knowledge was being rediscovered and refashioned.

The professors of the Palace School (thus called schoolmen or scholastics and transmitting their name to the medieval philosophers) were drawn from all parts of the world—even from lands unconquered by Charlemagne. And it is not too much to claim that the Irishmen among them played the chief part in the brilliant success of the school for the first half-century of its existence. Its first head indeed was the great Alcuin of York. But Alcuin had a high esteem for Irish scholarship. And he was succeeded by St. Clement the Scot (not to be confounded with the heretical Clement the Scot who had been unfrocked under Pepin). Clement it was who settled the school permanently in Paris, where it became the seed from which grew the University of Paris. In 825 the great Irish monk and scholar, Dungal, was invited to Paris. Thereafter the renown of Irish scholarship spread afar and the influence of the Irish scholars grew prevalent in the Palace School. At this time there was no fewer than twenty famous Irish professors in the School. Now tradition and some other

evidence make it nearly certain that Eriugena became Master of the Palace School after Clement in 847. But it is time now to recall what is known of his fantastic career.

Eriugena's History

John Scotus Eriugena was born in Ireland some time around the year 800. His name Scotus only means that he was a member of the Irish race that had expanded into Scotland and the north of England; but his other name Eriugena is generally taken as proof of his Irish birth. He was apparently a layman all his life, but it is safe to infer that he began his education in one of the Irish monasteries. Ireland was then the quietest part of Europe; though the Norsemen had just begun to raid its coasts, they had not yet planted an army of occupation such as had descended on all other countries during the German invasions. Immigrants came from abroad to Ireland in search of peace and study, and spirited Irishmen had to go abroad in search of excitement. Whether (as some guess) uprooted from his home district by foraging Norsemen or (as is more likely) led by native Wanderlust, Eriugena crossed to the continent during the second quarter of the century.

What education can Eriugena have obtained in Ireland? We cannot assert that all the learning displayed by Irishmen abroad was learned by them in their native land. What seems certain is that Ireland was then famous for Scripture commentary, at the time esteemed more than any other work of the mind. Latin was as familiar as the mother-tongue in the monastic schools, and reading and writing in Latin and Gaelic were taught to all students. The works of all the Latin Fathers and some translated passages of the Greek Fathers had been introduced by visitors from abroad. Virgil and some other Latin classics were studied, and some of the monks learned from them to write good Latin verse. But their practical knowledge of grammar and prosody sprang from small technical knowledge, their knowledge of physical science, philosophy, and systematic theology was scanty. Indeed their competent scientific knowledge was almost confined to simple arithmetic.

Was Greek known in Ireland in the ninth century? The fact that Eriugena was a hellenist has raised a fierce conflict on this question. There is no doubt that the monks knew some liturgical phrases in Greek. The name of the country, some argue, is of Greek origin. The description of Ireland as *ἱερὰ νῆσος*, by running the two words together and omitting the last syllable, was corrupted into Ierne—then into Ivernia, Hibernia, Ireland, which thus means *Holy Land*. But the very corruptions witness to ignorance of meaning. As for Eriugena Dom Cappuyns conjectures that he had learned his Greek in Gaul (still the name of France) from an exiled Byzantine monk of whom history has lost trace; for Greek was

unknown in Ireland. M. Gilson believes that he learned it in Ireland from disciples of the hellenist Archbishop of Canterbury, Theodore, who died in 690 ; for Greek was unknown in Gaul. The truth seems to be that we have not quite enough reason for asserting that the knowledge of Greek was widespread either in Ireland or in Gaul. The probability therefore is that Eriugena learned his Greek from a wandering scholar, not from any indigenous tradition. That he began it in Ireland is suggested by the fact that his earliest works in Gaul show some knowledge of it, though inaccurate. That he continued it in Gaul either by himself or under another vagrant teacher is proved in his later works by his proud flaunting of his mastery.

Anyway Eriugena must have had a scholar's reputation or he would not have been called to the Palace School by Charles the Bald. Charlemagne's empire had already been divided into three parts of which the western, France and Spain, was ruled by his grandson, Charles the Bald, as King of the West Franks. Eriugena must have found his new homeland at once strange, pitiable, and admirable. The Franks were bitterly conscious of their external uncouthness, unaware that they were restoring to Europe an esteem for learning and the things of the spirit so long vanished that it seemed to belong to a mythical age. Angry at the breakdown of the order and discipline established by Charlemagne, they overlooked the comely ideal of Christian chivalry that had been born in their hearts and would remain to challenge more elaborate civilisations in the arresting speeches of The Song of Roland. They had the humility that is the most promising starting-point of national development. But meanwhile even their leaders were almost rustic in an age that was only beginning to recover the art of building in stone.

Some stories are told of Eriugena's wit that gave a better idea than any description of the knockabout equalitarianism of the Frankish palace. Let us believe them ; for, though the grounds for belief are slender, there are no grounds for thinking them false. On one occasion Charles and Eriugena were facing each other at dinner when Charles asked him over the wine " What distinguishes a sot from a Scot ? " " A table " answered Eriugena immediately. Again Eriugena, who was thin and small, was dining with two gigantic pupils. Dinner consisted of two large fishes and a small one. Eriugena put the two large ones on his own plate. The King saw the action and protested at the unfairness of the division. " It is perfectly fair " said Eriugena, " for here are two large fellows and a small one (the two fishes and himself) and there are two large fellows and a small one (the two students and the fish) ". After that Charles did not dare to contradict him. Eriugena lived without reproach except for this feline deadliness in his animosity. Hincmar Archbishop of Rheims had befriended him, but had later disapproved of some opinions in his book on predestination. Eriugena replied with the ferocious epitaph :

Hic iacet Hincmarus, cleptes et semper avarus ;
Hoc solum fecit nobile, quod periit.

In 851, when that book on predestinations was written, Eriugena had been Master of the Palace School for four years. A German monk, Gottschalk, had written that God had predestined all men from eternity : some to sin, some to virtue, and that it was not within their power to act otherwise than God had decreed. It was clear to many theologians that this denial of human freedom was heretical. But the friends of Gottschalk rallied to his defence, probably before many of them had studied the book. Hincmar, the leader of the opposite party, thereupon collected his forces. In particular Eriugena's pen was recruited both by Hincmar and by Charles the Bald. But, to Hincmar's consternation, Eriugena seemed to allow so much freedom to man that he was out of God's control. If God could not know evil without causing it, as Eriugena contended, then He had made no provision for it in creation ; the disorder of the world proved that man was independent of God. No wonder Eriugena was accused of Pelagianism. Yet it is certain that Eriugena erred in good faith, for he wished at all times and above all to be loyal to Christ and His Church. And we gather from absence of evidence to the contrary that he made his submission to the two local Councils of the Church that condemned his book.

Yet so vague were the Councils in assigning reasons for the condemnation that Eriugena could innocently persist in his radical error. That error, the root of all his troubles, was a denial of the reality of negations, especially of evil. For evil is a privation, an absence of what ought to be there, and in that sense non-being. But the Neoplatonists and Eriugena, departing from Plato, confused non-being with non-existent or unreal. Logically (though Eriugena did not pursue the implication) this doctrine leads to pantheism. If there is no evil, no limit to the perfection of the world in reality, then the world as it really is must share that absolute perfection that is God's alone ; it must *be* the All-perfect. They did not reflect that an absence of something can be a real absence. It can even be an important reality, as anyone discovers who attempts to sit down on a chair that is not there.

Eriugena, finding philosophy so full of snares, next turned to perfecting his Greek. About 860, with the express approval of Charles, he published his Latin translation of the writings of Denis the Pseudo-Areopagite. This writer combined in himself conflicting characters, for he was an outstanding philosopher and a humbug. He pretended that he was St. Denis the Areopagite converted by St. Paul and claimed to have been an eye-witness of our Lord's Crucifixion. In reality he was a fifth-century disciple, indeed a plagiarist, of Proclus, and more of a Neoplatonist than Augustine. For Augustine had always insisted on the immediacy of God's

action on man. Denis restored the Neoplatonic hierarcy of intelligences that was the bridge by which the divine action reached the earth. True, he soothed the Christian conscience by conscripting the nine choirs of angels for the purpose, but the doctrine did not become more probable for its change of name. Nevertheless, through Eriugena's translation, his ideas so influenced the medieval doctors that we find a hierarchy of intelligences even in St. Albert the Great. Denis was not unmasked for many centuries—not even by St. Thomas. When the impersonation was discovered, many must needs believe that because he was a liar he must also have been a heretic. He has been accused of pantheism and Monophysitism and other errors on the strength of some of his obscurer passages. Perhaps the very incongruity of the errors alleged against him has caused the tide of interpretation recently to turn in favour of his orthodoxy.

Some years later Eriugena produced his great work *De Divisione Naturae* and then disappeared from certain history. William of Malmesbury gives an account of his death that has not been accepted as historical because it is bizarre and non-contemporary. He states that Eriugena came to England at the invitation of Alfred the Great and taught in the Abbey of Malmesbury, until one day the students stabbed him to death with their metal writing styles. The story is credible, though the evidence for it is thin. It earned for Eriugena the title of martyr on his tombstone and, for centuries, a place in the Roman Martyrology. Meanwhile the *De Divisione Naturae* and other works had been put on the Index, where they still remain. It looks as if even the Church herself were somewhat perplexed about him.

Eriugena's Philosophy

Amongst philosophers Eriugena must be classed as a visionary. For his aim was to devise a vision of the whole universe of reality that should reveal the eternal things and the world as depending on them. He was content if the vision should be consistent with the truths of faith and experience and consistent in itself, even if another explanation of the world should be possible. He did not insist therefore on peremptory proofs even of his fundamental positions. He needed to live for the sake of noble things ; and so far as his theory of truth was vivid and splendid and not apparently impossible he was content. St. Thomas, a greater philosopher, has just as dazzling a world-view as Eriugena ; but because of his care for detail and tireless criticism of his own logic the glimpses of his world-view are comparatively rare and dim. Eriugena after all was no Aristotelean, but the most aesthetic of philosophers, a poet of some distinction, an heir to Plato and his tradition of artistry in prose and picturesque speculations. It was natural that such a one should desire to live rather by the contemplative intelligence than by reason.

His proof for the existence of God is typical of his easy-going logic. I find in my mind ideas of what I can do, and when I resolve to do anything I experience the influence of these ideas on my actions. Eriugena seems to have immediately concluded that this was the explanation of productivity in general. Hence the stream of change that we call the world has its origin in a treasury of ideas, the Uncaused Cause of the world, which we know to be God. But how have I thus recognised God in the world as its Creator? To recognise that God is this treasury of ideas I must compare my concept of the world's origin with my knowledge of God already acquired. And nothing but God can give the image of God or knowledge of Him as He truly is. I therefore recognise God as Cause of the world by reflecting on an idea of God infused by God into my soul. On the other hand I also recognise the world as a *theophany* or manifestation of God since it participates in the perfections of its cause.

These are the fundamental positions on which Eriugena will erect his mighty theory. Correct as the conclusions are, it is unnecessary to point to the insufficiency of the premisses or the superfluousness of the hypothesis of infused ideas. The main body of his philosophy is an attempt to show the whole of reality (or *nature* as Eriugena called it) as composed of four supreme grades of being, welded together almost organically by necessary relations of the lower to the higher grades. It will be noticed that the hierarchy of being becomes something like a partnership rather than a bridge. Let us consider each of these grades in turn and thus obtain a birdseye view of the essentials of his philosophy. Its depth may be too great to leave it clear, but at least we shall be able to feel some pride in an Irishman whose mind looked out on vistas of such solemn grandeur. No one has yet perhaps given to Eriugena the intense study that he deserves and that is necessary to be able to declare his meaning with precision and confidence. The following interpretation therefore must in some points be considered, like his own philosophy, as somewhat more conjectural than it professes to be.

Eriugena's four supreme grades are: (1) Nature uncreated and creating: God. (2) Nature created and creating: The Divine Ideas. (3) Nature created and not creating: The world of creatures. (4) Nature uncreated and not creating: God as the last end of all things. The scheme is not static, but is rather the list of the stages in a cyclic movement whose Origin and ultimate Term is God.

1. *Nature uncreated and creating.* Eriugena proves most of the attributes of God, the Treasury of Ideas, in the sound classical manner adopted from Augustine. God is eternal because He is the First Cause, therefore incorruptible, therefore simple, therefore unique because He can contain nothing to distinguish Him from another God. But presently he confronts the problem that is to lead him astray. God being perfectly simple contains no opposition in Himself. And since He can only give what He

possesses He cannot cause contrary or opposed effects. But evil is contrary to good, limitation to value, imperfection to perfection—in general non-being to being. How then is God the cause in any way of the evil, limitation, and imperfection of the world, as He must be if He is the First Cause of all reality? Eriugena answers with the distinction: God is being in the sense that He exists in Himself and necessarily. He is non-being in the sense that He is unintelligible. For what is unintelligible is to the intellect non-existent; to anything indeed it is virtually or as good as non-existent. And from this unintelligibility or virtual non-being of God derives that non-being by which the incompleteness of the things of earth puzzles our analytic minds.

But the solution is not only false but dangerous. For if God only thus virtually contains non-being, then the evil that is supposed to derive from it can only be virtual. There is no real evil, nothing in reality but the Infinite Goodness of God. That Eriugena never intended to place non-being in any literal sense in God is proved by his emphatic statement that the true names of God are Super-good, Super-being and so forth; hence, he should conclude, God is not so much unintelligible as too intelligible at least for our minds. His line of reasoning leads with inevitable logic to pantheism. Yet is is my conviction that Eriugena never discerned that conclusion and, had he done so, would never have acquiesced in it. Even his statement that there is no non-God means, not that God is the only reality, but that there is no reality contrary to God since all derives from Him.

2. *Nature created and creating.* Now God is considered precisely as the Creator of the world. Naturally He must know what He creates so He first creates in Himself the universal ideas of all possible things. But Eriugena cannot have meant that these ideas are really multiple or distinct from God, for he would surely have recognised so flagrant a contradiction to his doctrine of the divine simplicity. These ideas are not really caused, but are boldly called created to preserve the symmetry of the antithesis. They are however multiple and separate from God in the theophanies or manifestations of God to our minds.

3. *Nature created and not creating.* In declaring the actual creation Eriugena gives the right definition, but gives it a personal meaning of his own. Creation is production from nothing, indeed, but he seems to understand the word nothing to stand for the non-being or unintelligibility of God. The divine ideas analyse and, as it were, parcel out the simple essence of God, rendering it for the first time intelligible at least in their realisations, the theophanies. Creatures or theophanies are in fact beings in whom the Unintelligible becomes intelligible by permitting us to recognise His attributes separately and successively in their manifestations. Now the multiplicity of creatures in opposition to the simplicity of God must be taken as an almost explicit denial of pantheism.

This doctrine also implies extreme realism ; the ideas which are universal in God are made real by Him exactly as He knows them—in other words universal ideas become universals in reality. M. Gilson contends that, since this doctrine logically demands separate subsistent universals, such as Plato held to exist, Eriugena must have conceived the divine ideas as separate from God and caused by Him. But there is no reason to suppose that Eriugena saw all the implications of his theory. He may well have held, like the later Duns Scotus, that universals exist *in* singulars but not separated from them. If he had not done so he would have implied, with incredible obviousness, a contradiction to the simplicity of God.

4. *Nature uncreated and not creating.* The last stage is God as the End of creation. The great circle of the world's pilgrimage closes its orbit with the return of the human soul to God. The individual sheds his flesh, still for Eriugena the source of evil, and in the naked spirit contemplates in God the very Perfection of his own perfection.

After all, in its general outlines, this superb vision is also the vision of St. Thomas. Yet St. Thomas judged Eriugena severely and it is not hard, even if we prescind from the condemnation of the Church, to find cause for that adverse judgement even in Eriugena himself. He was no agnostic, for he contended that we could know many divine attributes, he was no pantheist for he held that creatures were not God but manifestations of God. Nevertheless his love for paradox led him to risk serious misunderstanding for the sake of startling into wakefulness the interest of his reader. His book is full of statements whose apparent meaning no good critic will believe to be the real meaning because it is so stridently irreligious. Moreover some of his mistakes were real. So great a thinker that no one of his day was capable of understanding him, he was both tempted and compelled to a lonely audacity of speculation in order to restore to Christian thought that unrivalled insight that alone is worthy of it. He risked errors and he made errors unwittingly, which in the course of logical development would have proved serious. The danger that his paradoxes would be taken literally, that his logic would be pursued to its ultimate heretical conclusions, though abhorred by himself, sufficiently explains the disapproval of the Church and the medieval doctors.

We need not, however, be ashamed of one who erred not from disloyalty or petulance but purely by genius so high that it could find no counsellors. We need to be proud of one whose work is a greater glory to his country than almost any literary work hitherto studied by Irish scholars, who have hitherto neglected Eriugena. To quote a distinguished exception to the last statement writing in *Studies* in 1935 : " For universal erudition, for metaphysical genius, for dialectical acuteness, for the power of grandiose systematisation and for the graces of humanism, Eriugena was the genius of his age".

ARTHUR LITTLE

JOHN PATRICK PRENDERGAST

BY FRANCIS FINEGAN, S.J.

Family and Early Years

JOHN PATRICK PRENDERGAST, the historian of *The Cromwellian Settlement in Ireland*, was born at 38 Dawson Street, Dublin, on 7 March 1808. He was the son of Francis Prendergast and of Esther Patrick; in baptism he received the christian and surnames of his maternal grandfather John Patrick. The Prendergasts were long settled in Tipperary and could trace their ancestry back to the coming of the Normans to Ireland. Prendergast's father, grandfather and great-grandfather were born in Clonmel. This family had embraced protestantism evidently before the end of the seventeenth century, since the name of a Tipperary Prendergast is not found in the Catholic Convert Rolls prior to the tragic death of the historian's great grandfather. This latter, Thomas Prendergast of Ballylomasna, was killed in a duel during the elections for Parliament in 1752. His vote had been challenged by an attorney, Daniel Gahan of Coolquil, on the grounds that Thomas Prendergast, having married a Catholic lady, Miss Keating of Rochestown-on-Suir, whom he had not induced to conform to the state church within a year, must be classified as a " lapsed Catholic". From his grandfather, the historian used to recount the story of the duel. Gahan and Prendergast fought on the public green behind the Catholic chapel and in the presence of a large throng. When Prendergast fell mortally wounded, his opponent made good his escape on horseback. The body of the dead man was conveyed on a door to the Prendergast home in Church Lane.

The historian does not tell us when exactly his father and grandfather came to Dublin, but we can be certain that they were settled in the capital some considerable time before the end of the eighteenth century. The historian's grandfather, who was Registrar of the Court of Chancery, settled in Chancery Lane and died there in 1820. He was buried " just within the side entrance at the front of St. Mary's churchyard". Francis Prendergast, the historian's father, was married twice. His first wife was Maria Reynolds, a Catholic sister of the informer Thomas Reynolds. There were three children by this marriage, Eliza, Henrietta and Jeffry Francis. By his second marriage, with Esther Patrick, he had five sons and two daughters. John Patrick, the father of Esther, came from " Colraine or Derry". He had married a Miss Weld who came of a well-known family of Dissenters. The Weld relations later settled at Camden Street, Dublin, and it was from this family that the future historian learned so much of the Rebellion of 1798 and received his first impressions of the French Revolution. His youthful curiosity for knowledge of the

French Revolution was stimulated from other sources as we shall see.

Young Prendergast could recall the Peace of 1814 following the Allied Victory at Waterloo. Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms, mounted on horseback and attended by four trumpeters, proclaimed the peace in front of the Mansion House. The restoration of the Bourbons was the signal for the return of the exiled aristocrats. How many of the *émigrés* found a refuge in Dublin has not yet been investigated, but Prendergast has given us the name of one distinguished family at least. A Count O'Hegarty, whose ancestors emigrated to France after the fall of James II, found asylum in Dublin and made the acquaintance of the Prendergast family through his wife, who gave music lessons to John Patrick Prendergast's half sisters. Count O'Hegarty earned his living by keeping a riding school. The friendship formed between the two families was maintained by correspondence for many years afterwards, and the historian recalls a tour of the Prendergast family in France in 1827 when " we all met again at Versailles, where Madame and her mother had apartments in the Palace, Count O'Hegarty was Equerry of Count d'Artois, then King Charles X".

On 23 December 1818, John Patrick Prendergast not yet eleven years old sailed for England to begin his schooling at Reading. He was accompanied by his brother Francis, who was a year his junior. In the stormy weather only one other passenger, their cousin Paul Patrick, travelled on the sailing boat *Chichester* from the place of embarkation at the Pigeon House Fort. After a journey of forty hours at sea the Prendergast brothers travelled to London and thence to Reading. Under Dr. Valpy the School of Reading was well managed. The Prendergast boys were initiated into fagging, but experienced no bullying or unkindness. Morning prayers included a collect " Pro Henrico Septimo Fundatore Nostro". At eighteen Prendergast entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in June 1828. With his brother Francis he was called to the Bar in 1830. Neither of the Prendergast brothers was to attain to eminence at the Law—not however because of any lack of ability, for the Law was in their blood. The historian himself gives us the reason : " I was called to the Bar in 1830 (Easter), but went back to the Middle Temple for a year. I came back to Dublin in 1832, but my father (also Registrar of the Court of Chancery) wrote a kind of Circular to the Attornies to solicit business for us ! When it came to our knowledge, we fled in horror and only returned to meet our eldest brother (of the half blood) long an exile through debt incurred at Cambridge and then come over with his lately wedded, beautiful and wealthy wife Sophia Wehrtman of Hamburg, half a German . . . . At the Bar I did not do much. We were both injured in mind (I do not think in reputation) by my father's folly." Prendergast tells us nothing of his brother Francis's legal career. The last we hear of him is that he served with the Austrian Army under Radetski at the Po.

At the Bar: Estate Agent

A few of Prendergast's reminiscences of the years of his graduation at Trinity College and call to the Bar may be permitted here. After taking his degree at Trinity, he went off for holidays to Bordeaux, where he met his uncle General Sir Geoffrey Prendergast and his two sons. Sir Geoffrey had had an interesting career. He was the only Prendergast ever put to trade. Captured with a ship of hardware in 1793 by French Privateers, he was confined a prisoner of war in Bayonne. His status as a prisoner was secured by stratagem, for he had "Colonel" marked upon his effects. He escaped from Robespierre's massacres, making his way from Switzerland through Hamburg to London. He secured a cadetship in the East India Company and his promotion was rapid. He spent many years at Madras (he was an excellent French speaker) and attained the rank of Military Auditor General. Two years later the Prendergasts were again in France; but their travels were halted at Dieppe owing to the outbreak of Revolution again. Dieppe seems to have been in those troubled days a place of refuge for Royalists who did not find Paris to their liking. A friendship formed on this occasion and which lasted for over forty years was that with the Comte de Jarnac, who was later ambassador under King Louis Philippe to the Court of St. James. The Count was owner of the Thomastown estate near Golden in Co. Tipperary.

Prendergast's connection with the Old Leinster Circuit began in 1834, four years after his call to the Bar. Owing to Catholic Emancipation, he tells us, Catholics were now coming forward in ever greater numbers to take up the legal career, which then provided limitless opportunities for advancement. His travelling companion in these early days was Tom Kemmis son of William Kemmis, Crown Solicitor to the Leinster Circuit and Treasury Solicitor for Dublin. "In this way," he relates, "I was always behind the scenes. Frequently I dined at the Crown Solicitor's circuit dinner in lodgings." He has nothing to say of the legal cases in which he took part. His memories of his ten years on the Leinster circuit are concerned mostly with the judges, barristers and solicitors with whom he came in contact. Judges travelled on Circuit in solemn state, but Barristers in the thirties and early forties of last century were commonly known as the "dirty shirt brigade". Prendergast recalls a court crier in Kilkenny proclaiming: "Now then all you bla'guards as be'nt barristers, lave the box." The wig and gown were not worn by barristers until Prendergast introduced a motion to the effect at a Bar meeting shortly before he parted company with his fellows of the old Leinster Circuit. It is interesting to recall that the military and not the police were on duty in court at this period. The substitution of the police was first brought about by Judge Louis Perrin. When just four

years at the Bar Prendergast was married in September 1838 at Loughgall parish church to Caroline second daughter of George Ensor of Ardress in the same parish (Co. Armagh). There was one son by the marriage, of whom a word afterwards.

During his period on the Leinster Circuit, Prendergast became land agent to the Earl of Clifden, whose lands were at Clondalee on the borders of Meath and Kildare. This post was held previously by Prendergast's father and grandfather. His administration was humane, though he admits that he effected an eviction on one farm to prevent uneconomic subdivision. He retained the agency until pressure of work forced him to resign in 1851. He seems to have retained an interest in his former neighbours in after years, for he mentions a trip on Corpus Christi 1882 " to his former victims and slaves". The tenants who formerly eked out a miserable pittance from their lands were now comfortably housed and prosperous outwardly, thanks to the generous contributions from exiled sons and daughters in the United States of America.

First Historical Studies: The Rising of 1848

It may come as a surprise to those who have read Prendergast's *magnum opus, The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland,* that this book was the outcome of his researches into his own family pedigree. In the introduction he clearly states: " In the year 1846, I received a commission *from England* to make some pedigree researches concerning an Anglo-Norman family of the County of Tipperary." Then follows the story of the fortunes and misfortunes of this family whose estates were confiscated by Cromwell in 1650. The identity of the Prendergasts with this " Anglo-Norman family " becomes clear when he states: " One of the family . . . . the grandfather of him whose pedigree I was commissioned to investigate . . . . happened to be conducting agent for one of the candidates at the election at Clonmel for the County of Tipperary caused by the accession of George III. He tendered his vote. ' You know you married a Papist ' said the opposing agent and thus denied his right. The other challenged him for the insult." The rest of the story, with unessential differences, is that of the duel between Daniel Gahan and Thomas Prendergast which the historian has left us in his later autobiographical material. The grandson of Prendergast the duellist who commissioned the research into the family history may well be the wealthy uncle General Sir Geoffrey previously mentioned. In any event the historian had many uncles who were in a position to finance the work. Prendergast complains of the difficulty of making a living about this period and, though he decided to sever his connection with the Leinster Circuit, it may be presumed that he engaged in some form of legal practice in Dublin. We are left to infer this much from his statements in the

introduction to his *Cromwellian Settlement*. He repeatedly speaks of ten years with the Leinster Circuit, and yet he tells us that he was on circuit at Kilkenny in 1848. In this connection his reminiscences of the abortive rising at Ballingarry are not without interest ; indeed they throw new light on the origin of the soubriquet " The Cabbage Garden Rebellion ".

According to Prendergast a rumour reached Kilkenny on that Sunday morning in July 1848 that Smith O'Brien had been killed. As the journey to the place of the attempted rising was only fifteen miles Prendergast decided to go over and find out the news for himself. On nearing Ballingarry he called upon the curate at Ballyroan Catholic Church, but received no news from the young priest on duty. He was mistaken for Smith O'Brien himself by a farmer from whom he also made enquiries. A miner conducted him to the widow McCormick's house, where he was mistaken by the excited throng for a government official come to estimate the damages done to the cottage. From the widow Prendergast learned of the seizure of the house as a place of refuge by the police under Captain Trant when the latter perceived the size of the crowd that was being harangued by Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher and John Blake Dillon. Let us now follow Prendergast's own narrative : " Meantime poor Mrs. McCormick found that two of her little children were in the farm house. ' Give me out my children ' she cried to Captain Trant. ' No indeed I won't. Where's Mr. Smith O'Brien ? ' Mrs. McCormick ran to look for him and found him sitting with his back against the end of the house, in the cabbage garden, out of reach of fire. No window commanded the spot. ' Come sir ' she said, catching Smith O'Brien by the collar of his coat ; ' Come and get me my children.' ' Why woman ' said he, ' they'd shoot me. Get Captain Trant's guarantee for my safety'. She did so and got Smith O'Brien to speak to Trant ; but while they were thus engaged, fire was opened and they all had to run." Prendergast that same evening decided to call on a fellow barrister named Richard Going, whose family resided in the neighbourhood at Ballyphilip. He found the house prepared to withstand a siege. It was dinner hour for the Going household, and a house party of about twenty sat down to table. The narrative continues : " Amongst the company I saw one man whose eyes seemed dancing with delight. To him the tale I brought was gold. It was McDonald of *The Times*. It was he that gave the business the name of the ' Cabbage Garden Rebellion' ". Prendergast, at the suggestion of a member of the Going family who was a magistrate and who accompanied him, returned to Ballingarry for an interview with the commanding officer of the British troops, General McDonald. He met the General and Col. de Salis in their temporary headquarters at the house of the local dispensary doctor. " It is enough," he adds, " to say that I reported all that I had learned, for the General had been too busy posting sentries

and making his other arrangements to see the widow McCormick's house." Before returning to Ballyphilip for the night, Prendergast met a nephew of Smith O'Brien who was an officer of the 74th. The young man told his interviewer that he was unable to find and identify his uncle, but Prendergast " advised him never to do such a thing unless under necessity". There are a few other stories in Prendergast's narrative concerning the rising not all of which add to our knowledge. However, one story may be mentioned which may sound strange to those acquainted with Doheny's book *The Felon's Track*. Prendergast states that he heard from Dr. James Graves that Dr. Cane of Kilkenny was called in to attend to James Stephens who was seriously wounded and that, in order to throw the police off Stephens's track, a bogus funeral was held for the allegedly dead leader.

Before leaving Prendergast's experiences of 1848, we can mention a meeting with John Blake Dillon in after years. Dillon had written to Prendergast for permission to bring a party to inspect the folio editions of Shakespeare in the library of Charlemont House then under Prendergast's curatorship. In return the historian received an invitation to dinner at Dillon's house in Fitzwilliam Square. " Among the guests he says, " was Sir Charles Gavan Duffy". On telling my tale of Ballingarry he said : " I'm sorry, Mr. Prendergast, you should have caused the name of the ' Cabbage Garden Rebellion'. ' I cause it ? ' said I. ' I never so named it.' ' Well, he replied, I am sorry you should ever had so much to say to the naming of it.' "

Prendergast's father, who was born at Clonmel 2 November 1768, died at his Dublin residence 31 May 1846. He was followed to the grave at Mount Jerome six months later by his wife. The historian describes his father as a " regular old Protestant who never went to church " and who refused to listen to the clergyman's exhortations on his death bed. Of his own early married life he tells us that his wife Caroline Ensor was two years his senior. Their first house was 17 Hume Street. When the newly married couple took up residence there, sedan chairs could still be hired at the corner leading on to Stephen's Green. The Prendergasts occupied this house in Hume Street until 1851, when they moved to Sandymount to a house nearly opposite the Martello tower. The Sandymount house was to remain their permanent residence.

The Cromwellian Settlement

We have already seen that Prendergast's historical interest in the Cromwellian period was stimulated by his researches into his own family pedigree. His *magnum opus* was long in the making. According to the Preface to the first edition, which is dated 1 May 1865, he received the Lord Lieutenant's permission as far back as September 1848, to consult

the State Papers in the Tower of Dublin Castle. Seventeen years were thus given to a work which had no precedent among studies in Irish history. All who have read Prendergast's book will recall the unconscious artistry with which Prendergast tells of his first few weeks amongst the well-nigh forgotten masses of papers mouldering in the Tower: "There I sat, extracting for many weeks, until I began to know the voices of many of the corporals that came with the guard to relieve the sentry in the Castle yard below, and every drum and bugle call of the regiment quartered in the Ship Street barracks. At length, between the labour of copying and the excitement at the astonishing drama performing as it were before my eyes, my heart by some strange movements warned me it was necessary to retire for a time. But I again and again returned at intervals—sometimes of months, sometimes of years." He kept up some connection with the old Leinster Circuit and availed of his visits to Kilkenny to consult the valuable MSS collection of the Marquis of Ormonde. His studies brought him also to the Bodleian library and the British Museum. Early in 1864 he became curator of the Earl of Charlemont's "noble collection of books, coins and papers" in the stately mansion in Parnell Square—now the Municipal Gallery. It was here that he was able to give a final form to his dissertation on the Cromwellian Settlement, thanks to the aid of the old seventeenth-century London newspapers which were filed in the Charlemont House Library. On the advice of his fellows at the Bar, he decided to give the benefit of his researches in book form to the public. *The Cromwellian Settlement* did not prove a source of profit to its author. In his letters (*e.g.* to Maurice Lenihan) he complains of the reprehensible habit of borrowing but not of buying books. Fortunately his financial disappointment over his *magnum opus* did not deter him from further historical researches, but his work in after years is limited to smaller publications, pamphlets and newspaper articles. *The Cromwellian Settlement*, though involving much labour over seventeen years, did not prevent Prendergast from work of an altogether different character.

Land Clearances in Counties Cork and Donegal

Prendergast does not tell us whether or not he ever felt the desire to enter political life in an active way. He supported the repeal movement in the early 'forties by his presence and spoke on behalf of candidates going forward for election in the interest of the Liberal party. It is impossible at this distance to estimate his opinion of O'Connell or the Young Irelanders. His later writings give us no idea of his real feelings or opinions. A few names of public men of the period find mention in his letters to Philip Bagenal. Amongst these he speaks of Vincent Scully, M.P. Of Scully he writes: "He always wished to be publicly known

as a friend, an intimate friend of John Patrick Prendergast; so here I record our friendship to posterity." He came near, however, to active political life through his interest in the evictions on Lord Bantry's estate in 1854. Shortly before this time Lord Bantry sold his estate to Lord Pelham Clinton, brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The Newcastle family had already purchased the estate of the last of the Lords Blayney in the Co. Monaghan. Prendergast's brother (or half brother) was agent to Lord Clinton in his new adventure in Co. Cork. The Bantry estate was in debt and its late owner, in order to leave the lands free for the new purchaser, sent out his bailiffs. Bere Island was the scene of battle, where the inhabitants put the Island in a state of defence against Lord Bantry's bailiffs. Prendergast, authorised by Lord Clinton to effect a settlement with Lord Bantry, visited the unfortunate tenants who were being harried by the latter's agent. He then published in pamphlet form a letter to Lord Bantry in which he described the misdeeds of his land agent. The pamphlet was entitled: "Letter to the Earl of Bantry or A Warning to English Purchasers of the Perils of the Irish Encumbered Estates Court: exemplified in the purchase by Lord Charles Pelham Clinton, M.P., of two Estates in the Barony of Bere, County of Cork (McGlashan, Dublin, 1854). After the publication of the pamphlet, Lord Bantry began an action of libel against its author, who states: "This was settled by a trivial apology on my part after it had come to trial."

Seven years after the disturbances on the Bantry estate, Prendergast was commissioned by his friend Vincent Scully, M.P., on behalf of the Irish members at Westminster, to investigate the clearances in Glenveagh and Derryveagh, Co. Donegal, caused by John George Adair, a notorious land jobber in the counties of Tipperary, Leix and Kildare. Adair had levelled fifty houses and had turned out three hundred and fifty people on the roadside. Two hundred members of the constabulary were needed to afford protection to this despotic new landlord. Worse still than the clearances, so far as the law was concerned, was the fact that the king's writ did not run among Adair's own retainers themselves. A young widow had married the murderer of her husband. Prendergast and the police Inspector Corr were prevented by the bailiff from investigating the scene of the murder. In order to avoid an action for libel Prendergast wisely decided to withhold publication of the facts as they came to his notice. The full story may be read in his papers. After the Derryveagh affair we get no further information of Prendergast's connection with public matters.

Engagement on the Carte Papers

Recognition of Prendergast's merits as an historian came quickly following the publication of the *Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*. He

was appointed by Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, to calendar and select for transcription the Carte MSS in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Through the influence of Lord Emly, a Catholic was chosen for collaboration in the work. The choice fell upon Rev. Dr. Russell of Maynooth. Prendergast, a Protestant (and Freemason since his first year on the Leinster Circuit) took the appointment of Dr. Russell with a bad grace. In a few weeks, however, he quite fell under the spell of the man whose influence even upon John Henry Newman is acknowledged. Amongst his last published work was a tribute to the memory of Dr. Russell, which appeared in the *Irish Monthly* in 1894, the year of Prendergast's own death. Back in Ireland from time to time he was a frequent visitor to Maynooth College for consultations with his collaborator in the Carte commission. Both the research students, Dr. Russell and Prendergast, presented their report in 1871. During the work on the Carte MSS, an assistant librarian, a Mr. Bliss, was appointed to assist the co-editors. Bliss, a former clergyman, became a convert to the Catholic Church after instructions from Dr. Russell. Prendergast has a reminiscence of the event: " Once Dr. Russell met me by appointment at T.C.D. As we were under the Library portico he said, alluding to my violence against Froude: ' Prendergast, you ought to be more guarded. You know what they say at Oxford? That I am the oil, that you are the vinegar and that Bliss is the salad that we have turned out between us' ". In later years when Prendergast had become completely anti-national in outlook and unsympathetic towards if not bitterly critical of Catholics (in his correspondence) he would still speak with deep feelings of reverence and affection for his dead friend: " To me he was an irreparable loss."

During those summers of the late 'sixties, when Prendergast and his wife were at work in the Bodleian, they were joined by their only child Francis Ensor Prendergast whose career may briefly be reviewed here. Born in 1841, he graduated in Arts and Engineering at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1863. His father tells us that his son was given the opportunity of travelling extensively in Germany, France, Switzerland and Italy. The father in a letter of the early 'sixties speaks of his ambitions for his only son: " My grandfather Thomas Prendergast, of Clonmel, attorney-at-law, Registrar of the Court of Chancery, had twentyone children, of whom fifteen or eighteen lived and had families so numerous that we number eighty-one first cousins. Of these, my two brothers and I are (by accident) almost the sole remaining residents in the land of their fathers; the rest having spread themselves into England, Scotland, the Continent of Europe, into India, Canada and the United States of America, and have prospered all, while we, condemned to this ruin of a country alone, have not made fortunes, so impossible is it for a man to escape the common lot. I have but an only son and he, I hope, will cast his lot elsewhere, be it in America, Australia or Russia (not in England); but

when his fortune is made, I hope ' after all his wandering round this world of care ' that his resolution will be here to return, here to die at home at last. With which design I have been all round Ireland with him that he may carry her image with him to distant lands." The wishes so pathetically expressed by Prendergast were all nearly to be fulfilled. Francis Ensor Prendergast emigrated to America in 1868 and settled in California, where he came into possession of extensive citrus plantations. He married in 1873 and had a family of five boys and two girls. His father's last wish for him was never fulfilled, for he died in California three years after his father's death. He was buried in his adopted country, but there is a mural tablet to his memory in Mount Jerome cemetery near his parents' grave.

Other Historical Works of Prendergast

Prendergast found time during the late 'sixties, while he was employed on the Carte MSS. commission, to devote his attention to other historical problems. He tells us that he had long acquired the practice of living two lives by rising at five o'clock in the morning and working until breakfast time. In this way perhaps he managed to find time for another of his historical works, *The Tory War in Ulster*, which appeared in 1868—but only for private circulation. But besides work published in book-form, Prendergast contributed papers to the *Kilkenny Archaeological Journal* and other Reviews. His historical knowledge was not merely that of the great trends or phases of Irish history. His detailed knowledge of family history made him the rival, if not the superior, of Sir Bernard Burke who was one of his intimate friends. The *Nation* of the early 'seventies contains some of his best work on family history extracted from the succinct and obscure pages of Howard's *Popery Cases*. Perhaps his best claim to remembrance for his contributions to the *Nation* is his scholarly refutation of Froude's distortion of the history of Ireland. Prendergast, for this work alone, should be entitled to the gratitude of all patriotic Irishmen. T. D. Sullivan the editor of the *Nation*, in his enthusiasm for Prendergast's scholarly vindication of his country, contributed a stirring ballad the concluding stanzas of which may fittingly be quoted here :

> The Saxon's libel, low and base
> He flings back in his brazen face
> And smites with truth as with a mace
> The slanderer of the Irish Race.
>
> So here's to John P. Prendergast ;
> Long may his strength and spirit last :
> May pain or sorrow ne'er o'ercast
> The life of John P. Prendergast.

Later works of Prendergast are " Some Notice of the Life of Charles Haliday " (1882) and " Ireland from the Restoration to the Revolution " (1887). He has told us in the Preface to the *Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland* of his indebtedness to Haliday. This extraordinary man, a member of the Society of Friends, was self-educated. His intellectual hobby, incongruous for a business man, was the collection of historical pamphlets. Prendergast made his acquaintance early in life and became one of a circle of literary men whose names have passed into history: Dr. Petrie, Dr. R. R. Madden, Sir Bernard Burke, Dr. James Graves the eminent physician, and Surgeon Lentaigne a French Royalist who settled in Dublin and is remembered as the doctor who attended Wolfe Tone in prison. It was from Haliday's brother William that Dr. Petrie got his knowledge of Modern Irish. Daniel Haliday, another brother, became a doctor and practised in Paris. Charles Haliday, of an older generation than Prendergast, could recall the Rebellion of 1798 and Prendergast had thus a first hand impression of the incidents of that stirring time. In a later letter long after Haliday's death he recalls his disputes with Haliday over the best way to rectify the troubles of contemporary Ireland: " Poor Haliday! When he used to cite the Pims and Perrys and other Quakers as models for the Irish . . . . men who knew how to make (and keep) money . . . . I used to say (in Cobbett's language) ' Christian Jews ' . . . . and when he would remonstrate I would put him the question . . . . Would you like Ireland to be a Nation of Quakers? " In any event Haliday, by his great collection of pamphlets now in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy, has merited well of students of Irish History.

The latter eighteen years of Prendergast's life until his death in 1894 are in sharp contrast to the period reviewed from 1848 to 1876. Our principal source of information is the voluminous correspondence carried on throughout these years with Philip H. Bagenal, then a young barrister when the correspondence opens. Bagenal, who had a strong historical bent, cultivated the companionship of Prendergast in the lonely years following the death of Prendergast's wife, Caroline, who died 8 February 1875. The correspondence is regular and follows Bagenal to London, to the United States and elsewhere. It gives us a week to week (almost) review of Prendergast's reaction to the changing political scene in Ireland from the latter days of Isaac Butt's political career until the fall of Parnell. We might almost summarise this correspondence as that everything he considered in his prime as white now becomes black and *vice versa*. It is difficult for anyone who has seen in the *Cromwellian Settlement* the scientific basis of thought that would give articulation to resurgent Nationalist Ireland, to visualise the ideas of Prendergast in the Bagenal correspondence. This is not to say that Prendergast ceased to love Ireland. It will best be understood to say that from a Liberal he changed to an uncompromising Unionist. In the years preceding Disestablish-

ment he was a strong supporter of this tardily effected measure to alleviate unrest in Ireland. He was strongly in sympathy with the views of Liberal politicians on pacifying his country.

But from now (1876) Prendergast sees Home Rule as a decoy prepared by Isaac Butt to distract the attention of the public from his debts. A letter written twenty years previously shows that he was a Nationalist in his prime: "It seems to me that there is no change in Ireland. One may in the course of the morning read of the events of 1641 and turn from them to *The Times* or Saunders of the day without any breach of continuity. The soul of Ireland is unconquered still and is unconquerable. We loathe the abuse of the English and sicken at their praise, knowing that there is but one end in their heart, our destruction. At this moment they rejoice at the prospect of a fresh sweep of the Irish off the land. We all know it and we know that sooner or later the townlands of Ireland will be again manured with the blood of Ireland's children . . . . My motto is redress or retribution." Nationalism and peasant proprietorship now come under his most violent censures. He traces the origin of Nationalistic doctrine in Ireland to the publication of Thierry's *Conquest of England* and goes back to history to prove that the great heroic figures of sixteenth and seventeenth century Ireland were King's men who fought to preserve only their own local jurisdiction under the Crown. But in these latter days Parnell and his confederates in crime are bent upon an anarchical revolution. A republic (anti-christian and anti-Catholic of the French brand) is the only possible outcome of the tactics of the Irish party under Parnell's leadership. As he forwards to young Bagenal press cuttings from the *Freeman's Journal* with appropriate comments, fierce indignation rends his heart the more that organ vacillates further from the side of the angels (Tory variety) to the side of the devil (alias Mr. Gladstone). The easement afforded the tenant farmers through Gladstone's land legislation finds no enthusiasm from this former champion of the land for the people. The Grand Old Man is indecorously metamorphosised into the Grand Old Rat-catcher. He is in doubt whether to regard the patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke, as a rogue or a ruffian who, in condoning with the principles of the Land Leaguers implicitly gave his approval to agrarian outrages not excluding murder itself. In fact the only glimmer of hope that he sees on the Irish horizon is the intransigence of the Ascendancy in the North East of Ulster—*quantum mutatus!*

The Bagenal correspondence has left us under a real debt of gratitude to Prendergast for the wealth of family and local history that may be read there. His comments, however, on the great political characters of the nineteenth century will need to be understood in the light of the change-over of his political views. But it is the Prendergast of the *Cromwellian Settlement* and the opponent of Froude whom we will always prefer to remember.

FRANCIS FINEGAN

REVIEWS

Religion and Philosophy

INTUITION ET RELIGION: Le Problème Existentialiste. Par Paul Ortegat, S.J. Bibliothèque philosophique de Louvain. Paris : Vrin ; Louvain : Éditions de l'Institut Supérieur de Philosophie. 1947. pp. 248. 110 frs. belges.

Here is a rewarding book on a difficult subject. The philosophy of religion is one of those borderline problems about which much has been written and little said. Religious psychology is still having its day ; the epistemological and metaphysical problems involved, however, have scarcely been touched. It is precisely this question of the critical and ontological implications of the religious fact that Father Ortegat examines. After a short historical sketch of the main intuitionist philosophies (p. 7–45), the author exposes the basic philosophical (p. 46–76) and religious (p. 77–103) theories of that rather amorphous group of modern thinkers, the existentialists. The central section of the book (p. 104–209) is taken up with a critical judgment on the foregoing theories. Finally (p. 210–246), Father Ortegat proposes, in broad outline, " une métaphysique religieuse qui serait réaliste, personnaliste, intuitive comme la philosophie existentialiste, mais qui serait plus compréhensive, plus constructive et plus riche."

The whole study is clear, sympathetic and constructive : clear in exposition, sympathetic in appreciation, constructive in the personal contribution offered by the author. Moreover, the writing is happily free of jargon and runs with the easy flow that comes from penetration and mastery of the subject. If one might venture any criticism, it would be that the writing is too supple, too loosely articulated, not sufficiently stretched on a firm framework of definition and terminological precision. Take, for instance, the key-word *intuition*. We are told on page 5 that intuition is that " act of the mind in which subject and object coincide". Even as the most general of descriptions, this will hardly do. As it stands, it applies equally well to any act of knowledge, according to the scholastic dictum that knower and known are identified in the act of knowing. This vagueness would matter little, however, if the author had accurately distinguished and elaborated the various forms which intuition may assume and the different levels at which it may emerge in vital activity. This he has failed to do, and the reader is left the uneasy task of bringing into focus the blurred and fluctuating contours of a central notion. The treatment of *religion* and *liberty* falls under a like stricture.

This lack of precision is particularly unfortunate in the final section of the book, in which Father Ortegat presents his own interpretation of the intuitive approach to religion. The view put forward by the author is of Blondel-Maréchal parentage : being grasped in a spontaneous intuition of the mind and the knowing of God implicit in every affirmation ; this immediacy of the Real, having its roots in the deep-set soil of human personality where will and intellect are one, resolved and explicited in freely initiated action ; this explicitation issuing, under the existential dialectic of love, in an intimacy with God, Who is at once the transcendent object and the immanent nourisher of the dynamism of the human person ; this intimacy between God and man having, on the supernatural plane, its prototype and origin in the Person and revelation of the God-Man, and its instrument of propagation in the divinely instituted Church of Christ ; finally, the grace-nurtured union with God of the mind and heart of man—*fides caritate informata*—finding its highest, although not necessary, realization in a strictly supernatural mystical experience of the Godhead.

Such a jejune résumé of the third part of Father Ortegat's study does far less than justice to the nervous vigour of the writing and the synthetic brilliance of the presentation. On every page the reader is in exciting contact with a stimulating mind. It is the greater pity, then, that the very first step in this powerful and closely-knit exposition has not been subjected to more stringent analysis. We have a spontaneous intuition of being. What is the precise nature of this intuition? It does not belong to sense-knowledge ; for sense, although intuitive, is not a faculty of being. Our immediate grasp of being is, therefore—at least, in part—intellectual. But is it an intellectual intuition strictly so called? If so, what is its determined and immediately present object? Is this object the self? Have we an intellectual intuition of the self, or do we know it only in and through its acts? Perhaps our lived contact with being is to be found in an affirmation of the absolute order of reality, in a basic existential judgment, in what Maréchal has called " the dynamic substitute for intuition". These are problems and questions that should have been raised and tackled.

Fault-finding may seem an ungenerous note on which to end a review. Some books, however, demand criticism as one of the higher forms of praise. *Intuition et Religion* is of their number.

JOSEPH O'MARA

THE PHILOSOPHER'S WAY. By Jean Wahl. London: Cumberlege (for the Oxford University Press). 1948. 21s.

THE strongest reason for public apathy towards rational speculation is probably that the history of philosophy is mainly a record of blunders. Those, however, who lack religious faith have found in the conflicting diversity of systems a golden opportunity (though unacknowledged perhaps even to themselves) of suiting their beliefs and moral principles to their own convenience. But philosophy cannot much longer win an audience on such terms. People are realising that a world so crowded and complex as ours must drift into anarchy unless it is planned on principles the truth of which has been conclusively demonstrated. The illusion that such an absolutely firm foundation for all human knowledge could be found in the experimental sciences has already been shattered. Scientists themselves are floundering out of their depth, and the possibility of studying ever larger and larger spaces in astronomy, ever smaller and smaller elements in atomic physics, has made clear the futility of hoping to reach finality by empirical investigation. It is inevitable that people will again rest their hope of finding the truth that matters for worldly prosperity where it should always have rested—in philosophers. But the readers of M. Wahl's book will not find their hope fulfilled ; these hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

M. Wahl is an eclectic philosopher without, it seems, much faith in the efficacy of philosophy. His own solutions of its problems are brief, perfunctory, and diffident. For him the real value of philosophy is in the excitement of the chase, even though we may never know whether we are chasing a living truth or an electric hare or a will-o'-the-wisp. His method of arriving at a conclusion is to study the history of man's attempts throughout the ages to solve each problem and to choose what seems to him the likeliest opinion of those advanced, with a marked tendency to take as the last word on any subject what is literally the last word.

M. Wahl is, therefore, subject to the influences of various schools. From the empiricists he takes his idea of causality, calling the effect a function of the cause. It seems pertinent to ask whether function in this context is anything more than a woolly word for an effect. Of substances he says, in Locke's manner, that the problem of the connection between substances " ceases to disturb us when we

think of substances as effluences, influences, and effulgences ". It must be confessed that the particular " effulgence " who is writing this review felt himself even more than ordinarily disconnected with reality when he read these words. He is still rebelliously asking himself the forbidden question : what is he an effulgence *of*? Existentialism has given M. Wahl his idea of existence as existence in this world, the experience of existence, which leaves him without a word for what others think of as existence outside of this world. Logical positivism has taught him to enquire into the meaning of meaning ; this practice of demanding a further explanation of every statement made can prevent, for an indefinite time, even the clearest thinker from saying anything at all, as was exemplified a little while ago in the broadcast debate between Bertrand Russell and Father Copleston.

M. Wahl rejects the idea of being because he is influenced both by idealism and nominalism. Hegel says, with M. Wahl's approval, that pure being is the poorest of all ideas because it contains no distinguishable perfections ; therefore it cannot exist. To an idealist it is reasonable to say that what is not understood does not exist. But to a realist it is quite possible for what is not understood to exist. Again M. Wahl objects that, since some things differ completely one from another, they cannot have a common concept of being. This is the view of a nominalist for whom analogy reduces to equivocacy or a mere convention of language. The agnosticism of M. Wahl's doctrines of God and the human soul can be inferred from the doctrines mentioned above. But it is noteworthy that he rejects the traditional proofs for the existence of God for the reasons given by Kant and Bergson. As the two latter reject these proofs on the presuppositions of their own philosophies, it follows that M. Wahl rejects them as inconsistent with principles that are inconsistent amongst themselves and indeed with M. Wahl's own. Though, finally, M. Wahl accepts Bergson's view of human existence saying (in words which the present reviewer read with a sense of telepathy) " To be *and* not to be—that is the solution ".

But the reason why the thinking of a learned and fair-minded man should issue in such bewilderment will be clear to any Thomist reader. M. Wahl regards the history of philosophy as interrupted at the death of Aristotle and only resumed in Descartes. In his few allusions to the medieval Scholastics he dismisses them with a compassionate shrug. He takes it for granted that they merely repeated the philosophy of Aristotle and are open to the same objections as he. His attack on Aristotle is directed on only one doctrine, matter and form. Aristotle, he declares, committed a tautology when he defined substance as a union of matter and form. But Aristotle did not define even material substance in this way, and it is not a tautology to equate a thing not defined in terms of its component parts with the union of its component parts. Again he thinks it absurd of Aristotle to assert that matter only becomes a substance by the addition of form which is not a substance. But Aristotle is here asserting only that the part (form) is not the whole, which is not absurd. Actually M. Wahl's knowledge of Aristoteleanism is imperfect. He cites as an Aristotelean definition of space the words *partes extra partes*, which are a definition of extension, and states that for Aristotle the efficient cause is the *action* of the artist. And it is with a sense of weariness that one finds a rather rudimentary version of the Thomistic doctrine of thought as a union of act with act attributed to William James as its discoverer ; that doctrine is rightly said, however, to " free us from the theory of representative ideas ".

Nevertheless these remarks are aimed less at M. Wahl than at the modern philosophical tradition that he represents. For after all it must be acknowledged that he has written a book, for all its defects, that is original, interesting, and valuable though its value may not be quite of the kind intended by the author. All

philosophers, including Scholastics, will find it of unique service in presenting them, in excellent English style, with a birds-eye view of the entire field of their adversaries, ancient and modern. Considering the enormously wide reading that has gone to its making the book is remarkably free from superficiality and inaccuracy except when it deals with the Scholastics. Half a century ago Janet and Séailles published a History of Philosophy in the form of a series of monographs on the history of the solutions of particular problems taken separately. But their work has had its day. M. Wahl's book not only is more up-to-date but it pays more attention to the reasons determining the development of an idea in its passage from mind to mind. All philosophical libraries will need this book. It may be added that Thomists with more than an elementary knowledge of Thomism will, without much difficulty, find conclusive answers to all the problems here raised and will rediscover the power of their philosophy to meet any possible challenge from modern thought. They may also have to reproach themselves for having affected modern thought so little. A. L.

LES DOCTRINES EXISTENTIALISTES de Kierkegaard à J. -P. Sartre. Par Régis Jolivet. Paris : Editions de Fontenelle, Abbaye S. Wandrille. 1948. pp. 375.

THE Abbé Jolivet devotes almost one half (153 pages) of his study of existentialism to Heidegger and Sartre ; Jaspers and Marcel occupy a quarter of the book, Kierkegaard and Nietzsche a ninth, while the remaining sixty-five pages are divided between an introduction, a conclusion and an appendix on the phenomenology of Husserl. Except in the introduction and conclusion, the text is concerned with an objective account of the thought of the six authors under consideration ; appreciation and criticism are confined to notes. The grouping into couples is easily understandable and, one might say, traditional : Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, the precursors ; Heidegger and Sartre, the representatives of atheistic existentialism ; Jaspers and Marcel, whose conclusions (?) are openly theistic and religious. The writing is clear—as clear, perhaps, as the subject matter allows. The Abbé Jolivet has written a conscientious handbook of existentialism and has provided a valuable repertory of significant existentialist pronouncements. The book, however, is not for the uninitiated : it is misleading in emphasis and, it would seem, too impersonal in approach. These strictures call for development and justification.

And, first, the question of emphasis. To judge by the space allotted to them in the Abbé Jolivet's study, Heidegger and Sartre are *the* existentialists ' par excellence '. And so they are—in common belief. But this popular opinion is erroneous, and it ought to have been scotched in any authoritative account of existentialism. In the public eye Sartre holds the centre of the stage. Few, even amongst the specialists, have read *L'Etre et le Néant* from the beginning to the bitter end, and fewer still would honestly claim to have understood everything they read ; but most novel-readers have at least heard of *La Nausée*, and most playgoers of *Huis Clos*, *Les Mouches* and *La Putain Respectueuse*—that is, of those indirect channels of Sartrian propaganda through which flows an endless stream of morbid latrinity :

> Look your most on all things ugly
> Every hour.

It is through such plays and novels as these, and through the novels of Sartre's literary satellites—Albert Camus, George Bataille, Simone de Beauvoir—that atheistic and nihilistic themes have come to be taken as the only valid expressions of an authentic existentialism. But, as the Abbé Jolivet very pertinently points

out (p. 150, note 13), " l'expérience de la nausée ne peut avoir de valeur qu'individuelle . . . C'est une expérience de J. -P. Sartre et rien de plus. Sa ' valeur métaphysique ' n'est elle-même qu'une expression subjective de l'individu Roquentin . . . A cette expérience, en tout cas, on peut opposer d'autres *expériences* exactement contraires, appelant comme telles, c'est-à-dire à titre également subjectif, une vision totalement différente du monde". As basic, lived ' situations ', Sartre's *absurdity* and Heidegger's *anguish* are not more fundamental or more genuine than the *embodiment* and *communion* of Marcel: they are merely more debased and more melodramatic.

It is not, therefore, as the only true representatives of existentialist analysis that Heidegger and Sartre have been chosen for special treatment. Nor can it be for chronological reasons: Jaspers preceded Heidegger, and Sartre was in his 'teens when Marcel was writing his *Journal Métaphysique*—(the same *Journal Métaphysique* from which Sartre has borrowed copiously and without acknowledgement). Why, then? One answer alone seems plausible: Heidegger and Sartre are by far the most systematic of all the existentialists. *Sein und Zeit* and *L'Etre et le Néant* could pass for veritable philosophic treatises. Reading them, the critic finds himself on familiar ground, recognises old faces in the perennial problems of the one and the many, change, liberty, objectivity and subjectivity, God and creation. There is something for the accustomed mind to bite on. And, as a dialectician, Sartre is fascinating. It is a pleasure to cross swords with him, to parry and thrust with the logic of long usage. There is the satisfaction, too, of testing out the strength and validity of the central themes of Thomist philosophy—the analogy of being, potency and act, the principle of metaphysical causality—and of discovering that they emerge victorious from the testing.

On reflection, however, one realises that it is an empty victory. It is on this head precisely that the place of honour accorded by the Abbé Jolivet to Heidegger and Sartre is misleading. The reader is lulled into the deceptive conviction that he has witnessed a refutation in form of the official text-books of existentialism. But in these very works, where they might seem to be the high-priests of the most modern of philosophic movements, Heidegger and Sartre are least existentialist. They might far more easily be mistaken for rationalistic idealists, blood relations of Hegel. They both, with greater or less explicitness, claim to be erecting an existentialist ontology: indeed, this very claim is emphasised by Heidegger's insistence that his philosophy is existential, not existentiel.

That they, Heidegger and Sartre, should realise the inevitability of a general theory of being and that they should set themselves to the building up of such a theory is all to their credit. But they cannot have their cake and eat it. They have set themselves an impossible task—the erection of an ontology on a foundation which, by hypothesis, excludes any generalisation. They are not content to take up the only valid existentialist position—the position adopted by Marcel and, to a lesser extent and with certain internal inconsistencies, by Jaspers—of using the phenomenological analysis of the ' Dasein ', of the ' pour soi ', as a propaedeutic to metaphysics; instead, they commit the very error of which they accuse all traditional philosophical thinking; they essentialise existence. They would be more genuinely existentialist if they remained satisfied with what Marcel calls " une métaphysique implicite ", if they recognised their philosophy for what it is—a method rather than a doctrine, an attitude of mind rather than an organised system. In giving Heidegger and Sartre pride of place amongst existentialists, the Abbé Jolivet has helped to perpetuate a common misunderstanding.

Finally, a word about the impersonal approach. The Abbé Jolivet did not intend to write a series of short biographies, and he was quite right. The purely

biographical is a poor substitute for the study of a mentality and spirit. Yet the mind and the spirit have their proper biography, and to neglect it is to miss what is most vital in a living body of thought. This is especially true of the existentialist. To approach Kierkegaard, Marcel, Sartre from the outside is to forgo all contact with the inner springs and genesis of their thought. The Abbé Jolivet has failed to get inside their skins, to see through their eyes, to live their ' situations ' of anguish, absurdity or communion. As a result, they never come to life ; they remain lay figures, objects. For the existentialist, self and doctrine are identified ; to pass over the whole inner life of the man is to lose the essential meaning of the thought. One feels that the Abbé Jolivet has not allowed himself to penetrate, with sympathetic insight, the fundamental intuitions of the existentialists whom he has undertaken to study. It is a pity ; for this aloofness takes away from the very real qualities of clarity and sincerity which mark every page of the book.

JOSEPH O'MARA

MIN KAN. The Mystical Meaning of Possessing Fish-eyes. By H. Heras, S.J. Bombay : Hind Kitabs. 1947. R. 4–8.

A BOOK on the mystical meaning of fish-eyes is likely to disconcert one by its title. And when on the first page one reads that " the voice of the Yaksa was revealed to be that of a Dharma " one needs the courage of George Washington to confess that one had never quite accurately grasped their difference. Add to this the grotesque adventure of stumbling bewildered through forests of exotic names and strange words, and one's first impression of having strayed into Jabberwocky is strengthened. Nothing could be further from the truth than to call this a funny book. But it is right to indicate its superficial queerness ; for it is the key to its irresistible magic and beauty and, as it were, the music of its thought. " I like my poetry rum " said a recent Oxford don. He would have loved this book.

But essentially it is a deeply serious study in comparative religion. Its unostentatious scholarship is astounding for its wide, varied, and curious erudition. Its impulse derives from the symbolism of the fish. The fish became a symbol of our Lord in Christianity by the coincidence of an acrostic. But in Brahmanism it is a symbol with a proper significance ; for the Indians had noted that fishes sleep with their eyes open and therefore seem to miss nothing. And so with delightful daring they declared that God had fish-eyes, because He knew all and missed nothing. But opposite God is the world of change, created by Him (so Fr. Heras interprets the Vedantic texts), and men dwell therein. They also can have fish-eyes in a lower grade by knowing God and so learning to see in all things what He sees in them, which is only His image. The salvation of the soul, begun in this world and continued for all eternity, is achieved by knowledge of God leading to vision, but necessarily requires also love and good works. So the Protestant doctrine of justification by faith alone is as heretical to Hindus as to Catholics. The necessity of divine grace, of asceticism and of the practice of Ignatian indifference, as well as of living for the glory of God, is then proved by quotation to be just as important to the Vedantics as it is to Christians. Obviously the conclusion is that the natural religion on which Hinduism is based (and even Taoism and Zoroastrianism, suggests Fr. Heras) is in all important points exactly the same as that presupposed by the Faith of Christ.

Many scholars both Brahman and Christian, Indian and European, agree with Fr. Heras, and it behoves one who is not an oriental linguist to be cautious in criticism. Nevertheless the interpretation that he calls " crude " still seems to be commoner than his. This interpretation agrees with his in acknowledging the accuracy and nobility of the Vedantic concept of God. He does not allude to the theory, supported

by numismatic and other evidences of Greek civilization in the Indus valley that that concept owed its clarity to inklings of Aristotle's philosophy bequeathed by Alexander the Great after his victory at the Hydaspes ; but the point is of secondary importance. Moreover all admit that Ramanuja in the twelfth century was monotheist and realist. But the " crude " interpretation maintains that the Indians before Ramanuja and many after him never reconciled the Infinite with the possibility of the finite and therefore, to save their concept of God from contradiction, were reduced to pantheism by being forced to consider all things except God as an illusion and a dream. Fr. Heras on the other hand declares that most of the Vedantics including the greatest of all, Sankara, the eighth century metaphysician, were neither pantheist nor idealist. For him naturally the importance of Ramanuja disappears, and he mentions Ramanuja's name in his book only once and in a footnote.

Now the problem of interpreting the Vedantic philosophy can be briefly shown : it is exactly the same problem as that which arises in the interpretation of John Scotus Eriugena. The Brahmans quite correctly call God pure Being and quite correctly conceive Him as such. They call the world outside of Him non-being. Do they mean by non-being that the world is non-real or only that it is non-God ? Fr. Heras holds that it only means non-God. He argues his point by a multitude of quotations. But it must be said that the quotations are not unambiguous in themselves. They seem so when he interprets them, but on trial they prove equally susceptible of another meaning. He scores however one valid point when in a quotation from the modern writer, Dasgupta, he reveals that Sankara had argued against the Brahman idealists. Against his interpretation is the explicit Vedantic corollary to the concept of God as the One after Whom there is no other, which is alluded to in many quotations on page 12. The argument is that a perfection cannot be infinite, cannot contain all perfection, if there is another perfection outside of it. The logic of this argument seems to imply that since the Divine Perfection is infinite, limited perfection outside of it is impossible.

I state the difficulty diffidently, aware of the danger of challenging an expert. But whatever may be said of it, Fr. Heras has undoubtedly proved a deep sympathy of outlook between the Catholic and the Hindu. They alone in the modern world understand how all-pervasive, how all-important a thing religion is. Indeed Fr. Heras truly says that, while both religions acknowledge the principle that all things speak of God, the Hindu alone actually does speak of God in every part of his philosophy, while the Scholastics in most of their work only do so occasionally. But perhaps in his admirable enthusiasm for Indian metaphysics he is over-looking the difficulty of constructing a rigidly scientific and logical philosophy on what is first in reality by means of an abstractive intelligence that cannot know first what is first in reality.

And why after all did we first think this fascinating book queer, exquisite though it is for philosophers, poets, and holy people who desire only the best in spiritual reading ? It is because we men are queer, being material. And we are queerest in thinking that matter, the only existing thing that is in itself unintelligible, is the only thing that we can understand. We cannot defend our food-preferences. We cannot understand what colour is. We cannot understand the piece of wood that we are chipping since, though we know that we must finish at last, no law declares at any time or stage that another chip is impossible. Matter is on the verge of chaos, which is nothing. Yet we pretend to understand it ; and God, Who is Intelligibility itself, seems strange to all of us but those who themselves seem strange, the mystics. But the joke is on us. We think divine things queer, because we are queer. And God, looking upon us, sees our mistake though He is too polite to show it.

A. L.

History

SAINT JOAN OF ARC. By V. Sackville-West. (Revised Edition). London: Michael Joseph. 1948. 12s. 6d.

JOAN OF ARC AND THE RECOVERY OF FRANCE. By Alice Buchan. (Teach Yourself History Library). English Universities Press. 1948. 5s.

SANCTITY WILL OUT. An Essay on Saint Joan. By Georges Bernanos. London: Sheed & Ward. 1947. 6s.

SAINT JOAN: The Woman and the Saint. by Etienne Robo. (Second Edition). London: Burns Oates. 1948. 4s. 6d.

THE recent technicolour film "Joan of Arc" revives interest in a problem that has fascinated many students and writers during the past hundred years. Little or nothing has been added to the mass of authentic material which Quicherat made available in 1861 when he published the five volumes of his *Procès de condemnation et de réhabilitation*, though M. Pierre Champion made the task of students much easier when he published (in 1921) his text of the *Procès de condemnation*, with a French translation, introduction and critical notes.[1] In its essence the problem is one of judgment, not of detailed scholarship. It is not often that we get the chance of reading successive judgments on the same case as tried before such distinguished judges as M. Anatole France, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Father Herbert Thurston, Miss Virginia Sackville-West, Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Miss Alice Buchan: not to mention a dozen or so of other writers (including Mark Twain) who, on the basis of more or less accurate knowledge of the facts, have said their say. Quite recently (in *The Month* for May 1949) Father Paul Doncoeur, S.J., has told us how intimately he was associated with the production of this new film, having been asked to act as historical adviser to the producers in Holywood. Since Father Doncoeur claims that he has been "engaged for twenty years on the exploration of sources for the establishment of a day-to-day 'Joan of Arc' calendar" for the years 1429, 1430 and 1431, it is plain that the interpretation which most of us have seen on the screen cannot be dismissed as a mere commercial venture. That interpretation is utterly different from the version of Joan's trial which Mr. Shaw has made familiar in his famous play. Who is right? Was Joan essentially a Protestant before her time? Were her judges less wicked and unscrupulous than French tradition (and the recent technicolour film) would have us believe?

I have no hesitation in saying that you are most likely to get a fair-minded, sympathetic account of Joan's astonishing career and of her lamentable trial in Miss Sackville-West's biography than in any other book known to me. It is indeed surprising that this fine work (which was first published in 1936) should have passed so quickly from common memory. Forty years ago Andrew Lang made a comment which is as true to-day as it was then, possibly more true: "The mournful truth is that the historian has a much better chance of being read if he gives free play to his fancy than if he is strictly accurate." Anatole France had just published his audacious two-volume biography when Lang wrote those words, and many Englishmen as well as Frenchmen were enjoying his brilliant anti-clerical diatribe. Of France's accuracy little need be said. Miss Sackville-West sums it all up in a shrewd comment which she prints in her Bibliography: "A controversial, brilliant work, which may infuriate, but can never bore the reader. References as to sources of information unbelievably inaccurate: mistrust them all." The first sentence of this brief verdict might safely be taken as a fair summary also of Mr. Shaw's play—but not the second. He at least had paid Joan the compliment of reading the narrative of her first trial

[1] An English translation was published by W. P. Barrett in 1931: *The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc* (Broadway Medieval Library).

in great detail. His fault is the fault one might expect in such a writer : far too great confidence that his own interpretation of the evidence is the only possible and right interpretation. He has made a great dramatic character of Bishop Cauchon, whom Joan herself counted her chief enemy in the trial ; and he interprets the whole first trial as the tragedy of a conflict between two protagonists, each genuinely convinced of the rectitude of his or her conduct. Read Miss Sackville-West's careful analysis of the evidence, and you will perhaps begin to wonder whether Shaw's Bishop Cauchon is not an imaginative creation, a product of the Shavian mind.

The root of the trouble lies in the difficulty of finding a sure answer to two formidable questions of historical criticism. How far are the extant records of the first trial an honest and trustworthy record of what actually took place at Rouen between February 21 and May 30, 1431 ? How far is it safe to trust any of the statements made by the witnesses in the Process of Rehabilitation which opened in 1450, but was not formally closed until Calixtus III revoked the sentence of condemnation in 1456 ? Mr. Shaw dismisses the whole mass of this later evidence as manifestly biassed and worthless : indeed no scholar could feel any confidence in much that was deposed on oath by witnesses who had then every reason to appear in public as Joan's faithful followers. But we should have a strangely distorted view of Joan's early life at Domremy, were we to rely wholly on the tendencious evidence of the first trial concerning the " Voices " and the whole background of Joan's simple childhood. And there is one important item in the evidence given at the second trial which is confirmed by an authentic documentary record from the last session of the first trial. Most characteristically (for there have been few shrewder critics of such evidence) Father Herbert Thurston put his finger on this single item as his main reason for doubting the historical accuracy of Shaw's Bishop Cauchon. What he wrote was printed in *Studies* (September 1924) and is well worth reading to-day after the lapse of a full quarter of a century. Father Thurston's argument concerns a supplement to the *Procès de condemnation*, which " purports to be the record of a meeting, held a week after Joan's death and attended by the judges and seven other prominent assessors at the trial". This document is written in the same hand as the rest of the earlier proceedings : that is to say, in the hand of an official clerk. But all the earlier pages of the *Procès* are authenticated by the signature of the registrars (*greffiers*) whose signature is a guarantee of the truthfulness of the record. These signatures are missing from the record contained in this supplement ; and some of the statements alleged to have been made by the assessors at this final meeting were later expressly denied by these same men on oath as witnesses in the second trial. They concern an all-important question. Did Joan, on the last day of her life, explicitly disavow her former belief in the " Voices " ? According to the evidence of this unauthenticated record, she did. According to the witness of two priests who were assessors at the trial and who were standing near her at the last scene, she maintained her faith in the " Voices " to the end.

Bishop Cauchon, as Father Thurston points out, must be held responsible for this fabrication, if fabrication it is—and his motive for wishing to have such an avowal on record is plain enough. This news of Joan's final recantation was despatched, in the name of the King of England, to royal personages and bishops all over Europe on the very morrow of this last session of the court at Rouen. Could we have a sharper reminder of the intense interest with which these legal proceedings were being watched outside Normandy and England ? These English-paid judges needed to justify their verdict before a wider tribunal than that which sat at Rouen.

Here, viewed simply as a historical problem, is (in my view) the essential weakness of Mr. Shaw's interpretation of Cauchon's actions. Because the bishop was slow in obtaining the verdict which Englishmen such as Warwick were demanding from the first, so that the English soldiers at Rouen came to believe in the end that the

bishop was acting secretly in the Maid's interests, Mr. Shaw would have us believe that the first trial was scrupulously fair, within the established procedure of trial before a medieval Inquisition. That is a possible interpretation. But most scholars take another view : that Cauchon was from the first as determined as Warwick to make sure of condemnation and death, but that he was forced to keep an anxious eye on public opinion in France and throughout Europe ; and that the final, lamentable scenes of recantation, disappointment, fresh defiance by the Maid and death were most probably planned and made to happen precisely in the way which was best calculated to discredit Joan as a sorceress, a heretic, a common adventurer. It is not a pretty picture, but at least it is what Joan herself seems to have believed. " Bishop, you take too much on yourself." " You write what is against me, but not what is for me." " Bishop, I die through you." These are stern words, and they do not make it easy for us to take the records of the first trial for granted as authentic and complete.

Miss Alice Buchan, within the narrow limits of the small volumes which Mr. A. L. Rowse has planned for his " Teach Yourself History Library " has written a very readable and moving account of Joan's career and of her tragic fate. Her verdict is very much the verdict of Miss Sackville-West and of Father Paul Doncoeur : the Maid dies as the victim of a plot which, in its final ugly scenes within the prison-cell, is almost unbearably wicked. Miss Buchan knows the technique of historical novel-writing, but here she sets herself to give a plain, straightforward account of Joan's life and death, set against the complicated background of France and England in the last phases of the Hundred Years War.

M. Georges Bernanos, as one might expect, uses the Maid as a pretext for airing his own views on sanctity : " From the Pope down to the little altar-boy drinking the wine left over from the cruets, everyone knows that there are not many famous preachers in the Calendar of Saints—not many priest-diplomatists." I wonder what Saint Bernard would have made of M. Bernanos—or Saint Francis de Sales. Father Etienne Robo is a Breton priest, whose parish-church at Farnham is dedicated to Saint Joan. He has written this little book as a protest against Mr. Shaw's " pert " and " bossy " young woman ; he is a devotee of St. Joan and a staunch defender of the traditional French view. But he is also a shrewd man of business : he has coaxed Mr. Shaw into writing a letter of criticism which is here printed as a sort of preface to the second edition of Father Robo's booklet. Not a bad bargain for four shillings and sixpence !

A.G.

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF IRISHMEN IN FRANCE. By Richard Hayes. Dublin : M. H. Gill. 1949. 15s. net.

YOUNG IRELAND AND 1848. By Denis Gwynn. Cork University Press. 1949. 17s. 6d. net.

DANIEL O'CONNELL : Nine Centenary Essays. Edited by Professor Michael Tierney. Dublin : Browne & Nolan. 1949. 15s. net.

THESE three books enrich our historical library. The first two contain a wealth of material not hitherto accessible : the third, though most of it deals with facts already familiar in the huge volume of O'Connell literature, gives us a cool and well-balanced judgment on O'Connell, such as we find nowhere else.

Readers of *Studies* are familiar with Dr. Hayes's work, and all the more will be glad to possess it in book form, as revised and amplified and published by the aid of the Publication Committee of the National University. Here are the stories of over 300 Irishmen whose careers were in France : churchmen, soldiers, scholars, revolutionaries, merchants, corsairs : even duellists and adventurers and scoundrels. Most writers, if possessed of Dr. Hayes's immense and rare knowledge and gift of

vivid writing, would be disposed to present their lore in chapters on the Irish monks, the Jacobites, and so on ; and readers may wish that the author had furnished, as an appendix, tables or lists of names in such categories. The alphabetical method, however, makes for thoroughness. By some wizardry, Dr. Hayes does make a work arranged for reference as readable as if it were intended solely for delight.

Antiquity is here : Dicuil, Donnchad and Dungal, St. Fiacre and St. Fursa are treated, although Erigena, most brilliant of Irish intellects in olden time, is unaccountably omitted. The main bulk of the work concerns figures of the 17th and 18th centuries. This is natural ; for the Continent, and chiefly France, was the field of Irish activity in that age. At home, there were serfs ; in France, there were fine gentleman and brilliant intellects. In some 300 pages, we see a pageant of racial achievement that tells us what Ireland might have been, had all Irish talent been granted scope at home.

Indeed, young folk who are sometimes depressed by the gloom of Irish history would do well to read here of *le fameux O'Mahoni*, defender of Cremona ; Sir Charles Wogan, whose romantic career made him Governor of Don Quixote's province ; and Abbé MacGeoghegan, chaplain of the Brigade and Irish historian ; and less familiar notabilities like the *avocat* Keating who wrote memoirs of Prince Charlie and translated Pope's Homer into French ; the Chevalier Mehegan, an *encyclopédiste* : the journalist O'Reilly who managed the Pantheon opera and planned gun vessels for Napoleon ; Colonel Warren, royalist poet—but this notice would be as long as the book itself if it told the book's fascination. One must mention Hilaire Belloc's ancestor, and General de Gaulle's, both " Wild Geese ", and may a line be spared to regret that Dr. Hayes did not mention that Lally of Tollendal's name was restored to the French Army List a dozen years ago, in tardy reparation for the wrong done that soldier two centuries earlier ?

Professor Gwynn's volume on the Young Irelanders is a work of first rate importance, inasmuch as it is based largely on documents that have not been used by any earlier historian ; and contains the fullest and most trustworthy account of the Rising of 1848—and of the events leading up to it, from the first rift between the young men and O'Connell—ever published. Accepted estimates of men and events must be re-examined in the light of the new knowledge. How far must we revise our opinions ?

Smith O'Brien is revealed as a more considerable figure in the Young Ireland departure than the picture of him as merely a noble romantic had taught us to believe. Davis is shewn as at fault, in his quarrel with the Liberator, through a degree of prejudice—not to say petulance—that we had not suspected. Mitchel is seen as dynamic—indeed, but as tactless and unsuited to co-operate with men like Meagher, who knew the South better than he. The Rising itself is seen as gallant, and Dillon as a figure of splendid courage and principle ; but the enterprise is shewn as doomed from the start through a misjudging of the country folk. Father Kenyon proves to have failed his friends and to be greatly at fault in his bitterness. When we give full weight to these new considerations, however, we recall the youth of Davis and Mitchel and the age of O'Connell. Was not the conflict between energy and lethargy inevitable ? Would not the young men have mellowed, if the outworn movement had yielded the leadership to them in time ? Was not Padraic Pearse, a year before his natural apotheosis, as little known as Mitchel ?

The President of University College shewed in a book on Newman a rare talent for turning a " symposium " of essays into a convincing composite portrait. He uses this gift to yet greater advantage in the volume on O'Connell, in which he pre-

sents his complex subject in nine aspects, through the co-operation of experts who evidently share his conception of the Liberator.

Professor Gerard Murphy opens with a study of that Gaelic background, that Ossianic Kerry, out of which O'Connell entered the modern world. He surely touches the vital truth about O'Connell (and also about our own Gaelic revival), when he deplores the breach which took place in O'Connell's day, and argues that bilingualism would have allowed for a Gaelic humanism to colour Irish life when English became the language of affairs. Dr. Wall writes on O'Connell's Continental education, and Mr. Kennedy Roche on his attitude to revolution and Liberalism. These essays supply the European background.

Then Dr. Patrick Rogers, writing on Emancipation, and the editor, writing on Repeal, retell the familiar story of O'Connell's political action ; if their story is familiar, it is given in better focus than ever before. Professor Gwynn deals with Young Ireland and concentrates in 35 pages the matter of his own book. Then follow essays by Mr. de Vere White and Dr. John Hennig on English and Continental opinion. These are exceptionally interesting reading. They prove, what Irishmen too easily may overlook, the status of the Irish leader in world affairs. They demonstrate that O'Connell, probably more than any other man, bound the cause of democracy to the Catholic cause a hundred years before the totalitarian persecution of both. (One wishes that Dr. Hennig had described that funeral oration for O'Connell which Padre Ventura preached at the Requiem ordered by Pope Pius in Rome, developing the doctrine that Religion needs liberty to prosper and that liberty prospers through Religion ; a lesson that he drew from O'Connell's career).

Finally, Mr. John J. Horgan writes on O'Connell the man, drawing a loving and faithful portrait which explains, if we needed it, the trust that the race reposed in an examplar of those qualities which our people value most. It is a glowing essay, but a true interpretation. When Mr. Horgan deals so well with O'Connell's domestic felicity, one wonders whether he would agree with the thesis of a drama on O'Connell's career which was produced a few years ago, without gaining approval : namely, that O'Connell's failure in the Repeal battle was due to the loss of his partner, good Mary O'Connell, who had been his strength throughout his earlier toils.

A. de B.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LOLLARDS' TOWER. By Arthur Ogle. Oxford : Pen-in-Hand Books. 1949. 21s.

STREET LIFE IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND. By G. T. Salusbury. Oxford : Pen-in-Hand Books. 1948. 8s. 6d.

THE first half of Mr. Ogle's book is as exciting as any good detective story—and the reader is as free to accept or reject some of the ingenious arguments which the author brings in support of his thesis. For my part I find it quite impossible to accept what is evidently his own pet discovery—that Bishop FitzJames of London and his chancellor Horsey, not content with planning and carrying through the murder of Richard Hunne as he lay their prisoner in the Lollards' Tower on a charge of heresy, set themselves also to fake evidence after his death for proof that the murdered man was in truth a heretic, whose death by violence was thus, to all good Catholics, no loss but gain. It is not a new discovery. Mr. Ogle has held this view since 1901, when he was investigating the evidence concerning so-called Lollard Bibles. The reader must weigh the evidence himself and form his own conclusion. As to the fate of Hunne—murder or suicide—I confess to having an open mind ; if murder, I feel sure that we shall never know for certain who murdered him on the night of Sunday, December 3, 1514. But the evidence that Hunne was in fact a heretic was strong enough to convince Sir Thomas More, who was present at the trial and who states

plainly that he knew the whole story " from top to toe". Mr. Ogle's reconstruction of the story is on this point, to me at least, frankly incredible.

But the whole point of Hunne's tragedy is that it matters little whether the Bishop's chancellor did or did not in fact murder this prosperous London merchant. What really matters is that public opinion in London was quick to believe that the bishop and the chancellor were guilty. The best chapters in this stimulating re-examination of an old story are those in which Mr. Ogle insists on the political importance of anti-clerical feelings in London some years before any Londoner had ever heard the name of Martin Luther. So strong was this feeling that Bishop FitzJames implored the King to grant his chancellor purgation without the risk of trial by jury, urging that no London jury could be trusted in such a matter. How public opinion could have become so hostile to clerical privilege, and so suspicious of clerical influence, is plain enough to those who know the story of the later Middle Ages. Wolsey's career was yet to be made when Hunne's case threw the City of London into a ferment of excitement. But clerical privilege was an old-standing grievance ; and Hunne differed from his fellow citizens only in the boldness of his act when he sued a writ of praemunire against his parish priest, who had sued him in the bishop's court for non-payment of a mortuary claimed by the priest for the death of Hunne's infant child. All London was quick to believe that the bishop's counter-charge of heresy was no more than an angry prelate's vengeance for this inconvenient challenge to his authority.

Praemunire is a word of evil omen in the history of the English Church. Its sinister power is not lessened by the sense of mystery that has always attached to its precise meaning and scope. Mr. Ogle is an Anglican clergyman with a special interest in problems of canon law. His explanation of the terms " writ of praemunire " and " statute of provisors and praemunire " is written for the average reader, but is none the less a shrewd piece of historical commentary. Characteristically enough, he confesses that he had written the whole of his chapter on this central topic before he knew anything of an authoritative essay on the subject which was printed in the *English Historical Review* more than twenty-five years ago. There is an engaging quality of amateur detective work about all this book which makes it fresh and stimulating as well as most readable. Hunne's own suit of praemunire was a foolishly rash adventure, which ended, as it was bound to end, in speedy failure once his case came before the King's judges. But praemunire was to become a terribly powerful weapon before the reign was over, and Mr. Ogle is fully justified in some of the hard words which he has for the lawyers who twisted an ancient statute so unscrupulously to suit their immediate purpose. That purpose, from first to last, was the subjection of the clergy to the courts of Common Law. The lawyers won in 1533 and 1534 : we are seeing too many fruits of their victory to-day in the growth of modern totalitarian states.

Thomas Cromwell, lawyer and political adventurer, is the central figure in the second half of Mr. Ogle's book. Here again there is a certain element of detective work, for Cromwell was so careful to cover his traces during the first phase of his rise to power that every student of his career is free to speculate as to the extent of his personal influence at each new stage of the political drama. I think that Mr. Ogle has been perhaps too ready to believe that Cromwell, the English Machiavelli, was always the brains behind all the significant acts in this astonishingly efficient revolution. After all, Henry VIII was no fool, and he had no mean notion of his kingly power. Why should we name Cromwell for example as the man who first conceived the plan of claiming the King as Supreme Head of the Church of England ? May not the notion have first occurred to that restlessly active royal mind and will ? But, one or two such minor details apart, I have found this analysis of the work done by Henry's " Long Parliament " most helpful and most stimulating. Mr.

Ogle has the very necessary gift of thinking out the development of a great historical process in terms of concrete human life.

Colonel Salusbury's little book is very much less exciting. It is a pleasantly written sketch of medieval life in terms of such modern-sounding problems as repair of streets, traffic problems, street cleaning, hygiene, law and order, regulation of time. A first edition of this book appeared in 1939. It was so well received by professional teachers of history that the edition was quickly exhausted. We wish its enterprising publishers a similar success in 1949.

A.G.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA. By Frederic Masson. Translated by Louis B. Frewer. Oxford : Pen-in-Hand. 1949. 15s. net.

ROUND no other historical figure, political or military, has such an immense bibliography gathered as round that of Napoleon. All aspects of his meteoric career, of his character and personality, have been traced and analysed by critics, favourable or otherwise. No writer has made such a comprehensive study of the great soldier as Frederic Masson of the French Academy has done in many monumental volumes. His *Napoleon at St. Helena* is a minute record of the Emperor's life from his abdication to his death in the island fortress that was his prison for six years. Of that period in his career we have already many chronicles, the more notable of which are those personal memoirs of the French officers who accompanied him into exile ; and others of British officials in the island like O'Meara, who was his medical attendant there for some years. All of these contemporary memoirs are, for various reasons, not entirely trustworthy records of fact. They are often mutually contradictory and have many discrepancies and distortions of the truth, while in some there are blatant instances of actual fabrication. Unbiassed critics, for example, now regard as unreliable and somewhat fanciful the reminiscences of Dr. O'Meara, of whose character M. Masson has not a high opinion. He describes him as the servant of anyone who would pay him or lead him to expect higher payment ; and he states that, as a consequence, his work is suspect where it is without documentary corroboration.

A large part—too large a part one thinks—of M. Masson's book is devoted to a long account of the careers of Napoleon's French retinue previous to their exile in St. Helena and of the more notable British officials there. Of the five French officers who went into voluntary exile with their chief two remained with him till his death. The memoirs of four of them—Las Cases, Gourgaud, Montholon and Marchand—are critically examined and their relative values assessed. M. Masson shows them to be of varying merit and trustworthiness—Gourgaud's being, as he thinks, the most and Montholon's the least valuable. Against this opinion, however, one calls to mind the view of a living French historian of high repute who believes that, while Napoleon spoke as he felt to Gourgaud, he reserved his loftier sentiments for Montholon. Reference has already been made to the memoirs and character of Dr. O'Meara. In a rather unflattering portrait M. Masson further describes him as a venal, vain and mean-spirited man, who intended to use his professional relationship with Napoleon as a means to get promotion and amass money. He again paints him as the self-appointed spy of the Governor, Hudson Lowe, whom he supplied with secret reports about the Emperor and his retinue while acting as their medical adviser. Making allowance for the obvious dislike of M. Masson as a patriotic Frenchman towards him, there seems no doubt that O'Meara played a rôle of bad faith in the drama at St. Helena. Trusted physician of Napoleon, he was at the same time the confidential agent of Hudson Lowe, Napoleon's *bête noir* ; and, unsuspected by either, he was in secret correspondence with the British government.

Surrounded by guards and spies, Napoleon was for more than five years a captive, as he said himself, " on a rock at the mercy of my most implacable enemy". Continuous ignominies and humiliations were heaped on him by the English government through their agent Lowe—their shameful catalogue is given by M. Masson in his book. The illustrious prisoner resented especially the studied refusal to give his title of Emperor to him who was the Elect of France and who was solemnly consecrated as such by the Church. His resentment was not due to vanity—the Imperial title, he said, belonged to the Nation and was part of her glorious heritage. And lack of chivalry was shown even at the end when they refused to have the name Napoleon inscribed on the stone above his grave.

One of the fine features of this book is the vivid account of the Emperor's last days. Early in his captivity he felt that he would die in the island fortress and declared that he must have a priest about him, for " he would not die like a dog " . . . . . Towards the end, when he could no longer walk, it was arranged that from his bed he could see the tabernacle of the altar in the dining-room which, a year before, had been converted into a chapel where he regularly heard Mass. Having made his last Confession and been anointed, he ordered that, when the last agony should come upon him, the Blessed Sacrament should be exposed and prayers for the dying recited . . . . Everything was done as he had ordered. Later, as he lay unconscious, a great storm arose and swept over the island and, just as the sun went down, the Emperor passed away.

This book, based largely on unpublished memoirs and other new documentary material, is a valuable addition to Napoleonic literature and, in its treatment of many controversial problems, is on the whole eminently just.

R.H.

THIS IS MY STORY By Louis Francis Budenz. Dublin : Browne and Nolan. 1948. 15s. pp. 389.

COMMUNISM AND IRELAND. By Seán P. MacEoin. Cork : Mercier Press. 1948. 3s. 6d. pp. 132.

This is My Story is the autobiography of an American of partly Irish, partly German origin, brought up in a devout Catholic family, himself a convinced Catholic and active in works of zeal and charity, who in his early twenties suddenly left the Church and who did not return to it till thirty years later. Always interested in social problems, he became a labour organiser and editor of a labour periodical, *The New Age.* After twenty years of tireless activities in this cause he suddenly joined the ranks of the Communists, was received into their inner circle, and was later made editor of their organ, the *Daily Worker.* For ten years he worked strenuously in the cause ; but his experiences gradually—very gradually, for he clung to certain delusions nearly to the end—opened his eyes to the realities of Communism. When his eyes were fully opened and all his illusions shattered, he made up his mind to return to the Church of his youth. There was no quarrel with his erstwhile " comrades," still less any violent break. They in fact knew nothing of his intentions till his decision was announced in the press and he had been reconciled, his wife and three daughters being received at the same time into the Church by Mgr. Fulton Sheen in St. Patrick's Cathedral on October 10 1945.

Mr. Budenz relates his experiences as a Communist without bitterness or any personal recrimination. He had ample time and opportunity to learn about the doings of American communists all there was to learn. From the evidence which he sets down very circumstantially in this book certain facts stand out with great clearness. The first is the total subservience of the Communist organisation in the United States (as everywhere else) to the Kremlin. Its policy veers with every

wind that blows from Moscow or rather with the orders that come from there or from the Kominform (successor without change of the Komintern). Communists are, in American parlance, the " stooges " of the Kremlin and, what is more, are mere pawns in the Soviet game of world revolution. As a consequence of this abject subservience their first and sole allegiance is not to their country, not even to communism, but to the Bolshevik party line. Should there be a clash of interests between Russia and the country in which a communist party is operating, the latter does not hesitate to become a conspiracy against the state and to further the ends of Russia by every means in their power, to sabotage their own country's policies and paralyse its activities. Deviation from the party line is permitted by Moscow only when there is hope of thereby throwing dust in the eyes of the people.

So it is with the communist attitude towards the Church. At the moment of writing, the mask has been thrown off and the Soviet propaganda machine pours out a stream of unmeasured denunciation of the Holy See and the Catholic Church. But for a time, and even still among the ignorant in certain countries, every effort is made to convince the people that Communism is not really hostile to Catholicism. This was the party line while the Kremlin was experimenting with the " People's Front " manœuvre and the " outstretched hand". Mr. Budenz was permitted to make overtures and friendly gestures to Catholics in the *Daily Worker*, and he actually cherished the hope of eventual reconciliation between Catholicism and Communism, until the party line suddenly changed, and he became completely convinced that the real and unchangeable aim of Communism was the total destruction of religion.

I think it likely that there will be Irish readers not a few who will read Mr. Budenz's book with the involuntarily comfortable feeling with which one reads of a far off earthquake or cyclone—thanking God such things do not happen here. I should recommend all such to read the second book whose title appears above. I am afraid they will discover therein particulars of a Communist Fifth Column operating here on the most approved party lines, though carefully camouflaged. Mr. MacEoin sets forth very clearly all the features of Communist penetration—infiltration into trades unions and into all cultural organisations, espionage, complete subservience to Moscow, the fomenting of labour discontent and unrest, the utilisation of national feeling for Soviet ends, and so forth. He is able to show that all these activities exist in Ireland, at least in embryo. The reader might also be recommended to purchase a copy, as the present writer did during the celebrations in Dublin of '98, of the *Irish Democrat*, now in its tenth year of publication. If he has been aware of recent propaganda from the Kremlin, he will find it faithfully reflected here. He will be interested to learn that " to-day the Russians and the new democracies [meaning the unwilling satellites] stand for all that is finest in the world".

S. J. B.

Studies in Dante and Other Medieval Philosophers

DANTE THE PHILOSOPHER. By Etienne Gilson. Translated by David Moore. London : Sheed & Ward. 1949. 15s.

Students of the history of medieval thought owe so much to M. Gilson that a book by him on Dante must excite the highest hopes. Disappointment is at first all the greater when we find that much of this book on Dante's thought is more concerned with criticism of theories put forward by previous scholars than with that clear, logical analysis of central principles which we expect from the author. It is not, of course, altogether M. Gilson's fault. Dante is not an easy writer at any time, and he has chosen of set purpose to make free use of allegory in all that he writes about

the problems of man's nature and destiny. Allegory will always attract the ingenious and the over-confident. The pity of it is that the scholar who has here sinned most patently is one whom, next to M. Gilson, many have learned to trust as a sure guide in the history of medieval thought: the French Dominican historian, Father Pierre Mandonnet. No one knows better than M. Gilson that Father Mandonnet is a scholar who cannot be lightly set aside or ignored. Yet it seems a fair criticism of this book that the first eighty pages might have been devoted to some more profitable purposes than a ruthless analysis of Father Mandonnet's over-ingenious and most unconvincing interpretation of Dante's allegory in which Beatrice of the *Vita Nuova* becomes no more than a symbol for Dante's own (assumed) clerical vocation. M. Gilson is merciless in these pages—so merciless that we weary in the end of his criticism and wish that he would turn aside from his malicious banter to analyse and state intelligibly what he himself conceives to be the central thought of Dante's philosophy.

Having devoted almost the whole of his first section on the *Vita Nuova* to a criticism of Father Mandonnet's thesis, M. Gilson devotes his second section to the *Convivio* and his third to the *De Monarchia*. He is here very much more interesting. Just as Dante insists most vigorously (though his political thought is somewhat confused by medieval allegory) on the essential independence of the Empire as opposed to the Papacy, so he insists in the *Convivio* (and if M. Gilson is right, in his allegory of the *Vita Nuova*) that philosophy as a study is as much the layman's right as political life. Theology is a sacred science, and the Church has her God-given mission to expound revealed truth. But there is natural as well as supernatural truth; and the layman, if he is to attain the full measure of human dignity, not only may but must study philosophy, the science of natural truth. For Dante, as for all medieval thinkers, Aristotle was "the philosopher". If Aristotle attained to truth by natural reason, so may all men: indeed so must all men, if human life is to be worthy of man.

The most satisfying portion of M. Gilson's book is the long passage, in his analysis of the *Convivio*, in which he demonstrates that Dante differs from Aristotle on the one hand in recognising the pre-eminence of theology as a divine science; and from St. Thomas on the other hand in refusing to admit a hierarchy of jurisdiction as between theology and philosophy. Dante (according to M. Gilson) holds that each of these sciences is independent and self-contained. Not that Dante is an Averroist, for he consistently refuses to accept the possibility of a conflict between the truth of philosophy and the truth of theology. As in politics, so in the realm of intellectual thought: the Empire is independent of the Church, subject only to God in things temporal: philosophy is independent of theology, though both will bring us in the end to a knowledge of God. And this parallelism between political and intellectual life accounts (so M. Gilson maintains) for the curious fact that Dante's Allegory in the *Convivio* seems to assign a primacy to ethics rather than to metaphysics as an object of study, though Dante repeatedly affirms elsewhere that man's ultimate beatitude is in the beatific vision—and therefore in an act of the intellect. In the former classification Dante is viewing the study of philosophy as a means of attaining man's natural happiness; and man—for Dante, as for all Florentines—is a social and political animal. In the latter Dante is at one with St. Thomas, for here he knows that he is passing from the natural to the supernatural, from this life to life eternal.

These problems raise inevitably the old question of Dante's interest in Averroism and his deliberate choice of St. Thomas as the saint who praises Siger of Brabant in the *Paradiso*. Father Mandonnet taught us all to understand Averroism by his great work on Siger of Brabant, but there is need of a new statement of the problem since new texts have been discovered which scholars accept as the authentic work of Siger. M. Gilson has a learned Appendix on all these questions, and is critical of the views that have been recently been defended by M. Van Steenberghen at

Louvain. He himself acknowledges his great debt to an Italian scholar, Bruno Nardi, who contends that recent discoveries have done little to alter the essential facts as revealed by Father Mandonnet fifty years ago. This is matter for the specialist, but it touches the very heart of the problem concerning Dante's philosophy. If M. Gilson is right, then Dante is original at least in this thesis : that philosophy in a Christian scheme of life is indeed less in dignity than theology and the study of God's Word, but is none the less wholly independent within its own sphere ; and that man, if he is to be fully educated and civilised, must study philosophy and learn above all from Aristotle's *Ethics* those principles of human conduct which will enable him to withstand the rude shocks of every-day human experience. Dante, the man and the citizen, knew well how rude those shocks could be !

A.G.

PSYCHOLOGIE ET MORALE AUX XIIe ET XIIIe SIÈCLES. Par D. Odon Lottin. Tome II. Problèmes de Morale. Première Partie. Louvain : 1948. 400 fr. Belges.

It is now some twenty years or so since Dom Lottin gave us his book on the Natural Law as analysed by St. Thomas and his predecessors. It was a comparatively small volume, but one which became at once indispensable to any serious student of moral philosophy or of jurisprudence. But now Dom Lottin has produced a volume of some 600 pages in the same realm of learning which can only be called monumental and magisterial. And this volume is itself but the successor of a former equally important and the predecessor of a third which promises to be a worthy companion of the first two. The whole three-volume work, running into nearly 2,000 pages, treats of the fundamental problems and doctrines of Christian moral philosophy as developed and given definitive form in the golden age of scholasticism—the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The first volume dealt with the technical psychological problems involved ; this second takes up the strictly moral ones ; the third will treat of the theory of the moral virtues.

When St. Thomas forged his famous definition of law in 1a, 2ae, q. 90.a.4., where did he get the rough iron, the crude raw material to place on his anvil ? Dom Lottin asserts and proves that St. Thomas quarried in three rich mines : the jurists, the philosophers and theologians, and his own contemporary scholastic writers. Papinian had already inserted in the Pandects an accepted definition, supported by Ulpian, stressing the universal or general character of " law " as such. The Institutes, although stressing more the extrinsic efficient cause of " law ", agreed with Pandects in opposing " law " to the more or less arbitrary or conventional decrees emerging from the free will and free choice of prince or parliament. Isidore of Seville, and later Gratian, took up those definitions and moulded them into a more precise shape. In the later part of the twelfth century Etienne de Tournai and John the Spaniard still further refined on these definitions. All these were familiar to St. Thomas, and he cites Irisdore and Gratian as well as the Pandects—though, strangely enough, not the Institutes.

But the most original feature of St. Thomas's definition, the " ordinatio rationis ", which is the specific note of " law ", is not found in these authors. It was from his favourite, St. Augustine, and from Cicero and Aristotle that St. Thomas sought and drew the final perfection of his definition. St. Augustine, as is well known, was fascinated by, not law in human affairs, but the Eternal Law—" ratio divina vel voluntas Dei ordinem naturalem conservari jubens, perturbari vetans". Schubert has beautifully and penetratingly explored St. Augustine's marvellous thought in his *Augustinus Lex-aeterna-Lehre nach Inhalt und Quellen,* which Dom Lottin has used. But St. Augustine owed much to Cicero, who saw the need for a canon, an

objective norm, independent of all free wills, for the institutions and laws of men. He found that norm in " nature " : lex est ratio summa, insita in natura ", as he says in *De Legibus*. Law and virtuous action are founded, not on the opinions of men, but on nature itself : neque opinione sed natura constitutum esse ius ", he writes in *De Legibus*, and later on : " bonum, non opinionibus, sed natura". Alas, not even Jeremy Taylor's " every schoolboy ", much less every modern jurist, could quote Cicero's fine piece of rhetoric on " law " ; " Erat enim ratio profecta a rerum natura, et ad recte faciendum impellens et a delicto avocans ; quae non tum denique incipit lex esse cum scripta est, sed tum cum orta est ; orta autem simul est cum mente divina." And although St. Thomas may not have read *De Legibus*—for he nowhere cites it—he certainly had read his Augustine. The application of St. Augustine's thought to positive civil law may have been suggested to St. Thomas when he was studying Aristotle and writing his Commentaries on the Ethics and Politics, which he did before writing his treatise on laws in the *Summa*.

Moreover, St. Thomas had living practically as contemporaries William of Auvergne, Archbishop of Paris, who wrote a treatise *De Legibus* ; Alexander of Hales, who probably used John of Rupella's work *De Legibus et praeceptis* ; and Albert the Great himself. It was this latter, St. Thomas's own master, who wrote : " Lex magis respicit obligationem ex mandato naturae ; . . . . . ius naturale assistit honestum et prohibet contrarium per modum judicantis : lex autem naturalis facit haec duo per modum obligationis et imperii, scilicet praecepti." And later on, basing law on nature and not on will, he writes : " Scriptum ius dicitur dupliciter : scilicet scriptum digito Dei et insertum cordi humano, et scriptum studio hominis propter utilitatem posteritatis."

But St. Thomas's definition of law occupies but a small portion of Dom Lottin's work. He has to deal with the " eternal law " as discussed scientifically for the first time by the Franciscan School, most probably by John of Rupella, and later by Alexander and Peter of Tarentaise, whose work was one of the many " finds " of Grabmann. He has to follow the gradual application of the concept of the Eternal Law to the Natural Law through Anselm of Laon, William of Auxerre, the Dominican School at Paris to St. Thomas.

Dom Lottin takes up the question of " synderesis " and conscience as developed in the XII and XIII centuries. Here we come to the heart of this volume and undoubtedly the most interesting and most valuable portion. The author takes up thirty-three different writers of these two centuries and examines minutely their teaching. Some of these are relatively well-known figures, cited in every text-book, as Henry of Ghent and Petrus Joannes Olivi. But most of us will be very grateful to have the texts gathered together for us and, still more, to have the doctrine of some more hidden writers brought into prominence. Even to-day it is not easy to get the writings of Roland of Cremona or Walter of Bruges or even Odo Rigaud. Dom Lottin has done us a signal service to let us have from the Florence manuscript so much of Petrus de Trabibus, one of Petrus Olivi's pupils, who developed the doctrine of William de la Mare's Commentary on the Sentences, which Dom Lottin cites from an Avignon MS. He extends his study of this central question beyond Albert and St. Thomas, and pursues its development among the Paris Dominicans, the disciples of St. Thomas and the Oxford theologians, such as Fishacre, Kilwardby and Nicholas Ockham.

This is a scholarly work and one on a very abstract and confined theme treated in great detail. It will obviously have a limited appeal ; but to professional jurists and moralists it will be henceforth an essential work both for study and for reference.

E. J. C.

Studies in Art : Medieval and Modern

LATE SAXON AND VIKING ART. By T. D. Kendrick. London : Methuen. 1949. 32s. 6d. net.

CULTURE IN EARLY ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND. By D. E. Martin-Clarke. Baltimore : Johns Hopkins Press ; London : Oxford University-Press. 1947. 12s. 6d. net.

An earlier book from Mr. Kendrick's pen (*Studies*, XXV, 143ff) dealt with Anglo-Saxon art to A.D. 900. The study is now continued into the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries. There are four main headings : illumination, sculpture, Viking art and manuscripts and sculpture at the time of the Norman Conquest of England and after. Special attention must be called to the magnificent illustrations, carried in ninety-six plates at the book's end and twenty-one line illustrations in the text. The one regret is that none of the illuminated manuscripts could be reproduced in colour, as monochrome photographs are obviously unable to give more than the vaguest impression of their beauty.

In his *Anglo-Saxon Art* Mr. Kendrick showed that, from the days of the Roman occupation of Britain, two artistic traditions, the native insular and the imported classical, existed side by side in friendly rivalry. On the whole—and largely, it would appear, through the influence of the Irish Missionaries who evangelized Northumbria—the insular tradition prevailed. Its characteristic feature was " the glittering abstract pattern ", in contrast with " the more substantial dignities and the gentler graces " of the classical tradition. A compromise between the two, which united what was best in both, was achieved in the paintings and drawings of English manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Mr. Kendrick calls this the " Winchester style " from the West Saxon capital to which its origin can be traced. Inspiration came from France through such distinguished men as St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury and St. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester—the latter of whom had experience of Cluniac technique in the scriptorium of the Abbey of Fleury. In fact this great change in artistic methods is a minor consequence of the monastic reform so brilliantly described in a recent work by Dom David Knowles. The new style was to incorporate, rather than to eliminate, the old ; to such an extent indeed, that a portrait of St. Benedict in the Benedictionale of St. Ethelwold " is directly comparable in accent and kind with an Evangelist folio in the Book of Kells".

Northumbrian sculpture of the tenth century compares very poorly with that which had gone before. There is a painful decline in skill and design. Mr. Kendrick points out, however, that a general condemnation of the churchmen and artists of this period would be utterly unjustified. It was the era of invasion and settlement by the pagan Northmen. The ferocity and destructiveness of these can hardly be exaggerated, and the monasteries and religious houses were their chief prey. Burnings and plunderings were the order of the day. When we find then, tenth century sculpture in Northumbria surviving in considerable quantity, we can but marvel at the vigour of the church workshops which produced it. Mr. Kendrick very generously attributes this indomitable spirit, and the final victory of the Christian faith in Northumbria to the " inextinguishable missionary zest " bequeathed by St. Aidan and his Irish companions from Iona. Be that as it may, it is noteworthy that in Ireland the ninth century, when the Norse were making civilized living almost impossible by wholesale arson and murder, was a period of intense artistic activity. All this Northumbrian sculpture shows no trace of French or Winchester influence. Mr. Kendrick stresses its Hiberno-Saxon quality and its " freshness and quasi-Celtic charm".

Dealing with the Fellinge-type animal pattern, he takes the animal to be neither Scandinavian nor English versions of Scandinavian animals, but English barbaric

animals returning to fashion because of the Viking interest in them. This conclusion is well argued. The Ringerike style of decoration was introduced into England in the closing years of King Canute's reign, but was not fostered by that monarch, who was more of a European than a Viking. On the other hand the so-called Urnes style, of Scandinavian origin, became popular in England towards the end of the eleventh century. This reached Ireland also and can be seen, in two distinct forms, in late eleventh and early twelfth century work like the Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, The Shrine of St. Lachtin's Arm, the Shrine of St. Manchan, the Cross of Cong, the High Cross at Tuam, the Abbot's Crozier from Clonmacnois, the Aghadoe Crozier (now in Stockholm), the Bearnán Cuilinn bell shrine from Borrisoleigh (now in the British Museum). The propagation of this style was not due to political ascendancy. It was accepted by artists in Connacht and elsewhere on its own merits, as something new and pleasing from lands that had then become part of the Christian Commonwealth of Europe, just as Norse names like Olaf, Ivar, Ragnall, Sitric, Godfrid were accepted as Christian names in Irish families. There remains, however, the puzzling question why this Scandinavian style was able to make such headway against the advancing tide of continental Romanesque art.

Miss Martin-Clarke's book is unlike Mr. Kendrick's in having little direct interest for Irish readers. The author is Vice-Principal and Fellow of St. Hugh's College, Oxford. After the war she crossed the Atlantic and delivered a series of lectures at the Johns Hopkin's University. On these lectures the book is based. Two of the five chapters deal with the Age of Bede, Beowulf and the Arts and the epic Beowulf and its setting. Miss Martin-Clarke has an expert knowledge of Anglo-Saxon literature, but perhaps the chief interest of her work lies in the happy use of archaeological discoveries to expand, in a measure that would hardly have been thought possible, the knowledge derived from the literary sources. J.R.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER AND HIS TIMES. By Lord Killanin. London: Batsford. 1949. 42s.

ALTHOUGH Sir Godfrey Kneller was the most fashionable portrait painter of his period—an unusually long one, extending through the reigns of five British Sovereigns from Charles II to George I—yet with his death his once great reputation as a portrait painter soon faded into oblivion. The rise of the great school of English portraitists of the eighteenth century completely overshadowed his achievements—great as they had been. The brilliant painting of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn and half a dozen others made a greater appeal to the English mind ; for they had succeeded in capturing the very essence of the English character—an achievement which had evaded the efforts of the Hannoverian Kneller, hard though he tried to Anglicize himself during his long sojourn in England. As a result of his fall from popularity later writers on English art have for the most part ignored him. Apart from C. H. Collins Baker's *Lely and Kneller* and W. A. Ackermann's *Sir Godfrey Kneller and his Friends*, little has been written of him either from a biographical or critical point of view. Sir Horace Walpole in his *Ancedotes of Painting in England* gives many interesting and enlightening details ; but, unless placed in proper perspective of biographical and period setting, they are not sufficient to guide us to a just estimation of Kneller's place in English art. It is to fill this obvious gap that Lord Killanin has written his present work on Sir Godfrey Kneller.

In his introduction to this work Lord Killanin tells us that his "object has been to produce a brief sketch of Godfrey Kneller and his times, giving details of his career against the background of contemporary social and artistic life and showing him in relief against his competitors. I have tried to produce a book which will be of use to those who own family portraits of this period as well as to the student". Anyone

who reads this work carefully and studies the illustrations will find himself well equipped with information both on the painter and on his period. There is a clear and succinct account of the historical events through which Kneller passed from Restoration to Georgian days and to which he adapted himself quite placidly, picking his triumphant way through the many violent changes in both political and religious thought. He was a completely unashamed opportunist, unencumbered by religious beliefs or by loyalties to any political party. This unpleasant aspect of Kneller's character emerges from Lord Killanin's narrative, and for me it elucidates in some manner that feeling of aloofness and hardness which is so often a characteristic of the painter's work.

The social background, with its manners and its everchanging fashion in dress, is competently dealt with and is another source of enlightenment in the matter of dating and attribution. Brief character sketches of many of Kneller's sitters—famous court beauties, soldiers, statesmen, actors, poets, churchmen and the reigning sovereigns and their families—help greatly towards a judgment, either of approval or disapproval, on the painter's powers of character interpretation. A further valuable help to the understanding of the subject is supplied by a carefully-worked out chart of the English portrait painters who were contemporaries of Kneller and also of those who preceded and succeeded him. Here at a glance, we can trace the influence on his work of earlier and contemporary painters and the influence of his own work on the painters of the eighteenth century.

The illustrations to the text, always of essential importance in a work on art, are both numerous and excellently produced—over a hundred of them—four being in colour. Lord Killanin's selection of them is most discriminating and, if an evaluation of Kneller's artistic worth were based on these alone, it must necessarily be high. But public opinion is inclined to judge him on his output as a whole. That judgment is not generally favourable. Lord Killanin estimates that Kneller painted over 5,000 portraits, and in the majority of them only the face and hands were the work of Kneller himself. The pose, background and dress—except in the case of the favoured few—were completed by his studio assistants. That is probably the explanation of the hard and wooden feeling which we detect in so many of his pictures. They have too often the look of the dressed-up 'lay figure' with an attempt to give it life. One finds it hard to concede to Kneller the possession of a real artist's soul when he allowed to pass from his studio such a quantity of inferior work. It is true that many of his portraits achieved the highest excellence, and it is on these that Lord Killanin has skilfully pleaded Kneller's cause. Whether his pleading will change the verdict of time is another matter, but at least he has resuscitated an interest in Sir Godfrey, and those who read this book will be unable to pass a Kneller portrait without giving it a second or even a third glance.

In the appendices is given a list of Kneller's paintings from most of the famous public collections as well as from some private collections ; but the task was so great that there must necessarily be omissions. One interesting Irish collection of Kneller portraits has apparently escaped Lord Killanin. It is the dozen or more Knellers in the Picture Gallery of Kilkenny Castle—the largest collection of Knellers, I think, in Ireland. It includes portraits of the five English Sovereigns to whom Kneller was court painter. Hanging side by side, they form a most interesting example of Kneller's artistic development. They are worthy of a mention in a future edition of this work. I mention this fact not in a spirit of adverse criticism—for the author does not claim complete comprehensiveness in his listing of the painter's works—I merely mention it to illustrate the success of at least one object in Lord Killanin's work—the stimulation of interest in Sir Godfrey Kneller. Had I not read this book, I should probably have passed by the Kneller collection in Kilkenny without a second glance.

D.S.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE WHEEL OF FIRE. By G. Wilson Knight. London: Methuen. 1949. 21s.

THIS is a reissue of Mr. Wilson Knight's volume of 1930, to which have been added an essay on Tolstoy's attack on Shakespeare, another entitled '*Hamlet* reconsidered' and two notes on the text of *Hamlet*. All this new matter is in line with the tone and method of the author's four major volumes of Shakespearean interpretation, of which *The Wheel of Fire* was the first to appear.

The essay on Tolstoy expounds the view that Tolstoy (and Bridges later) judged Shakespeare harshly because they could not stomach the Shakespeare-worship of the romantic critics and because, like the romantic critics, they were blind to the real meaning of Shakespeare's art. And the real meaning of Shakespeare's art, Mr. Wilson Knight postulates, is seen only by those who uncritically and passively receive 'the whole of the poet's vision' and then re-express this experience by interpretation; thereby recreating their own enjoyment and communicating it to others. By this method Mr. Wilson Knight discerns a coherent spiritual system behind Shakespeare's works, and he opposes this belief to Tolstoy's condemnation of Shakespeare for lacking 'religious convictions corresponding to his period'.

Tolstoy's view, of course, opens out a large panorama which it is not a reviewer's business to discuss. What is to the point, however, is that Mr. Wilson Knight's interpretation of Shakespeare—here as elsewhere—merely incorporates Shakespearean correspondences and equivalences into his own system. Thus to him Lear's crown of wild flowers is the crown of Lear's purgatory, the crown of thorns of the Crucifixion, Ophelia's crown of flowers, a symbol of madness, of love, of simplicity: "And then again, the crown reminds us of Cleopatra's diadem of love, of Cassius' wreath, suggesting victory through and in suffering and tragedy. So various may be the content of a symbol; so exquisite is the Shakespearean imagination. Similarly we could write on Ophelia's crown, or Edgar's nakedness."

The reader who doubts the validity of this last claim will find ample support for it in the essay on *Hamlet*, where Shakespeares' lines

> *and bless'd are those*
> *Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled*
> *That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger*
> *To sound what stop she please.*

are interpreted as follows: "Notice, too, that Horatio does not control his passions: rather his 'blood' (i.e. virility, passion) and 'judgment' are (as in the art of acting) 'commingled,' a marriage of elements, as in Nietzsche, being indicated. On the stage of life Horatio uses all 'gently'. Kipling's *If* offers a similar insight:

> *If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;*
> *If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;*
> *If you can meet with triumph and disaster,*
> *—And treat those two imposters just the same . . .*

Such a person will, we are told, be 'a man':

> *And, what is more, you'll be a man, my son*

For 'man' we must clearly read, or understand, 'superman'."

This switch from Shakespeare to Kipling to Nietzsche seems to me to indicate the defects of Mr. Wilson Knight's method of interpretation, whether employed inside or outside the ring of Shakespearean symbolism. This method grew out of reaction against the critical and practical approach of Professor Dover Wilson and a number of American scholars who, by showing us Shakespeare in the workshop,

were thought by those who followed Bradley's method to have destroyed the magic of Shakespeare's poetry. In an attempt to restore it M. Wilson Knight has supplied Shakespeare-idolatry with an unsound ritual.

R. Mc. H.

MRS. GASKELL. By Yvonne ffrench. English Novelists Series. London : Home and Van Thal. 1949. Price 6s.

Many who are now of mature age remember that they were almost hustled into reading *Cranford* when young by the enthusiastic comments of their elders and discouraged by the same comments from reading any more of Mrs. Gaskell. Hence the common view of Mrs. Gaskell as the Unsentimental Victorian and successor to Jane Austen. Not that there is any lack of kindly feelings in *Cranford*. But philanthropic emotion is not regarded as an infallible guide to right action, precious for its own sake, even when it darkens judgement. But what do they know of Gaskell who only *Cranford* know ? Mrs. Gaskell made her name with a humourless, shapeless, monstrously sentimental long novel whose only virtue (a great one, however) was its fiery advocacy of social reform. Most of her work was in the manner of *Mary Barton* (with the technique improved) rather than of *Cranford*.

Mrs. Gaskell herself is as much of a surprise as most of her work. One had imagined her as a shrewd, stout, observant old lady who would speak seldom but always to the advantage of someone else. She was as different from that as Mrs. Beeton was from the typical cook. Mrs. Gaskell was a gossip of outstanding ability, a bustling young matron who (despite her rejection of sex equality) was the active head of her household and did literally do her writings while waiting for the pie crust to brown. She kept alive many friendships with the Brontes, Dickens, Jane Carlyle, Charles Norton, and others. She travelled with her family (except her husband who insisted on regarding himself as part of the furniture of his study). Only one quality is common to the imaginary and the true pictures of the woman and to all her work—a deep human charity.

Readers of Miss ffrench's memorable poetry may find her also providing surprises—or at least revealing new qualities. She shows a marked ability for keeping narrative moving continuously at the same pace. Her style is graceful and unobtrusive. Her criticism is sound and mercifully free from any tendency towards psychoanalysis. It proves her insight by inciting the reader to read Mrs. Gaskell for himself (except *Mary Barton*). This delightful book is worthy of the distinguished series in which it appears and is recommended to all who want reading more solid and not less entertaining than fiction.

A. L.

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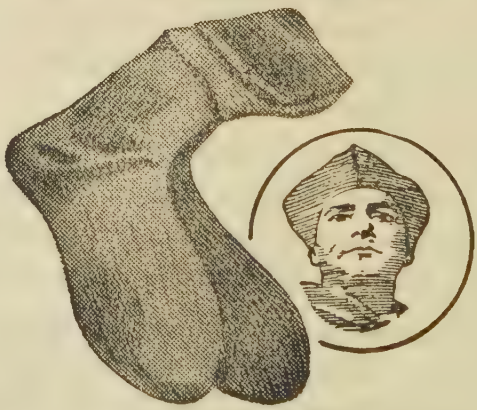

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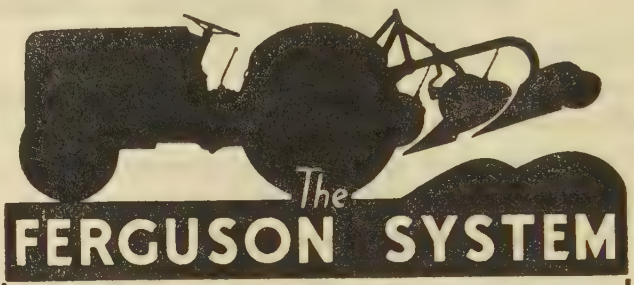

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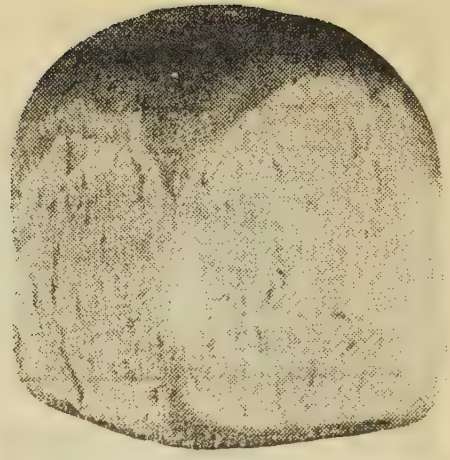

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